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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

WHAT BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO LONDON IN 1851.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW MR. POPPYHEAD LET HIS HOUSE IN BELGRAVIA TO A GENTLEMAN "OF QUIET HABITS."

THERE is a certain square at the West-end of the town which "all the world" is acquainted with. It lies in the midst, and may, indeed, be considered the head-quarters of everything that is fashionable, whatever shape the fashion of the day may wear. The houses in this square are about the best in London—spacious, lofty, well constructed, and adapted to the most modern wants. If any one of these mansions can claim priority over another for magnificent convenience, it is that which belongs to Percival Poppyhead, Esquire, whose country seat, called "Pinnacles," is the admiration of all lovers of hyper-gothic, or, as he himself prefers calling it, "semi-monastic" architecture.

Mr. Poppyhead's tastes and tendencies may be inferred from this allusion to his family residence, and the locality in which he had settled in London was by no means ill-adapted for their cultivation. He had bestowed considerable pains on the internal decoration of his abode; the pictures were choice, the furniture rich, and all the embellishments costly; he had, in short, made the house perfectly Belgravian, though it cost him a good round sum to do so. This fact began, possibly, to make itself felt; for, having received a circular shortly before Christmas from a well-known house-agent, informing him that houses like his were likely to be in demand during the approaching season, Mr. Poppyhead thought he might as well take advantage of the circumstance, and indemnify himself for, at least some part of, his outlay. Moreover, as he meditated a journey to Rome—literally as well as figuratively—a good let, he said, might also help to pay the travelling expenses. In a manner, therefore, which was at once both bland and dignified, he signified to the agent that his name might be placed on the list.

Having sacrificed his sense of pride to his hope of profit, Mr. Poppyhead became impatient for a tenant. One morning, about the middle of March, in a fit of ill-humour at not having yet received an offer, he be-

took himself to his library to write a letter to the *Times* on the subject of the forthcoming Exhibition. His feelings being those of a disappointed householder and a Belgravian, he had just got as far as the assertion that he "viewed the approaching influx of foreigners into London with equal indignation and alarm," when Blithers, the butler, tapped gently at the door and, having entered, informed Mr. Poppyhead, in the subdued tone of voice which harmonised with everything belonging to his establishment, that a foreign gentleman was outside, who requested the honour of an interview; at the same time he presented the stranger's card. When Mr. Poppyhead saw that it bore on it the name of the Vicomte de Pigarreau, he quietly placed the unfinished letter between the leaves of a blotting-book, and desired Blithers to admit the gentleman.

He was a person of distinguished appearance, and the first words he uttered relieved Mr. Poppyhead from a certain degree of embarrassment; for our Puseyite friend was not, like Lav-engro, a "word-master;" and though, as he was in the habit of saying, "he understood the language" (meaning French), he felt morally certain he should break down in the very first sentence, if he attempted to speak it. But the Vicomte was an accomplished man, and spoke English so well, that the closest attention to his pronunciation failed to detect even the slightest accent. He was, however, a thorough Frenchman in appearance; the thick moustache which he wore was quite of the Presidential cut, and his tailor evidently lived in the Rue de Grammont.

"I have been told, sir," he said, bowing gracefully to Mr. Poppyhead, and then looking round him with an air of admiration, "that you intend to let this beautiful house for the season?"

"Hem! hem!" returned Mr. Poppyhead, clearing his throat, after the semi-monastic, amateur-clerical fashion; "yes, Musseer—I beg pardon—yes, sir, I *do* think of letting it, if I can meet with a suitable tenant. But, sir," he continued, in the pompous tone of an Englishman about to discuss money matters with a foreigner, "I cannot afford to let *my* house go for nothing. I look for rather a long price, I can assure you, sir."

The Vicomte bowed again.

"Nothing," he said, as he once more made a mental inventory of the library furniture, absorbing its easy chairs and comfortable tables in one rapid glance—"nothing could be more just. Where so much taste had been displayed, and, without doubt, so much expense incurred, nobody could expect a bargain. He was prepared to pay anything in reason. Would Mr. Poppyhead permit one of his servants to show him over the house?"

There was a suavity in the Vicomte's manner which, combined with the compliment paid to his taste, had its effect on Mr. Poppyhead. As a Christian his humility was profound, and, to give a proof of it, he offered himself to accompany the Vicomte; perhaps, as a "Decorative Christian," he was not unwilling to have the opportunity of expatiating before a foreigner on what he had done for "Art."

"You will observe," he said, as he led the way into the hall, "that I have chiefly adhered to one style in fitting up this house. I am fond of colour and ornament, but not to the extent of rendering them meretricious. Cloistral effects have a great charm for me, and where it

was practicable they have been introduced. That fanlight, for instance, so curiously diapered and so mellow in tone, is Norman, of the twelfth century, after my own college, Christ Church, Oxford; the floorcloth was made expressly for me, the *tesseræ* being copied from the Abbey of Glastonbury, before it was sold; and instead of a hall-chair for the porter, you see I have placed a *miserere*—a little harder to sit on, perhaps, but in much better keeping. Here, in the dining-room" ("which will dine thirty comfortably," said the Vicomte to himself), "I have had the ceiling groined; and that boss in the centre, from which the canopied lantern is suspended, is a fac-simile of one that struck me in going over York Minster. This door—like the other which you noticed just now—is only Tudor; nothing else would suit the shape given it by the architect; but as you come out on the staircase, you have an Early English pointed window before you,—that alteration I insisted on making; how do you like the effect?"

The Vicomte assured Mr. Poppyhead that it was superb.

"I am glad you think so; and the stained glass, too, is fine? It is a matter, sir, of deep regret to me, personally," continued the latter, as he slowly ascended the stairs, "that modern domestic architecture should be so greatly wanting in form. They give us plenty of space, and light, and air; our apartments are lofty, and vast, and well ventilated; but the model, sir, is Greek or Roman—anything but mediæval. If I had built this house, instead of its plain undecorated front, you should have seen a row of gables, with fine oriel windows and rich pargetting. I have long been decidedly of opinion that gurgoyles answer the purpose of carrying off the water from the roof much better than even the Paxton gutters which people talk so much about just now. At 'The Pinnacles,' my place in the country——"

How far Mr. Poppyhead's dissertation might have extended, now that he was fairly mounted on his hobby, it is extremely difficult to say, but it was cut short by a false step which he made at the landing-place, where, had it not been for the Vicomte's ready assistance, he must have measured his length on his own highly-polished *parquet*. He desisted, therefore, from indulging in the speculative and came to the practical, exhibiting to the satisfied stranger all the capabilities of his handsomely-furnished and—notwithstanding a few whimsicalities—his well-appointed and convenient house.

When he had made an end of the show, Mr. Poppyhead and the Vicomte returned to the library, to discuss the business part of the question.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Poppyhead, when they were seated, "what do you think of the house—will it answer your purpose?"

"I—rather—think—it—will," replied the Vicomte de Pigarreau, slowly, like one who had not quite made up his mind. "Yes," he continued, "it is large enough, after all."

"Large enough!" observed Mr. Poppyhead, with an air of surprise; "is your establishment, then, very numerous?"

"Not at all," returned the Vicomte. "I am, myself, a person of very quiet habits. This library would suffice for all *my* wants, for study is my delight; my family, too, is small, and it is even uncertain if Madame de Pigarreau can join me in England; at any rate, for the present—she

devotes herself so entirely to the education of her daughters. But my boys, sir, young men just entering into life, must see something of the world. It is a duty I owe to the ancestry whom they will be called on to represent, no less than to them. I do not know, sir, what may be your political opinions, but for my own part I have never concealed mine. The Pigarreaux have sacrificed too much in the cause of legitimacy to acknowledge any flag but the stainless banner of the Bourbons; 'Fidèle à l'outrance' is our motto. But I beg pardon; I am digressing. My two sons, Henri and Louis, and their tutor, the Abbé de Gueule-béante, a most excellent person—so single-minded—will probably constitute all my immediate family, and I shall certainly not bring over more than a dozen servants; beyond that number could scarcely find accommodation; besides, I shall not require them; for though my position and connexions demand that I should occasionally *receive*, it is not for a life of gaiety that I prepare myself."

Mr. Poppyhead had listened attentively to this brief narrative, which was made in the simplest and most natural manner, as if the Vicomte were rather thinking aloud than offering an explanation; and being a strong Conservative, and, therefore, favourable to legitimate opinions, he felt satisfied that he was dealing with the right sort of man, provided only that he had the means. Of this he entertained considerable doubt, on the general supposition that all foreigners were insolvent, and on the special one that an adherent of the Bourbons could have very little money to throw away. "This Viscount's wife," he said, "educates her daughters—from meanness or poverty—certainly not inclination—no Frenchwoman would do that;—however, I'll try him, and put the figure rather high too; I shall see at once what he's made of."

Then, addressing the Vicomte: "For how long a period, sir, do you wish to rent my house?"

"During the season; that is to say, from the middle of April to the middle of August—say four months."

"Very good. When I take everything into consideration," said Mr. Poppyhead, eyeing the Vicomte as if he were about to spring a mine under his feet—"I cannot agree to let it go—the wear and tear would be so great—under five hundred pounds a month, or two thousand for the whole period, up to the end of August."

"For the whole period, sir," returned the Vicomte de Pigarreau, with the most imperturbable calmness, "I will give you two thousand pounds with great pleasure."

Mr. Poppyhead's astonishment was excessive; he could scarcely believe his ears. What! a beggarly Frenchman agree to so large a sum without hesitation! It couldn't be!

"You understood me, sir," he said, "when I mentioned the price? I mean two thousand pounds sterling—not *frongs*, sir; not *frongs!*"

"I comprehend you perfectly," replied the Vicomte, with a smile. "The Vicomtesse de Pigarreau is by birth an English lady; she was an heiress, and when I received her hand with a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds—a 'plum,' I believe, you call it in England—I did not make the mistake of supposing it was only so many *francs*."

"This is all very well," muttered Mr. Poppyhead, "but I must bring this gentleman a little closer to book. In matters of business,

Musseer," he pursued, aloud, "we English generally like to come to the point. You will excuse me, therefore, if I ask you to favour me with a reference."

"Certainly," answered the Vicomte, "that is essential. I think I can give you the best in the world—a conditional order upon my bankers for the amount. If you will take the trouble to wait upon Messrs. Hornblower, Jolibois, Sloaker, and Company, in Barge-yard, Bucklersbury—they are the agents at the great Exhibition for the southern states of America and New Orleans, where a good deal of my property is situated—you will find that a much larger sum is in their hands to meet this contingency; indeed, that it is expressly lodged there for the purpose."

For the second time Mr. Poppyhead opened the eyes of astonishment.

"This being the case, Musseer," he said, "I shall be very happy to treat with you. I will drive to the city this morning, and if the gentlemen whose names you mention give me their security, the business may be looked upon as concluded. When do you wish to take possession?"

"As soon as possible," returned the Vicomte. "I am at present merely *en garçon*—staying, in point of fact, with a relative of my wife; he has a pretty cottage in St. John's Wood, that charming spot—we have nothing like it in Paris—and I should like to make my arrangements immediately."

"I will ask you, then, to call upon me here to-morrow morning," replied Mr. Poppyhead—who seemed equally anxious to complete the bargain—"at the same hour as to-day, if perfectly convenient."

"Perfectly," said the Vicomte, rising.

The two gentlemen then shook hands—the bell was rung—the hall-porter, who wore a long brown serge dress with a hood to it, roused himself from his uneasy slumber in the *Miserere*, and with a smiling countenance the Vicomte de Pigarreau stepped into the neat little Brougham that was in waiting at the door, and giving the word, "To the Foreign-office!" made his last bow to Mr. Poppyhead, as he stood peering over the blinds of one of the windows of the library.

As soon as the Vicomte's carriage had fairly turned the corner, Mr. Poppyhead took down the "London Post-office Directory." It was a copy with the very latest additions, and there, sure enough, he found the firm of "Hornblower, Jolibois, Sloaker, and Company," under the head of "Transatlantic Agents and General Merchants." He rubbed his hands with extreme satisfaction, ordered a cab, called for his hat and gloves, and in less than five minutes was hurrying over the stones towards Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, as fast as the patent Hansom could convey him.

He had no difficulty in finding out the locality, though he had never heard of the place before; but it was not so easy to discover the house of business of Messrs. Hornblower and Co., for one yard led into another, and that into a third, and the staircases were so numerous, and the names upon the doorways so many, that Mr. Poppyhead felt quite bewildered. At last he hit upon the words, "Transatlantic Chambers," and a large zinc plate, setting forth the style and title of the American firm, informed him that it was to be found on the first floor of the staircase at the bottom of the court. Thither he proceeded, groped his way up a darkish flight of stairs, and when his eyes became accustomed to the *chiaro obscuro* which hovers over all the city counting-houses, knocked

at a door on which the names of the firm were repeated, together with a printed intimation that "bills for acceptance" were to be thrust into a particular slit, and was desired by a voice inside to "come in." He did so, and found himself in a kind of ante-chamber, with a high rail separating him from three or four clerks who appeared busily occupied at their respective desks. Inquiring for the firm, he was told that one of the partners was in, and would attend to him directly. The promise was faithfully kept, for on a communication being made with an inner room, a tall thin man, with black hair and eyes, and a very sallow complexion, came out, and representing himself as "Cincinnatus W. Sloaker, *of* the firm of Hornblower, Jolibois, Sloaker, *and* Company," requested to know the "stranger's" business. At the mention of the Vicomte de Pigarreau's name, the banker shot a sharp glance at the speaker, and something like a smile hovered for a moment over his thin lips; he then begged Mr. Poppyhead to walk into the room from whence he had just issued.

"Pray set *your*-self down, sir," said Cincinnatus W. Sloaker, pointing to a chair, and perching himself at the same time on a high office stool. "Yes, sir," he then began, whittling the edge of his desk with a penknife, which he instinctively took up—"yes, sir?"

This double affirmative was put interrogatively, and Mr. Poppyhead found, as the banker proceeded no further, that he was expected to explain himself more particularly. "He had called," he then said, "to inquire if the house of Hornblower and Co. were the holders of certain monies belonging to the Vicomte de Pigarreau, that nobleman having referred him to them for that purpose."

"As to Vi—counts and noble—*men*, and such Eu—*ro*pean fancies, the country, sir, where I was raised, *do not* entertain them, sir, not no how. But if you come to ask the firm if H. L. de Pig-arrow has a trust upon our books, the firm, sir, can respond to that inn-qu'ry. Folio C, sir," continued Mr. Sloaker, stretching out his large bony left hand, and taking down a huge volume without moving from his seat. "Folio C, page 72, I calkilate; yes, there it is: Pig-arrow, twenty-four thousand two hundred and forty-nine dols. thirty-seven cents, cotton *pro*-ceeds, per barque *Alligator;* reduced to British sterling is, cash, 'five thousand three hundred and eighty-eight pounds sixteen shillings and fourpence halfpenny,'—that's the pile, sir, *that* is. Oh, yes, sir; Pig-arrow's name is good for that and more. We shouldn't crumble, sir, if he drew out the last cent—*we* shouldn't."

"Then you are prepared to pay such sums as the Vi——I beg your pardon—such sums as this gentleman may direct to be paid, within the amount you have named?"

"On-questionably, sir, that's what we are *pre*-pared to realise."

Mr. Poppyhead felt perfectly at ease. The extract which the banker had read from folio C, coupled with his subsequent assurance, had quite satisfied him that the money was safe, and he took his leave, resisting the polite offer of Cincinnatus W. Sloaker to try a sherry-cobler before he went, and wondering rather at the somewhat *décousu* style of doing business in American houses, so different from that of his own methodical bankers, Messrs. Stiff, Stone, and Stiff, of Lombard-street.

On his way back, Mr. Poppyhead called upon his lawyer, ordered the necessary papers to be sent up, and returned home perfectly satisfied with

the events of the day. On the following morning the French nobleman was punctual to his appointment, the agreement was mutually signed, and Mr. Poppyhead's mansion was formally handed over for the space of four months to the tender mercies of the Vicomte de Pigarreau—and Company.

Chapter IX.

OF THE COMMOTION WHICH TOOK PLACE IN BELGRAVIA.

On the night of the 31st or March the "Brougham-girls" of Belgravia, having the fear of the census paper before their eyes, returned in safety to those sacred precincts, from the first party of the season, unpoled by ferocious omnibuses, unassailed by vituperative cabmen. In peace with all the world, except their rivals, they retired to their downy pillows to dream in undisturbed security.

On the morning of the 1st of April the fair Belgravians arose from their couches to discover that, during their slumbers, the very worst fears of Sir Francis Head had been realised, and that Belgravia was invaded!

It was impossible to doubt the evidence of their senses. The sun was shining brightly, the wind—for a wonder—did not blow from the east, there was no mist to intercept the view, and plainly as you may discern the opposite shore when looking across the Bay of Naples, the affrighted "Brougham-girls" beheld a scene that curdled the blood in their azure veins, and took all the curl out of their flowing ringlets. Had they really been in the Bay of Naples and witnessed a sudden eruption of Vesuvius, they could not have been more astonished.

On the serene, cream-coloured front of Mr. Poppyhead's mansion the charming Belgravians had been accustomed to gaze, as on a mirror that reflects only an image of innocence and tranquillity. Into those secluded chambers the garish eye of day was rarely allowed to penetrate.

> Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
> Nescit tangere,

might they have exclaimed, had they been in the habit of quoting the Roman poet. Within those walls all had hitherto been dedicated to the purest Puseyism, to the calmest and most unruffled repose. There no man's boots had been allowed to creak, there the loudest tones had subsided to a whisper, there the boldest glance had taken shelter beneath a downcast lid or buried itself in the soft depths of a Tournay carpet. In Mr. Poppyhead's house the inmates had been accustomed to glide rather than walk, to sigh more than speak, and very seldom ventured to look each other straight in the face. It was, indeed, the nearest approach to the Grande Chartreuse of anything in Belgravia, and the resemblance particularly struck those whom Mr. Poppyhead occasionally invited to dinner.

Bnt now, instead of silent apartments and noiseless attendants; instead of the carefully-guarded portal, where the very postman rang with a timid and self-accusing pull; instead of closely-drawn curtains between which even a housemaid's cap was never permitted to peep, hurrying domestics might be seen rapidly passing to and fro, the street door stood wide open,

and all sorts of people were making their way in, and at every bedroom window, all of which were thrown up, a multitude of persons appeared, in every variety of costume, and indulging in every conceivable occupation. Some wore dressing-gowns of crimson and orange, others were attired in velvet paletots of the *renaissance*, and a great number appeared in the undecorated robes of night. Some were shaving—and they seemed greatly to stand in need of the razor; others were smoking; and here and there an individual might be observed, armed with a *lorgnette*, and curiously scanning the windows all round the square, a manœuvre which caused many a blind to be suddenly pulled down. At one window might be descried the foreshortened figure of a gentleman, whose legs, as he sat in a rocking-chair reading a newspaper, were boldly projected into space, from which it might fairly be inferred that the owner was an American. At another, a small table was visible, covered with sturdy bottles and capacious tumblers; the youths who indulged in "stout" at this early hour being unmistakeable Bavarians. At a third, a black-bearded personage who played on a *cor de chasse*, in a state of frantic excitement, proclaimed himself at once to be a Frenchman. Every room, in short, had its occupants, for "doubling-up" conveyed but a faint idea of the number of persons who seemed to have passed the night in Mr. Poppyhead's house; and all were engaged in laughing, talking, singing, eating, drinking, and making merry.

There is an old ballad to be met with, which describes how the lord of a certain castle, in days of yore, whose character did not stand quite so highly as Mr. Poppyhead's in the estimation of his neighbours, being irritated at the refusal of his friends to attend a great banquet which he had prepared, exclaimed, in a fit of uncontrollable passion,

> May all the fiends of hell, to quit their pride,
> Sit on their seats, and eat from off their plates;

and, returning home, when his adjuration was forgotten, being very much surprised to find that the devils had actually taken possession of his abode. It appeared to the bewildered Belgravians that this legend of the middle ages had become a fact in the reign of Queen Victoria. They always knew that something terrible would happen in consequence of this ungenteel Industrial Exhibition, and here were the first fruits. The great glass-house, they had always said, would go to smash, like a second Tower of Babel,—to which they invariably likened it—and now their predictions were on the point of being realised.

At every breakfast-table in Belgravia that morning, the name of Mr. Poppyhead—who had returned to "The Pinnacles," where he remained in perfect ignorance of what was going on in town—was coupled with every epithet that could be used to exemplify fatuity and folly. Every father of a family stalked savagely up and down, victimising every member of his household as he vented his impotent rage. Now and then these *patres conscripti* muttered dark hints about what they would do in their places in Parliament "that very evening;" then they loudly declared they would "write to the *Times*," the modern redresser of all social wrongs; and then they snarled bitterly at their wives and daughters, as if they, poor creatures, had encouraged "that fool Poppyhead" in his "preternatural delusion." The ladies themselves were horror-stricken at

all they saw and heard and, still more, at all their fancies painted. There was no atrocity so great but might forthwith be expected from "those revengeful foreigners," now that they had once established themselves in Belgravia; there was no unheard-of wickedness that might not be perpetrated under "poor" Mr. Poypyhead's roof. The house, no doubt, was by this time full of "creatures," and the respectability of the square was gone for ever. Never since the sack of Rome by the soldiers of Bourbon had civilisation witnessed so great an outrage!

And what had happened, after all?

This:

The Vicomte de Pigarreau, acting in the name, and on the behalf, of a number of gentlemen of all nations, whom certain sentiments and opinions which they entertained in common strongly united, had hired Mr. Poppyhead's house as the most convenient he could discover wherein to establish "THE COSMOPOLITE CLUB."

The Vicomte was a gentleman given to the indulgence of very few scruples, and prone, in his dealings with society, to look upon everything in a business point of view. In selecting Belgravia as the field of his operations, he had been influenced by its proximity to the parks and the advantage of its position in the great world of fashion; in choosing Mr. Poppyhead's house he had been guided by the happy admixture which it presented of comfort and splendour. The *morale* of the affair he set entirely on one side; about the possibility of "outrage" he never troubled himself; indeed, so entirely did he disjoin the transaction from anything dis[illegible]ative of "les convenances," that, if Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's had been equally well furnished, could have made up as many beds, and had as good kitchens and cellars as Mr. Poppyhead's mansion, he would just as readily have entered into arrangements with the respective Deans and Chapters for hiring one or other of them. The Vicomte must, therefore be acquitted of entertaining designs upon the Belgravians in particular, which he would not have carried out in any other part of London, provided it had answered his purpose equally well to do so.

Had the sufferers been aware of this spirit of impartiality, it is more than probable, however, that it would not have afforded them much consolation; but in the mean time they did *not* make the best of it. Amongst other steps which were taken to abate the nuisance, a very influential meeting was held in Lord Lavender's drawing-room, where, after an animated discussion, it was resolved that a deputation from Belgravia, headed by Lord Lavender himself, should wait upon the Home Secretary, and represent the feeling which prevailed in that important district, the noble chairman being requested to urge, in the most strenuous manner, the revival of the celebrated Alien Act. Everybody knows how a deputation is received at a government office; how the chairman—if he happens to be an acquaintance—shakes hands with the Secretary of State; how the deputation bow to that functionary; how he officially returns the compliment; how the chairman then exposes the particular grief which has brought them together; how the Secretary of State is too cunning to commit himself in the slightest degree; how the deputation withdraw, and how they invariably find, the moment the doors of the Home-office are closed upon them, that they have taken nothing by their motion.

But the Belgravians were not to be driven so easily from the field. Lord Lavender brought the subject before the House of Commons, and in a speech, full of the most exquisite pathos and the sublimest indignation—which drew showers of tears and bursts of convulsive cheering from the ventilator—exposed in powerful language the existence of a wide-spread conspiracy in Europe, a branch of which—and that the most important—had been established in the polite *quartier* of which he regretted he was not the representative in Parliament, under the name of "The Cosmopolite Club," whose machinations, he deeply grieved to say, had already given rise to the utmost alarm—he might even add, the most absolute disgust—in the bosoms of the fairer part of creation. He put it, therefore, to the noble lord at the head of her Majesty's government whether it were permissible that, in the very centre of civilisation, a horde of untamed barbarians should bestow themselves in such a manner as to peril the very existence of that civilisation of which they, as Belgravians, had so much reason to be proud.

"If," continued the noble lord, kindling with his theme—"if deeds at which daylight shudders, and the sun itself turns pale; if unblushing shaving was to take place at the open windows of Belgravia; if bearded ruffians in atrocious garments—he would not call them *robes de chambre*, for in all probability there was not a dressing-gown amongst them that deserved the name—if bearded ruffians," he repeated, "were allowed in any, or, it might even be, though he shrank from supposing it, in *no* costume, to pass the morning in unbridled smoking—(Hear, hear, from the ventilator)—in remorseless horn-blowing—in callous beer-drinking;—if Bedlamite mirth—if Babylonian language—if Simian gesticulation—if Vulpine curiosity—(Hear, hear, again from the ventilator)—if worse than Ursine manners were suffered to prevail in Belgravia—then," he exclaimed, "he cared not how soon the British Constitution perished and the London season came to a close. But, he would remind the noble lord at the head of the government, revolutions were *not* made with rose-water; and when he added that he had authority for stating the fact that not a single bottle of eau de Cologne—the printed returns were in his hands, and ministers were perfectly at liberty to examine them—not a single bottle of eau de Cologne had been found amongst the baggage of these ruthless invaders, the government, ay, and the country too, might safely draw their own conclusions."

The Prime Minister, in his reply, admitted that the question thus eloquently advocated was one of the highest importance, and had already occupied the attention of her Majesty's government. But he trusted that the noble lord's statements were somewhat overcharged. He, like the noble lord, was attached to Belgravian institutions and the *bienséances* of society, but he was also the friend—he might be permitted to say, the hereditary friend—(cheers)—of liberty of speech and freedom of action. If foreigners chose to conduct themselves like monkeys and mountebanks—(Hear, hear, from the ventilator)—if they thought fit to violate the seclusion of the nightcap, and reveal the secrets of the dressing-case—for that, he apprehended, was the *gravamen* of the noble lord's charge on the present occasion—all he could say was that they were greater fools than he had given them credit for being. The noble lord had observed that revolutions were not made with rose-water; but, in spite of the noble lord's disclaimer, he understood the drift of his allusion. He had

doubtless wished the house to infer that although rose-water was innocent —and *lavender-water*, he was of opinion, was more innocent still—(tremendous cheers)—there might be peril in Hungary-water; or if the noble lord, whose familiarity with the mysteries of the toilette he should be the last to dispute—(cheers and counter-cheers)—if the noble lord preferred *arquebusade*-water as the climax of dangerous *contrabandism*, he would give him the full benefit of those insinuations, convinced that the manliness of feeling which marked the character of Englishmen would be a sufficient answer to the unworthy apprehensions which the noble lord endeavoured to fix upon them. (Loud cheering from all parts of the house, during which the minister resumed his seat, greatly exhausted.)

We spare the reader the rest of the debate, observing merely that Lord Lavender pressed his motion to a division, and that the result was a majority for ministers of only five in one of the fullest houses of the session! Under ordinary circumstances there would have been a change of administration; but as these defeats were of daily occurrence, and as Lord Lavender admitted that he was not yet prepared to take office, the affair ended in a Belgravian subscription for a testimonial to his lordship, in the shape of a gold filagree scent-bottle on a *plateau* of the same metal, with Lord Lavender's arms richly chased in the centre.

Nevertheless, a last resource remained to the Belgravian "Brougham-girls."

Residing as they did so close to the corner of Piccadilly—under the very wing, as it were, of "the Duke"—and knowing the favour which they always found in his Grace's eyes, particularly when they were going to be married,—they got up a round-robin, in which, after dwelling upon the extreme unpleasantness of their position, they vehemently urged "the Duke" to quarter an additional battalion of the Guards in Belgravia, without which, they assured his Grace, it was utterly impossible for them to sleep in the slightest security.

This appeal was answered, of course, and in the following terms:

"Field-Marshal the Duke of W——n presents his compliments to the Belgravian 'Brougham-girls,' and has to acknowledge the receipt of their circularly-signed letter. F. M. the Duke of W——n is not himself in the habit of making war upon 'distressed innocence;' he never did so when in command of the armies entrusted to his charge, nor since his return to the duties of civil life. Neither does it devolve, on the other hand, upon F. M. the Duke of W——n especially to protect the 'Brougham-girls' of Belgravia. The F. M. is not the proper person to apply to. The Belgravian 'Brougham-girls' should address their complaint to the Chief Commissioner of Police in Scotland-yard, Whitehall. His department is totally distinct from that of F. M. the Duke of W——n, who holds the office of Commander-in-Ch—f of Her M—jesty's Forces. With respect, therefore, to the 'whiskered foreigners' mentioned in the letter already referred to, it is not the intention of F. M. the Duke of W——n to employ the word of command attributed to him at Waterloo. He did not say, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em' upon that occasion, and he declines to do so now."

When this reply was read, it was unanimously resolved that no Belgravian "Brougham-girl" should, in future, suffer herself to be "given away" by the Duke of W——n.

Chapter X.

THE COSMOPOLITE CLUB AND ITS PRINCIPAL MEMBERS.

The things that we look for never come to pass exactly in the way we expect.

There was, no doubt, much to alarm the Belgravian "Brougham-girls," their sires, and husbands, in the sudden incursion, into the very heart of their territory, of a band of whiskered desperadoes, such as feminine imaginations depicted and apprehensive members of Parliament described them. But the heat which the presence of these strangers excited, in the first instance, cooled down considerably when it was found that they had not come over to this country with their pockets stuffed with hand-grenades, that they did not wear bayonets for breastpins, pick their teeth with stilettoes, nor give up their leisure moments to homicide, incendiarism, and other social amusements. When, after the lapse of a week or so, the Belgravians discovered that they woke in the morning, after sleeping soundly, with their nightcaps on their heads, and those heads not separated from their shoulders; that their very comfortable houses were not heaps of smoking ruins; that their wives and daughters were still in the position to drive daily to Hancock's, or Howell and James's; that their cooks were permitted to prepare their daily—frugal—meals; that their newspapers were aired as regularly as usual, and served up as punctually as before with the accompanying eggs and muffins; when these things forced themselves, at last, upon the Belgravian mind, they came to the conclusion that they had been somewhat premature in supposing that every man whom they met with a moustache was a Mazzini, and every low-looking fellow a Ledru Rollin.

It was true Mr. Poppyhead's house was crammed with foreigners, and the worthy Puseyite had been unable to turn them out, the bargain being too securely made by the Vicomte de Pigarreau. It was equally true that the aforesaid foreigners were not the quietest or the genteelest neighbours whom the Belgravians could have desired, and that an atmosphere of tobacco had superseded the patchouli which they had been in the habit of respiring. But, as far as appearances went, there was nothing to lead to the belief that the services of the Coldstream Guards or the Horse Artillery were especially required to put down the suspected anarchists.

Matters were, therefore, suffered to go on in the usual way, and the Belgravians found a newer occupation in studying electro-biology and watching the visible motion of the earth,—pursuits quite as useful as those which engaged the attention of the inhabitants of the Quintessential kingdom when Panurge and Pantagruel paid it a visit.

But although Mr. Poppyhead's tenants were not the revolutionary cut-throats which all foreigners are, in some quarters, supposed to be, they were still far from taking rank amongst the angels. Wise as serpents they possibly might be; harmless as doves they certainly were not. And yet their dealings were chiefly amongst these feathered emblems of innocence; but, we grieve to say, it was more with the object of depriving them of their feathers than of profiting by their example.

As we have permitted ourselves this allusion to their habits, we may as

well withdraw the veil altogether, and favour the world with the full-length portraits of the leading members of the Cosmopolite Club.

The Vicomte de Pigarreau, who was its President, has already been introduced to the public, but not yet sufficiently described. Although loyalty was, doubtless, a shining feature in his character, and had, as he said, rendered him so dear to the elder branch of the Bourbons, he possessed other qualities which made him dearer still to the community at large. In this age of testimonials few men had, perhaps, received so many as the Vicomte de Pigarreau. The quantity of parchment on which his name had been inscribed afforded the most convincing proof how greatly he had been sought after, and the advertising columns of the public papers were constantly recording some act that increased his celebrity. The tone and manner of these documents were of the most affectionate kind, and if the intentions which they expressed could have been carried out, it is more than likely that the Vicomte would even have been boarded and lodged at the public expense. But he was of too generous a nature to allow of this excess of friendly feeling, which, as he used to observe, would have entirely destroyed his independence; and, to avoid attentions which from their frequency actually became importunate, he had recourse to the device of changing his name and residence every now and then, though it was not long before the exercise of his singular virtues brought him into the old predicament. But besides the addresses which were constantly being forwarded to him, the number of valuable objects which came into his possession at different periods, without purchase, was something quite extraordinary; and if the Vicomte had entertained the fancy of making a collection—in illustration of modern art—there are few houses that would have exhibited so fine a display. Long practice had matured his very decided *penchants*, and we are of opinion that it would have been extremely difficult to find a person of finer taste than the Vicomte in the choice of a costly dressing-case, a splendid bracelet, or richly mounted jewel, an elaborately ornamented fowling-piece, a handsome service of plate or china, or any similar accompaniment to a gentleman's "having;" neither would it have been particularly easy to have made a better selection of the individuals who were destined to furnish any of the above-mentioned articles. But the Vicomte de Pigarreau—as we continue, at present, to call him—was not one who cared to make an exhibition of his domicile; he was, moreover, slightly capricious, and, after the charm of novelty had faded, disembarrassed himself of the *objets* that surrounded him as eagerly as he acquired them. He had an aged relative—the only one, indeed, with whom he continued on terms of intimacy—whose passion was exactly opposite to his, and who loved to gather where others thought only of dispersing. This old virtuoso was an uncle of the Vicomte de Pigarreau—on the sinister side—and as he was rich and likely, one day, to "cut up" well, the profuse nobleman was in the constant habit of sending him the numerous things he no longer desired to keep. But the Vicomte's relative had his peculiar notions also, and he indulged them to such an extent as to give to his intercourse with his nephew the complete air of a matter of business, and would never consent to receive a single present without forcing upon him a sum of money in return, and, at the same time, drawing up a memorandum of the particulars. These interchanges of regard, the old gentleman, who was a sort of wag in his way, used facetiously to call "pledges of mutual affection." "They were,"

he said, "essentially serviceable in strengthening even the ties of relationship. They reminded people of each other when all other means failed. In a world like this, where the takers so greatly outnumbered the givers, it was not only pleasant but wise to establish reciprocity of action." Few people understood reciprocity better than the Vicomte, or practised it more uniformly. Thus, in his dealings with an utter stranger, he would never admit of an hour's delay in coming to a settlement. The instant a tradesman sent in a bill—if he happened to be at home—he invariably gave him one in return. "Bill for bill" was his motto; and, viewing the matter in a commercial light, he took care that nothing should occur to disturb the circulation of his paper. To have called it in would, he thought, have so disturbed the market and brought on so heavy a crash, that he never could be induced to countenance such a measure. On this point, as well as on several others, he recorded his opinions, in the shape of a private journal, and as we have been allowed access to the volume, we may have it in our power to furnish some extracts from it hereafter.

By the ubiquity which marked the Vicomte's movements, the universal character of his dealings, the extent of his travels, the variety of languages and customs with which he was familiar, his profound knowledge of costume, and the admirable way in which he "made up," and, more than all, by the amount of his *savoir vivre*, he fully established his right to the Presidential chair of the Cosmopolite Club.

We hope it will not be thought to detract from his ability to occupy that chair, when we state that the Vicomte de Pigarreau was an Englishman; and that if amongst his many *aliases* he had a better right to one name than another, that name was Jones. Modern statistics have satisfactorily shown how easy it is for a person so designated to pass in a crowd, and the Vicomte—to use his own expression—he invariably "fell back upon it."

The Vice-President of the Cosmopolites, General Baron Wacken van der Cuyck XXXVI., was in reality a foreigner. Belgium might have claimed him for her son, and had, indeed, done so on more than one occasion, but she never could keep him,—he was so fond of roving, and found the confinement of his native country so irksome. He was born near the village of Waterloo, but travellers might look in vain for his ancestral château, as it was utterly destroyed by the French artillery in the same furious cannonade that riddled the walls of Hougoumont, and made daylight shine through the farm of Mont St. Jean. It was a stirring thing to listen to the General's account of the manner in which he—then only a boy of fifteen—defended the home of his infancy, in his father's absence on the field of battle, against four squadrons of Imperial hussars who were ordered by Napoleon himself to charge the château; a duty which the military reader will immediately perceive (without the aid of the King of Prussia's instructions) falls so completely within the range of the operations of light cavalry.

That his youthful gallantry did not pass unrewarded was attested by the national order of "The Flying Lion" (Le Lion se sauvant), which hung at his button-hole. It was his only consolation, for he never again beheld his sire, whose fate was enveloped in mystery. It was supposed by some that Baron Wacken van der Cuyck XXXV. was the officer who headed that brilliant retrograde movement upon Brussels, in which every

one concerned earned the above-mentioned order of knighthood, but as he did not come back to ask for it, it was bestowed upon his son to commemorate both the father's exploits and his own; so, at least, our friend, the General, said. How Wacken van der Cuyck XXXVI. grew up to man's estate, and how he served his country, it would take us too long to recite; but it is a fact which deserves notice in the history of this gallant fellow, that, though nursed in the lap of battle, and obtaining such distinguished brevet rank, he was fonder of the arts of peace than those of war, and never in private life developed his acquaintance with military stratagems, save in the solitary instance of not allowing any one to turn his flank, if he could by any possibility prevent it. He was of a genial and hospitable nature, and liked nothing better than assembling a number of "his fellow-creatures" round his board, particularly if that board were covered with green cloth, and the guests who flocked to it came with money in their pockets. The General excelled in all games, both of chance and skill, and had acquired the happy art of rendering the former subservient to the latter. His manners were popular, and his philosophy imperturbable. No one, of course, could doubt his courage any more than his integrity; and it was even said that he had, on one or two occasions, allowed himself to be "kicked," merely for the sake of showing the extreme serenity of his mind under circumstances of difficulty. His intimacy with the Vicomte de Pigarreau was a very close one. They had many objects in common, and were united by bonds of more than ordinary interest—of compound interest, in fact, as bonds like theirs were very naturally associated with. There was, moreover, a family connexion between them, the Vicomte's third wife, whose union with that nobleman had not been considered legal, in consequence of two former wives of his being still alive, having formed a morganatic marriage with the Baron Wacken van der Cuyck XXXVI., who was even more deeply involved in matrimonial ties than his accomplished friend.

The Herzog Wolfgang Henker von Donnerblitz, Landgrave of Grab-allerley, and Stammvater of the ancient house of the Spitzbuben, was an efficient and influential Cosmopolite. He was a mediatised Prince—that is to say, had been sacrificed for the interest of others; but whether he ceased to be a reigning Duke at the treaty of Vienna, or renounced his rights at a later period, we are quite unable to say. In spite, however, of his political deprivation, he was firmly attached to the German Diet, and no one who ever saw the manner in which he made play at breakfast, dinner, or supper, could for an instant entertain a doubt on the subject. He was a strong, stout-built man, with a head like a bullet, and very little hair on it; but to make amends for the absence of what Mr. Rowland calls "the greatest ornament of the human frame," his active jaws bristled from ear to ear as if with a *cheval de frise*. To this high-born Teuton was assigned the hospitable control of the establishment, and the manner in which he acquitted himself of the duties of "Kelner-und-Proviantmeister" told very much in his favour. This was the less extraordinary, perhaps, when we remember that the Herzog had since his retirement from public life given himself up almost entirely to the consideration of the great questions of eating and drinking, and, assuming an impenetrable *incognito*, had actually officiated in the capacity of steward, butler, and occasionally of waiter, at one of those table-d'hôtes on the banks of the Rhine where six hundred strangers of distinction dine at

least three times a day, and where the principle of cookery is carried so far that even the hot medicinal springs are flavoured by nature to resemble mock turtle.

He might have continued in this congenial employment until apoplexy quietly closed his career, but for a ridiculous mistake which he happened to make in the stormy year of 1848. At that revolutionary period, when thrones and dynasties were tumbling about people's ears, and the motto of every crowned head was "*sauve qui peut,*" the Duke imagined that it was necessary for him also to fly, and, in the fancy that he was saving the crown jewels, carried off all the silver forks and spoons at the Chur-Saal. Since that time his Highness had "lived about," chiefly in Paris, and, as his hereditary domains had long been confiscated without a chance of recovery, he had nothing left for it but to make it out, as well as he could, on the proceeds arising from the sale of those identical forks and spoons. When that alchemy ceased, he lent his name and countenance to another, and became one of the directors of the "Exploitation Aurifique de tous les Pays," in which capacity he now came over to England. As he was a heavy, grave-looking man, and wore spectacles —sleeping in them, as the Germans habitually do—he doubled the *rôle* of *maître d'hôtel* with that of *croupier* at the pleasant little evening entertainments which were speedily set on foot at "The Cosmopolite."

Another distinguished member was the Marquis del Birbante, not very distantly related to the illustrious family of the Collipendenti. Like many of his class, his patrimony was small, and when he came into possession of the old castle in the Apennines, he found in it nothing but a gallery of pictures, the heir-loom of his family. These, it is true, were exceedingly valuable, being chiefly Raffaelles, Titians, Da Vincis, and so forth—such as we only see in the palazzi of Italian nobles—but it was long, very long, before he could be brought to listen to the representations of his Intendant, and agree to sell the portraits of his ancestors. At length, in a moment of intense agony, having subsisted for three months on the acorns of the ilex (a tree which grows very profusely in the Apennines) and the produce of his *fusil* and fishing-rod (which, with water from the foaming torrent, constituted his sole aliment), he fell in with an English *millionaire*, who tempted him with so large a sum that we should be ashamed to mention the amount. To that Englishman he sold his favourite Raffaelle; it was a portrait of the Doge Antonio Seroccone, and, according to his own account, he never knew peace of mind afterwards. He abandoned his castle, repaired to Rome, fell in with sharpers, lost his money, and again broke in upon the heir-loom, repeating the act, we are sorry to say, until nothing remained to him but the name and complexion of his forefathers. His own and his country's ruin happening about the same time, he borrowed a hurdy-gurdy from a friend, and fled across the Alps, and in this disguise eventually reached London, where his talents soon recommended him to the notice of the Vicomte de Pigarreau, himself an ardent lover of Art.

We must be briefer in our enumeration of the other chief members of the Club.

There was Mynheer Wouter van Schobbejak, a Dutch gentleman, formerly a merchant in Amsterdam, his dealings being in the general line, sometimes herrings, sometimes tulips, sometimes precious stones, according to the wants of the market—or his own. He *had* possessed some of the finest diamonds in Europe, but they were gone; yet he cherished their

memory so dearly that he constantly occupied himself in imitating them in paste, and the produce of his ingenuity he set as high a value upon as on the originals, and now and then—when people *would* have bargains—made nearly as much money by them. Wouter van Schobbejak had enemies in the Syndicate, and to avoid a conspiracy which was set on foot to deprive him of his liberty, he quitted Holland. Like the generality of his countrymen, he was as mute as a fish, and could drink like one; only instead of water he preferred Schiedam.

Heinrich Würfelspieler was another merchant who had joined the Club, bringing to it a great deal of very valuable experience. He was a native of Bremen, or Hamburg, or some other of the free cities,—*which*, nobody knew to a certainty,—but that he did belong to one of them was evident by the free use he made of everything that came into his hands. He had speculated largely in his time, and been "unfortunate;" assuredly from no fault of his, for he always did his best to control fortune. A slight trait may serve to indicate his character. Of a mathematical turn, he had studied cubic equations so deeply, that he could tell you to a certainty which side of the dice would turn uppermost whenever he handled the box.

There were, besides:

Don Lopez de Malacostumbrádo, a grandee of Spain of the (very) first class, who exercised the privilege of wearing his hat on all occasions, and was, of course, a knight of the Golden Fleece; Senhor José Manoel da Lobo, a retired wine-merchant from Lisbon, whose grandfather was Grand Inquisitor, and great-grandfather a Jew, and though not a grandee of Spain, wore three hats at the same time; Count Harrach von Sneezum, Feldzeugmeister in the service of the Prince of Lippe-Salvi; Count Wrzyszckskewski, a distinguished Pole, who, out of Poland, went by the name of X Y Z; Monsieur Loupgarou, from Lyons; M. de Crottenville, from Paris; M. Coupegorge, from Marseilles; M. Colin Tampon, a military gentleman from Geneva, who sold his services to the best bidder; Cincinnatus W. Sloaker, the wealthy American banker, and his first cousin, Goahead T. Smith, of Tadmor-ville, Kentucky; Major O'Reilly, of the Austrian service; Colonel Blazer, who had come over to settle the debts of the Columbian and Bolivian republics, and contract a few on his own account; and a sprinkling of English gentlemen who answered, some of them, to the names they bore in early life. Mr. Crankshaw, the Yorkshire horse-dealer, was one of these, though, from some unexplained cause, he did not stand A 1 at Tattersall's; Mr. Balders, the bill-broker, was another; Mr. Spokes, the attorney, who had recently taken *his* name off the rolls—as a precautionary measure—was a third. As to the Reverend Mr. Wadbrook, his writings had caused him to be so well known — particularly to the Mendicity Society — that to have stifled his fame under any other designation, would have been an act of pure injustice to himself; he accordingly retained his clerical appellation, and was the person on whom it devolved to act as secretary and say grace at the Club.

Chapter XI.

HOW THE COSMOPOLITE CLUB GAVE THEIR FIRST GRAND ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE SEASON, AND WHO WERE INVITED.

English society has commonly been reproached for its obstructiveness, but, amongst the changes wrought by the Exhibition of 1851,

facility of intercourse seems in a fair way of being carried out on a much more liberal scale than heretofore.

Such was the thought that passed through the mind of the Vicomte de Pigarreau, as he sat at breakfast in the little room which he called his "study"—the same that was formerly used by Mr. Poppyhead for his "oratory." He had been reading the morning papers, and saw there an account of the proposed courtesies between the omnibus drivers of London and their brethren of the whip in Paris, when the latter come over in state on a visit to this country; and it struck him that he could scarcely hit upon a better plan for making the Cosmopolite Club well known, than by issuing cards of invitation to a select number of the *beau monde.*

The Vicomte accordingly summoned a meeting of the Committee, and having laid before them his views on the subject, it was unanimously resolved that his proposition should be adopted; and the Reverend Arthur Wadbrook, whose "Red-book" experience was so considerable, was instructed to prepare a list of guests, and make the necessary communications. The form of invitation, when pruned of its amplifications, in which the reverend secretary was apt to indulge, was simple enough, and ran as follows:

"Poppyhead House, Belgravia, April 14.

"The President and Members of the Cosmopolite Club, established for the season of 1851, under the most distinguished auspices, request the honour of your company to dinner on Wednesday, the 30th of April, at 8 o'clock.

"The favour of an answer will oblige."

"Gentlemanlike and to the purpose," said the Vicomte de Pigarreau, when he gave it out in the above shape. "I think it will take."

He was right: it *did* take, and fourteen out of the twenty gentlemen invited, replied in the affirmative.

As we have given an outline of the hosts, it may not be out of place to mention who were their guests on this occasion. We shall not take them in the regular order of precedence, but just as their names happen to turn up.

Lord Phaeton comes first; a remarkable man in every point of view, moral or physical. An eager politician, an eloquent orator, a popular lawyer, a scholar, a philosopher, and a man of science; vehement in debate, versatile in opinion, of restless activity in mind and body; at one moment reforming abuses, at another resisting all progress; serious, sportive, argumentative, oracular; sometimes right, often wrong; constantly troublesome, never tame. There is nothing so various that he has not attempted; few pursuits so opposite in which he has not been successful. One day he may be heard winding his horn before a pack of beagles, in the midst of vineyards and olive groves; on the next he will be five hundred miles off, gravely delivering a discourse on light in a foreign language, to a body of learned Academicians. At sunrise you may find him in his study, buried in the abstrusest depths of a question to determine some theory in optics; at sunset you will see him heading a fray to settle the right of poaching at the expense of the optics of his opponents. A voluminous writer—nothing comes amiss to him; a perpetual talker—no subject is too discursive. He has written a novel which nobody reads, and set a fashion in pantaloons which nobody wears;

but, on the other hand, he has given his name to a carriage which everybody has adopted. The men abuse and like him; the women shudder and adore. He is the life and soul of the Beefsteak Club, the terror of the House of Lords, and the delight of the drawing-room and boudoir. He has climbed very high, and—like his classical namesake—has had a severe tumble, but nothing can destroy his elasticity; the oftener you knock him down the more vigorous he rises to renew the attack. He is deeply attached to science, and immoderately fond of pleasure—especially if there is anything eccentric in its indulgence. It was for the latter reason, most likely, that he went to dine with the Cosmopolites.

Sir Hercules Barrytone is the next on our list, the leader of opinion in all that relates to the Fine Arts. A perfect musician, a clever painter, a skilful architect, a thorough linguist, an admirable *raconteur*, an accomplished man of the world, and, above all, an exquisite critic. In all matters of taste his judgment is law, whether in the studio or before the curtain. The first glance that a *débutante* turns to learn her probable fate is directed to "his side of the house;" the place where Sir Hercules sits being the cynosure of every eye. Like Laura's Count, "his '*brava*' is decisive"—"the deep damnation of his 'bah'" settles the matter at once. But no one ever "wishes *him* five fathoms under the Rialto," for the generosity of his nature tempers the severity of his criticism, and the frown of dissatisfaction is much seldomer seen on his brow than the smile of approbation which lights up his good-natured, manly features. His rank, the position which he holds in the world, and his high mental qualifications, would have led him to the goal through whatever avenue he chose the path to fame, but he has dedicated himself to the cause of Art, and, unswayed by personal ambition, remains faithful to his trust. *Au reste*, Sir Hercules has no objection to amusement, wherever it presents itself in the form to which gentlemen are accustomed, and, as far as appearances went, there was nothing in Poppyhead House to turn his horses' heads away from.

Colonel Sidrophel follows, reminding everybody at first sight of King Charles the First, till, on a closer examination, they find it is King Charles—without his head. As a member of the House of Commons, he is known more by the frequency of his voice than the force of his arguments. "Nullum quod non tetigit" might safely be said of him, but the comparison with the variously endowed poet goes no further. He is the great champion of everything that the rest of the world thinks not worth defending,—the great antagonist of those evils which people must go out of their way to discover. He has distinguished himself as a friend of the Hamadryads of Hyde Park, the sooty nymphs whom no metamorphosis can disfigure; his latest exploit was a crusade against barrel-organs, because they made more noise than himself,—and his highest aim in legislation a bill of pains and penalties against those who play on them. He detests the Whigs, finds fault with the Tories, divides the House on every question that he introduces himself, and is always in a minority of One. Apart from his political eccentricities, which are exceedingly harmless, he is generally considered a very good fellow.

Mr. Belial Fitz-Isaac—who succeeds—is a politician of a different calibre, an orator of a different stamp. His party hate him for his talent, envy him for his eloquence, and fear him for his wit—of which he enjoys the monopoly; his opponents applaud him, because he saves them the trouble of putting his followers on a wrong scent. He is a novelist, too, of no

mean celebrity, and has preserved many a fly in amber, but since he became a statesman he has eschewed authorship,

"Scorning the degrees
By which he did ascend."

Many people think he would, after all, find literature a better trade than politics.

But we must leave off describing, or the dinner will get cold, and sum up the rest of the company in a single paragraph.

Besides those whom we have mentioned, there were—Lord Dolphin and his inseparable friend Sir George Woodcock, who did not altogether live upon suction, though appearances favoured that hypothesis; Mr. Meadows Reynard; Lord Spritsail; the Earl of Handicap; Captain Sweepstakes; the Marquis of Neverdie; Mr. Augustus Shamrock; "The O'Daisy;" and that celebrated individual Mr. Jolly Green.

A man's morality may be doubtful—or rather, there may be no doubt at all about it—and yet his manners may be very agreeable; perhaps, the more agreeable he is, the greater the chance of his having nothing of the saint in his composition, just as it sometimes happens that the prettiest women we meet have the worst reputation. The Vicomte de Pigarreau belonged to this category. He had begun life as a gentleman-spendthrift; he carried it on as a gentleman-swindler. The kernel of the nut had long since disappeared, but the husk remained, and he was able to do the honours of the Club with as much ease as if the decoration which he wore on his breast had actually been bestowed upon him by his sovereign for his public services or high moral worth. We have seen a pincushion made to look so like the Legion of Honour as to deceive even the best judges at a distance. As Emerson says, "It is natural to believe in great men."

Not that any of the personages who favoured the Cosmopolites with their society (save one) imagined for a moment that the present inmates of Mr. Poppyhead's house had hired his principles with the chairs and tables. A dinner is always a dinner, and when there is a mystery for the dessert, it is so much the more worth eating.

This dinner was faultless. Messrs. Calipash and Sweetbread, the great Belgravian purveyors, were close at hand, and it would have been saying little for the diplomatic skill of the Committee, if the very best that their *cuisine* and cellar could furnish had not been added to the manifold resources of the Club. When you happen to have a house in Belgravia and *will* pay the rent before it is due, that London tradesman must be a *rara avis* who, having heard of the fact, refuses to overwhelm you with everything he has to dispose of. Suppose even that he never gets paid, when the break-up takes place it serves the victim for an advertisement, which seems to be all that people live for in these days of publicity.

Perhaps it may be thought that the rank and file of the Club might not pass muster so easily as their accomplished chief, notwithstanding their high-sounding titles and the *crachats* which they wore; but he must be an inexorable philosopher, who, with a "rôuget en papillote," a "caneton braisé aux petits pois," or a dish of "cailles à l'ecarlate" before him, can turn aside from the delicacy and coolly ask his neighbour if he is indeed a scoundrel and a blackleg!

The distinguished guests made no such mistake. They ate the goods the gods provided them, and never questioned the source of the supply.

Whoever sent the meat, it was plain that the devil had nothing to do with the dressing, unless the Mohammedan belief be true, that Eblis himself was the inventor of the art of cookery. The wine, too, was equally unexceptionable; and if the Cosmopolites did not imbibe so freely as their visitors, the fact must be ascribed to their continental habits, or to some other cause no less cogent. There were exceptions, of course. Colonel Blazer and Mynheer van Schobbejak both got drunk before the cloth was off the table; but as the wine made the silent Dutchman talk, and tied the tongue of the noisy Irishman, the general tone of the conversation was greatly improved thereby. It was, to a certain extent, kept down by the Vicomte de Pigarreau, whose tact enabled him at once to perceive how far it was desirable to go with the present company, if the Club were desirous of making a favourable impression. He took the lead, therefore, and being really a person of information—though his knowledge had occasionally been acquired in situations somewhat *scabreuses*—discoursed in such an off-hand style, that, coupled with his genuine hospitality and good-humour, he was unanimously voted a very pleasant, agreeable fellow.

The Vicomte's *aide-de-camps* had their instructions also, and performed their parts tolerably well, only suffering just so much of the cloven foot to peep out as gave them the air of men of the world. Had only one language been spoken, and that in its purity, the task of seeming to be what they were not would have been one of some difficulty; but here was a Babel of tongues, in the midst of which, with faulty pronunciation on one side, and imperfect comprehension on the other, a chance of escape was offered when the conversation took a hazardous turn. The Cosmopolites carefully kept to themselves the extent of their acquaintance with the English language; it imposed a reserve upon what they said, and encouraged their guests to speak more freely. They knew this fact, that a man who speaks his native dialect, discloses much more of his real character than he who is hampered by foreign turns of expression. We have, most of us, seen this when a Frenchman, for instance, addresses us in bad English. His mutilations and mistakes exalt us so much in our own opinions, that while we laugh at them—which we always do—we are half inclined to take pity on the poor fellow's ridiculous simplicity. But try him on the other tack: give him an inkling that you can speak French, and he is off at score, dragging you after him in utter bewilderment, and thoroughly convinced that in every maze of intrigue and ingenuity the Frenchman walks at ease, while you—in spite of your good opinion of yourself—are only a stupid blockhead.

Neither Captain Sweepstakes nor the Earl of Handicap entertained this belief of themselves under any circumstances, and they were not in a position to try the alternative of embarking in "any d——d foreign lingo," as they graphically observed. So they laid it on in English, and perfectly astonished "the Hedgehog"—as they facetiously called Der Herzog von Donnerblitz—by the quantity of turf slang with which they overwhelmed him, making him, as they said, look "very small" indeed. He bore their triumph very patiently, having a private opinion of his own that there was a remedy in the house for taking the conceit out of them.

But to see this remedy applied, it is necessary that the party—and the reader—should walk up-stairs.

MARIA ERNACH'S FIRST AND LAST PILGRIMAGE.

By the Author of "Seven Years in the Wedded Life of a Roman Catholic."

THE FIRST PILGRIMAGE.

In one of the lower rooms of a house situated in the outskirts of Vienna, was assembled, one fine summer's evening, a group of persons, talking eagerly. The windows stood open, facing the road, and the setting sun streamed full upon the speakers—that sun which on the morrow would rise on the annual pilgrimage to Mariazell, the Austrian government having fixed that event to take place, the year we are writing of, on the 26th of July.

The Widow Ernach, mistress of the house, sat near one of the windows. She was a comely dame in feature, but her figure was remarkably stout. Her fingers plied busily their employment—a work which was not unlike what the English call knitting. At a convenient distance from her, so that the whisperings of her two lovers—if the reader shall find they have a claim to that title—might not reach the maternal ear, sat Maria Ernach, as lovely a daughter as ever woman was troubled with, possessing all the wilfulness of an only child, and a very considerable share of that vanity which is commonly supposed to attend youth and beauty. She was pursuing no occupation, having enough to do in flirting with her admirers alternately, and to keep them both in good humour.

Jacopo Romelli, whose name bespoke his Italian origin, could not be less than six-and-thirty years of age. He was a well-made, symmetrical man, towering an inch or two above six feet in height, with a countenance dark and warm as his own land, and supereminently beautiful, though to a keen observer its expression would have been disagreeable. He had come to Vienna a stranger. It was not known who or what he was, but, as his means appeared to be ample, he was universally looked upon as a man of fortune, and treated with consideration. The evening frequently saw him a guest at Madame Ernach's, attracted thither, it was shrewdly suspected, by the charms of Maria, and he now sat apart, lowering and angry, at some real or fancied preference he had observed accorded to his rival.

Francis Clairfait, a Viennese by birth, looked ten or twelve years the junior of Romelli. He was sitting on a table at Maria's elbow, snipping a piece of paper into little bits with her scissors. He was a frank-hearted, pleasing-looking young man, with regular features and auburn hair. As to the beauty which distinguished Romelli he had it not; but the same physiognomist who doubted the face of the Italian would have trusted that of Clairfait at the first glance. It has been said he was a distant relative of the celebrated general whose name he bore; but whether that was the fact or not cannot matter to this narrative. There could be little doubt that he contemplated making Maria Ernach his wife. Some of his kindred gave themselves airs, and said she was beneath him, for, independently of his gentle birth, he had a large fortune; whilst Maria, though brought up in all the attributes of a gentle-

woman, had been reduced since her father's death, whose income was derived from a government situation, to comparative obscurity. Francis Clairfait professed the Protestant faith, the only circumstance which in Madame Ernach's eyes could tell against the match. But as her own husband had likewise been of the same creed, it might be supposed that her opposition would not be very formidable.

"Children have come to a pretty pass now-a-days!" ejaculated the lady. "Had my mother, when I was living under the parental roof, desired me not to make the pilgrimage, I should dutifully have obeyed her."

"But she was not so unreasonable," answered Francis Clairfait.

"And I have never yet been," added Maria, in a whisper.

"True enough, child," interposed her mother. "Your poor father—may the saints rest him, though I have my doubts of it—was as good a man, barring he was a heretic, and as kind a husband, barring his obstinacy, as could well be found. Recollect his obstinacy about these holy pilgrimages! calling them mummery, and all the unsaintly names that came uppermost." Here the lady devoutly crossed herself; her example was followed by the Italian, whilst a smile lurked in the gay blue eye of Francis Clairfait. "And never would he suffer you to go to the shrine, though I prayed my tongue out."

"And yet you object to it now," Francis was beginning to remonstrate; when the lady continued:

"I cannot accompany Maria, and she is a deal too"—handsome, she was going to add, but she checked herself in time—"light-headed to go without me."

"Make an effort, madame, and venture upon the journey," advised Clairfait.

"If ideas have advanced of late years, as you sometimes so ostentatiously inform me, the thoughtlessness of young men has not improved," retorted Dame Ernach, throwing her eyes upwards after a severe look at Francis. "Could anybody, arrived at a sober age, and in possession of their sober senses, imagine that, being the size I am, I could toil to Mariazell and not die upon the road? I once saw a human being die of a sun-stroke, Master Clairfait: perhaps you never did?"

"The good lady, Bravantor, has promised to take every careof me," Maria ventured to remark.

"Pshaw to Dame Bravantor!" replied Madame Ernach, having no confuting argument at hand.

"My cousins, too, are going," continued Maria; but her sentence was suddenly cut short by the irascible dame.

"Cousins be smothered! And better for them, too, than to go dancing off to Mariazell by themselves."

"Three parts of the young women in Vienna are now making their preparations for departure," pleaded the good-humoured Austrian, "and Maria, never having been, is naturally anxious, as a devout Catholic——"

"There, there, Master Francis, you need not trouble yourself to throw ridicule on our faith. Devout Catholic!—well, so she is, and means to remain so."

"Indeed I used the words in no disrespectful sense," urged the young man.

"Perhaps not," answered the dame; "but I have not been tied to a

heretic hard upon thirty years to be ignorant now of their steadfast unbelief. You have no more faith in the miracles—no, nor, I verily believe, in the Virgin herself—than you have in me."

"But I do not seek——"

"The less said the better, Master Francis. Let the matter drop. Maria is going—an obstinate girl will have her own way. I wish I had followed the example of my sister Teresa, who has been wise enough never to let a husband come between her and her own will; I should at least not have been plagued with Maria. She will think of my words when the ill comes over her that the journey will bring forth."

"But I don't see any ill in the matter," persisted Clairfait. "What ill or harm can there be in Maria's doing what thousands of others do?"

"The ill is in this, Francis Clairfait, that she goes in opposition to my will. And when a child wilfully disobeys a parent, no good will attend her. Mind, I tell it you beforehand. You are laughing, Master Francis! Perhaps when the evil has come, you will laugh on the other side of your mouth."

"Dear mamma," interrupted Maria, "if I thought my going could hurt you, or any one else, I would be locked in my room for a month rather than attempt it."

"Have the goodness to let the subject rest, Maria; you know your mind is made up. Do you still purpose going, Mr. Francis?"

"If Maria does. That is the only thing which takes me."

"Jesu mend the irreligion of men!" ejaculated the lady, crossing herself. "You will enter upon this holy work—a pilgrimage to the image of the Virgin—an image which performs miracles—with no worthier motive than that of accompanying a pretty girl! Take care, young man, that your sinfulness is not in some way visited upon you."

"There is no sinfulness to visit," answered Clairfait. "I don't pretend to go as a pilgrim, as a believer in the—the image and the miracles," he continued, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth to hide a laugh. "I shall go to take care of Maria, to shield her from harm."

"But you will kneel at the shrine?" exclaimed the Italian, fiercely, his eyes shooting fire at Clairfait.

"Not unlikely. Is there any harm in that? It will not be the first time I have gone the pilgrimage and knelt there."

"It is these heretical unbelievers that bring down the displeasure of the saints upon us," hissed Romelli in the ear of Madame Ernach. "They join in our holy ceremonies but to stare and to ridicule. May the period that is to witness their extermination from the earth be hastened!"

"Two can play at that wish, signor," laughed the Austrian. "However, we are content to let you alone, and your faith also, and to allow you as much space upon the earth as you can conveniently occupy. It would be but civil of you Catholics to accord us the same favours."

Romelli growled an answer of defiance, and at the same moment Francis was called out by some friends. Maria started up and approached Romelli.

"Signor, put away this ill-humour, or I will not speak to you for a year to come."

"Leave me alone, Maria, and go to your chosen lover there."

"I will not leave you alone; and as to a chosen lover," answered she,

tossing back her curls, "I have not chosen anybody. I mean to live an old maid, like aunt Teresa. Jacopo! I hate sulky people. Look pleased again, if only to oblige me."

"You can wind me round your little finger, Maria," he whispered, looking positively beautiful as he gazed into her face, and passionately, but under the semblance of gallantry, retained and kissed her hands. "Beware how you abuse the power you have acquired over me, or provoke the jealousy that would surely set fire to my brain."

"And you go not this pilgrimage?"

"I would go to the end of the world with thee. Yet, Maria," he added, aloud, "neglect not your mother's warning."

"When a parent speaks, a child should listen and obey," interposed Madame Ernach. "Command from me has long been laid aside; but I implore you, Maria, once for all, give up the pilgrimage for this year."

"It is your mother who speaks to you," uttered the Italian—"the mother who gave you birth. By the sin of disobedience fell our first parents."

"Do as I wish you, my child," repeated her mother, "and may all happiness henceforth be yours!"

"I must look forward to next year, then," sighed Maria, the tears gathering in her eye.

It was a bitter sacrifice. Few can tell with what eager excitement the Austrian girls look forward to the yearly pilgrimage to Mariazell.

"Believe me, child," resumed Madame Ernach, "it would be toil to you rather than pleasure. Leagues of weary way, the blistering sun, and the feet bared to the sharp and dusty road! *You* go on a barefooted pilgrimage! It would be but toil, child."

Oh, the contrast between youth and age! The old lady forgot how *she* once coveted the journey to the shrine, and looked forward to it as an oasis in the sandy path of life. The toilsome way, the sultry atmosphere, the naked feet—what cared she while her youth's companions shared them with her, and one she loved walked by her side? But now the early feelings were forgotten, and nought presented itself to her mind save the pain and the toil.

Romelli passed out of the cottage as four or five young girls entered, to show their prepared costume, and to criticise Maria's. With astonishment and incredulity they heard her mind was changed. Persuasions showered down upon her—pictures of the enjoyment they were about to realise—and the wavering girl once more besought her mother to forget the promise to remain she in her hasty fit of obedience had made, and no longer to oppose her departure.

It was the dusk hour of twilight, and the stars were shining in the heavens, when Jacopo Romelli re-entered the widow's house. Peering into the gloom which now pervaded the apartment, he could see no trace of the inmates he had left save Madame Ernach herself, who still occupied her seat near the window.

"Where is Maria?" he demanded.

"Only stepped a few paces down the road with her two cousins," replied the lady.

"Have they been here? They are full of the pilgrimage, I suppose?"

"Brimful. I cannot tell what possesses the girls—little fools! If

they had a holy and religious motive in going I should be the first to start them off; but dress, singing, gossip, sweethearts—that is all that takes them to the shrine."

Romelli frowned an assent.

"It raises my ire in no measured degree," added the dame, "when I see this pilgrimage, which ought to be undertaken by none save the most rigid penitents and worshippers of the Virgin, made a pretext for fun and gallivanting. There's Maria, for instance—look how she is bent upon it, and why? For the sake of the prayers she will offer before the sacred image, think you, or just for the gossiping and gadding, and to listen to the soft words of Francis Clairfait?"

"But she is not going!" cried Romelli.

"She *is* going," returned the dame. "The wilfulness of children passes all belief, and Maria's obstinacy in particular—she is the model of her father for that. If they come back in a raging brain fever from the horrid heat, it will serve some of them right."

"Is Clairfait gone home?" questioned Romelli.

"Not he; he is with Maria. I hear their footsteps at a distance now."

"Good night, dame," said Romelli, as he strode out of the cottage.

But a few yards from him came Clairfait and Maria. His arm was thrown round her, and they spoke in whispers. Romelli glided behind a tree that stood by the side of the house.

It is proverbial that listeners never hear much good of themselves, and though the present could not, perhaps, be termed a case in point (so far as words were concerned), the Italian heard something quite as unwelcome as words—a sound wonderfully like a kiss. Francis Clairfait, after seeing Maria within doors, walked past him with a quick step, humming a scrap of a love-song. Romelli drew back in his hiding-place, and waited. Meanwhile, Madame Ernach had closed and fastened the windows; but scarcely was the process complete, when a tapping came to one of them.

"Who is come at this untoward hour?" she exclaimed, wrathfully, as she opened the casement. "What, is it you, signor? What have you come bothering back for? Another minute, and I should have had my nightcap on. One had need to go to bed betimes to-night, I think, to be astir at cockcrow."

"I am only come to say good night to Maria," was his reply; "and to wish you a pleasant journey," he added, as the latter came forward to the window. "You are going, I hear?"

"Yes, I am going, signor," answered the happy girl, too full of excitement to remember her mother's anger.

"Mind that you come back safely, and with a whole heart, Maria," he said, speaking as if in jest.

"Whole heart!" interrupted Dame Ernach, before Maria could reply; "let her come back with whole feet—that's a deal more to the purpose."

"Good-by," he said, taking Maria's hand, and bending his face towards hers, as if he would have proffered a kiss; but with a reserved manner, and crimsoned cheek, she drew back, and Signor Romelli turned away in the direction of Vienna.

II.

It was the twenty-sixth of July. At early dawn, long before the sun had risen, innumerable groups, old and young, male and female, wended their way from all parts of Vienna towards the Gothic cathedral, St. Stephen. Some passed into the church without stopping; others paused before the great gate, to read the imperial proclamation there affixed, appointing that day for the pilgrimage, and enjoining the devotees to pray before the shrine at Mariazell for the prosperity of the House of Hapsburg. Ere four o'clock the cathedral was filled to overflowing; many, besides the pilgrims, having entered to take part in the service. As the hour struck, the assembled priests, in their full canonicals, commenced the mass. The scene had a strange effect—passing strange upon a foreigner. The early day; the picturesque dresses of the pilgrims; the magnificent robes of the priests, the colours of which glittered in the early sun; the rich music of the chants; the thrown-up incense scattering its perfume to the cathedral, and the solemn reverence pervading the assemblage! Let us not marvel that the Catholics cling to their religion when its ceremonies are so calculated to enslave the senses.

At the conclusion of mass the procession was formed. It was a long picturesque line, numbering little short of 3000 persons, separated into divisions by religious banners and crucifixes. Musical instruments, also, consisting chiefly of trumpets and kettle-drums, were scattered about it, at convenient distances, playing from time to time to cheer the weary steps of the wayfarers. And chanting hymns as they went, and carrying long staves entwined with flowers, the pilgrims began their toilsome march. Maria was placed under the care of Madame Bravantor and her husband by the old lady, Ernach, who had, after all, made a merit of necessity.

Mariazell is a small town in the Austrian dominions, situated in the province of Styria. It would be of no importance were it not for the shrine it contains, and this far-famed picture of the Virgin Mary, which have caused it to be noted and universally known. The image of the Virgin was found in a miraculous manner—that is, you know, *said* to be found—about the eighth or ninth century, from which time it has constantly attracted crowds of idolaters. As to the cures, wonders, and miracles it has been performing ever since, the *New Monthly* could not contain the account of half of them. Vienna, Upper and Lower Styria, Moravia, Silesia, the Tyrol, Bohemia, Carinthia, and, in fact, all parts of the Austrian Empire, whether near or distant, annually send forth their inhabitants, who wend their painful way over plain and mountain, to meet at the shrine and worship. The female equipment of the pilgrims is picturesque in the extreme, but it varies much in the different provinces, each of which has its distinctive costume.

It must not be thought that this is wholly a religious ceremony; much profanity mingles with it. Some years back the ladies of Gratz, the capital of Styria, and the vain Viennese, chose to dispute the palm of beauty. Their lovers, who had accompanied them to Mariazell, as of course they always do, took up the quarrel. Some violent encounters were the result, and the gentler sex themselves exercised their fair hands in the exciting, though not agreeable, pastime of scratching and tearing. To prevent a recurrence of these disorders, so

scandalising to the ears of true devotees, the government commanded that the pilgrimages of Gratz and Vienna should take place at different periods. The Emperor Joseph the Second, so given to reformation, abolished the pilgrimage from the capital altogether, to the dismay of the fête-loving Viennese, though it was afterwards restored and encouraged by Francis the First. Joseph, indeed, gave great umbrage to the miracle-believers, for he not only seized a great part of the treasury of Mariazell, but actually caused certain silver images that were hung up there to be melted down. They represented his mother, brothers, and sisters, and had been offerings to the shrine from the Empress Maria Theresa.

III.

The pilgrims had nearly reached their destination, and they ascended the rough mountain of Mariazell, singing hymns to the Virgin. The young women now walked bare-headed, their long, beautiful hair floating over their shoulders. Most of the men carried heavy wooden crucifixes to increase their penance, and the natural difficulties of the steep ascent. As they gained the summit of the mountain, the church, which is antique, and of a particularly gloomy character, burst upon their view, and the pilgrims fell prostrate and raised a long and universal shout. They crossed themselves devoutly as they rose, and causing the mountains to re-echo with their sweetly harmonious, solemn singing, approached the shrine slowly and with unutterable reverence.

In a small, obscure chapel, in the very centre of the church, stands the shrine. The chapel was dimly lighted by a single lamp, which threw its rays upon the precious stones and jewels that had been lavished there. A railing of massive silver surrounds the entrance to the shrine, but the picture it contains, and to which the devotees offer up their prayers, is a sadly-painted affair. In the rear of the chapel is a stone image of the Virgin, standing on a detached pedestal.

The sun was going down behind the mountains, and the pilgrims waited in silence until its setting, that they might commence the Ave Maria. The rays of light, streaming into the aisle through the coloured glass of the large Gothic window, shone on them with a thousand soft and varied tints, and, save that an indistinct murmur of prayer came from the holy chapel, not a sound broke the solemn stillness. Round the stone image knelt a close circle of female pilgrims, and behind them, bowed on their long staves, stood the men. At length the sun disappeared; it was the hour consecrated to the Virgin; and moving slowly round the image on their knees, as they gave utterance to the sounds, the voices of the young women rose with one accord in the sweet Ave Maria, while the men stood still, taking up the strain at the conclusion of every stanza, and bending to the very earth in veneration for the image.

Hours had passed. The Church ceremonies were at an end, and hundreds—nay, thousands—of pilgrims were encamped, like gipsies, in the wood. The town of Mariazell, which owes its existence entirely to the shrine, is composed of houses devoted to the entertainment of the pilgrims, yet they are not sufficient to accommodate a tenth of the number that flock thither. Supper was over, but the cheering glass still went round. The sacred singing had gradually given place to stanzas of a more worldly character, and love verses and strains consecrated to Bacchus

might in turn be heard. Then a national or familiar air would be introduced, one party replying to the chorus of another; another and still another succeeding in distant melody, all blending harmoniously, and with a taste and correctness the English little know of. Ah, how beautiful it was! the transition from the terrible heat and toil of the day to the cool summer's night; the immense number of living beings, gay with laughter and delight, scattered everywhere in view, the fanciful costumes in which they were habited brightly distinguishable in the clear moonlight, the sweet singing, so grateful to the ear, relieved ever and anon by the music of the bands, and the hushed, strange character of the picture would put a spectator in mind of a vision from the "Arabian Nights," or the "Tales of the Genii."

"How do you like the pilgrimage, Maria?" questioned Francis Clairfait, stealing his arm round her as he reclined by her side, his eyes speaking of that love which his lips had never yet whispered.

"Oh, Francis, I have heard much of these pilgrimages—I have pictured them to myself frequently in enchanting colours—but how could I imagine it would be half so fascinating as this! I hope my mother will not oppose my coming next year, for I do not like these qualms of conscience that come over me. I left home in disobedience, and we Austrians, you know, are taught in our childhood, that the sin of disobedience brings its own retribution."

"Next year, Maria, you may have some one else to consult, nearer, if not dearer."

Although her maidenly reserve had hitherto concealed it, Maria was passionately attached to Francis Clairfait. But the present scene was attuned to love, if ever scene had been, and if there were not more hearts lost and won in that short night than in all the past twelve months, there were at least more confessions of it, and Francis Clairfait made his vows no exception.

"There will be but one source of opposition to it," reasoned Maria, after a long and delightful conversation had ensued between them.

"There will be no opposition, Maria," he replied.

"From my mother. She looks upon you as a——"

"Heretic," added Francis, for the girl had stopped at the obnoxious epithet.

"And," she continued, "since those interminable conversations the Signor Romelli is for ever holding with her, her sentiments are growing bigoted in the extreme."

"My dearest, I thank you for that word," ejaculated Clairfait; "you shall be no bigot, if my prayers and reasoning will avail. When once you are mine, we will see if our creeds may not be blended into one."

"You cannot mean to imply that I shall ever embrace a false faith?"

"A false faith!" echoed Clairfait. "You loved your father, Maria?"

"Deeply."

"And respected him?"

"I had cause to do so. He was a fond father and a good man."

"He was a man respected and beloved of all," continued Francis; "one of the best and most enlightened that ever trod the Austrian soil: and do you think he would have lived and died in an erring creed?"

Maria leaned her forehead upon her hand.

"The same reflection has come over me a thousand times," she whispered. "Yet he reared me a Roman Catholic."

"In obedience to the agreement entered into with your mother before their marriage, and in deference to her prejudices afterwards."

"I would willingly worship God in the manner most acceptable to His will!" exclaimed Maria, fervently.

"*And according to the precepts left us by the Redeemer*," added Clairfait. "Ah! Maria, I see you will not make me an inapt pupil."

"I am a Catholic still, Francis," she answered. "What would the Signor Romelli say to this?"

"And may remain such until you are my wife. And for the signor, your lover," he laughed, mischievously, "we will invite him to be groomsman."

At this moment Francis and Maria were called upon to join in the singing. As they prepared to comply, Maria slightly moved her position, when she was startled at observing the figure of a man stretched at full length on the ground close against the tree behind them.

"Francis! Francis!" she whispered, clinging to him. "Look there! That man must have heard all we have been saying."

Clairfait turned, and beheld a pilgrim, whose costume bespoke him not of Vienna. Neither his face nor figure was distinguishable, a large cloak being muffled around him.

"Hallo! you sir!" cried Clairfait, giving him a slight shake; "what do you do here? Is there not plenty of room for you, and to spare, without intruding yourself upon us in this ungentlemanlike way?"

A snore was the only answer.

"I believe he is asleep," continued Clairfait. But to assure himself of the fact he gave the intruder a hearty and powerful shake, which did but elicit another snore.

"Some drunken fellow, who has fallen down here from inability to get further," pursued Francis. "He is past hearing, Maria, or awaking either, for the shake I gave him was enough to arouse the dead, and he still lies powerless, you see."

He sat down again as he spoke, drawing Maria to him, and, leaving his arm round her waist, nestled her head upon his bosom. Thus they joined in the singing, one song succeeding to another. The sound of many voices thus blending musically was inexpressibly gratifying on that sweet summer's night, and Maria, bewildered by the delicious scene around, and by the strange happiness that thrilled within her, sank unconsciously into a tranquil sleep, and dreamt she was in heaven.

At the dawn of morning Madame Bravantor, who was on the other side of Maria, awoke and looked about her. Maria was lying alone, her head, underneath which was placed a handkerchief belonging to Francis Clairfait, resting on the stump of the tree.

"How now, Maria!" cried the dame. "I thought Master Clairfait promised to take so much care of you. Where is he gone?"

"What has become of Francis?" called out one of Maria's cousins, Hulda Ernach, who were likewise encamped close to her.

Maria raised herself. Her first sensation on awaking was one of unqualified bliss, for the remembrance of the previous night's conversation with Francis came rushing to her memory; the next was of disappointment, mingled with some pique, that he should have quitted her.

"A mighty gallant gentleman," exclaimed Madame Brennan, "to leave you in this manner! If it is true, Maria, what people whisper, that he seeks you to grace his home, I would advise you to think twice before going there."

At the rising of the sun all the pilgrims were astir, and immense numbers had begun their weary walk home again. Still, still they emerged from the town and from the woods, until the paths of the mountains and the valley beneath seemed speckled over with life. The devotees from Vienna were forming themselves into long file, yet Francis Clairfait had not made his appearance. The supposition that he had fallen asleep somewhere was now rejected, since it was next to impossible for any one to sleep through the universal stir and din that at present prevailed. Several of his friends had gone about seeking him.

"Oh what a fuss about nothing!" exclaimed Carolina Ernach, who was somewhat jealous that Master Francis Clairfait's attentions should be bestowed on any object save her own sweet self. "He will soon overtake us with his long legs; he is not lost."

"Why, he was making love to you, Maria, all last night," laughed Gertrude Brennan.

"What fables you imagine!" answered Maria, with a scarlet blush.

"A fable, is it? Well, I am sure there was enough whispering going on."

But, just then, a strange stir was apparent amongst the crowd at a distance. It spread on; it came nearer and nearer; the pilgrims wondering what was the matter.

A young man, a pilgrim, had been found dead.

A sickening feeling of dread and intolerable suspense darted through the heart of Maria Ernach. Numbers were pressing towards an indicated spot, and she followed them.

Not far from where they had sat in peace the previous night, in a part of the wood that was little frequented, lay the dead body of Francis Clairfait. It had been stabbed right through the heart. The blood, which had flowed profusely from the wound, was congealed upon the clothes, body, and ground around, and the deep crimson, shining in the light of the early morning, and the ghastly up-turned features, presented a contrast that was perfectly horrible. In his right hand, his fingers entwined round it, was a small poniard or stiletto, with which it was evident the wound had been inflicted.

"Self-murder!" shuddered the appalled spectators, as, with sickening hearts, they drank in these appearances.

"Oh! no, no!" shrieked Maria Ernach, as she caught one glimpse of his beloved features, and fell into convulsions beside the body. "*He is no self-murderer.*"

And it would appear that Maria was right; for a priest, belonging to the church at Mariazell, came forward and deposed to having heard a scuffle in the very spot where the body lay, though the disputants were hidden from his view. He was passing near to the place on his way to shrive a sick penitent, to whom he had been hastily called.

"I thought it was but a drunken scramble," he observed; "such scenes are of no uncommon occurrence here—may the Blessed Mother bring repentance to the hearts of all actors in them!—but the sounds were soon over, and subsided into peace."

"Could you recognise the assailant?" inquired some of the spectators.

"I could not identify him by sight," replied the priest; "but," he continued, solemnly, "I could tell his voice amidst a thousand. My ear is remarkably tenacious, and never yet deceived me."

"What were the words you heard, father?"

"Few connected ones, my children. The murderer, as we must now suppose him, appeared to be in an inexpressible rage; the word 'Revenge!' was uttered, and I distinctly heard him call the other 'Francis Clairfait.'"

"And my poor kinsman, Clairfait," interrupted a young man, eagerly; "did you hear nothing from him, father? It might furnish a clue to his murderer."

"I never heard him speak," replied the priest. "I should think his mouth must have been gagged, for there was evidently the scuffle of two men, but only the voice of one. But, as I have already told you, my children, the contention was the work of a minute."

They buried Francis Clairfait at Mariazell, in a patch of ground set apart for heretics, but no clue was obtained to his destroyer.

IV.

"Oh, Heaven help us all in this wicked world!" bewailed Dame Ernach, as Maria, more dead than alive, was assisted into the house, on her return from the pilgrimage. "To think that the poor young man's life should have had such a horrid ending."

"Sit down, Maria," added Jacopo Romelli, who had been gossiping with Madame Ernach, and in expectation of Maria's return.

"Maria was taken with a faintness as we came in view of the cottage," observed Madame Brennan; "we thought she would have fallen in the road."

"Take a cordial, Maria," cried her mother, proceeding to rummage amongst a collection of bottles that stood in a closet. "I told you all how this unlucky pilgrimage would end—you will pay attention to what I say another time. From the moment you left I was upon thorns, as I observed to the Signor Romelli, who, I must say, has been very attentive in coming to sit with me—the greater merit to him for it."

"It was an awfully mysterious deed," cried Madame Bravantor; "you have heard the particulars, I conclude?"

"Heard them!" repeated Madame Ernach; "Vienna has been full of nothing else since the return of the pilgrims: it was but a handful of you, you know, who stopped there in consequence of it. Poor Francis! he was an estimable young man; and for a son and a brother there was not his equal in Vienna. Maria, don't swell and sob so; better let the tears come forth; but if you cry enough to float a boat, child, you cannot bring him back to life."

Maria turned away from the glass of cordial-waters which her mother would have administered, and left the room to seek the solitude of her chamber. Physical cordials when the mind's peace is shattered! Yet there are those who offer such.

"It is the punishment of disobedience!" deplored Madame Ernach, wringing her hands. "I told Maria that God's justice would fall upon her—they were the last words I uttered before she started on this ill-

omened pilgrimage. Has not He enjoined obedience to the authors of our being as the first of all social duties; and rely upon it, whoever wilfully and deliberately breaks the commandment, retribution will follow them sooner or later."

"Yet the punishment was visited upon Francis Clairfait," whispered a voice from the group of condolers, "and he had been guilty of no sin."

"No sin!" echoed the Italian, whilst a strange assumption of power appeared in his voice and manner, making those around him quail, as before a superior being. "Believe me, my friends, this sin of Maria's, which you have been commenting on, was but venial carelessness compared with his. He was an acknowledged heretic, possessing no more inheritance in the next world than the beasts of the field—nay, worse, for they die and are forgotten, whilst an immortal soul must meet its punishment. He was a man accursed of the Church, lying under its ban, as all such must of needs lie."

"Yet he had all estimable qualities," Hulda Ernach ventured to remark, "and was an earnest follower of his own mistaken religion."

"Had his qualities been such as to render him a rival in goodness to One who once came upon the earth, and who never can be rivalled, they would avail him nothing," replied the Italian, turning upon Hulda a glance which made her shudder. "There is NO pardon or escape for those who dare to differ from the sole true and Universal Church and its Supreme Head, the direct descendant from the apostle St. Peter. You know, my friends, the implicit obedience the Church exacts from you—that should Satan tempt you to rebel, even in the slightest degree, from the absolute and unconditional submission to her priesthood, whatever they may teach, from that moment you are hurled beyond her shelter, and consigned to eternal perdition."

They all knew it perfectly well.

"Whilst the followers of his accursed creed dare to think for themselves, and *he* revelled openly in its doctrines, the best thought he had for ours was contempt—his sweetest word for our sacred ceremonies one of derision—the Holy See itself was to him a nullity."

The ladies groaned and crossed themselves, even Hulda Ernach.

"Was it meet to suppose the saints, those blessed martyrs of our religion, who suffered in its cause, and now look down from their thrones on high to protect us, would permit a longer continuance here to one, who, in addition to his own apostasy, endeavoured to subvert the faithful?"

"Alas! alas!" bewailed all the listeners.

"*The divine wrath was prayed for upon him, my friends, and it has fallen,*" concluded Romelli. "Be it our province to supplicate, untiringly, for the extirmination of all such."

THE "BOAT-HEADED" OR PRIMEVAL SCOTS.*

The zeal for archæological investigation which has recently manifested itself in nearly every country of Europe, has been traced, in Scotland, to the impulse which proceeded from Abbotsford. Though such, Mr. Daniel Wilson justly remarks, is not exactly the source which we might expect to give birth to the transition from profitless dilettantism to the intelligent spirit of scientific investigation, yet it is unquestionable that Sir Walter Scott was the first of modern writers "to teach all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others till so taught—that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men."†

This being the case, and the history of the manners and customs of bygone races of men being the acknowledged aim and object of the archæologist, it is almost startling to find that in a great and elaborate work, devoted by its author to the elucidation of national antiquities, and to the recovery of the earliest traces of Scottish arts and civilisation—instead of a British or Caledonian, a Scandinavian, Celtic, or Pictish, and a Roman epoch, or simply a Pagan and a Christian era—we have a primeval or stone period; an archaic or bronze period; and a Teutonic or iron period! The reader's thoughts are involuntarily forced back to the Augustan poet's ideas of golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages; his fancy pictures forth a museum of antiquities instead of a once living world; and he anticipates being ushered into the vestibule of Abbotsford, instead of hospitably partaking of the waters of life, with which the genius of the place gave body and substance, and an undying interest to every celt or cromlech, to every claymore or shield, and to every monument of art or writing of olden time.

Great then will be the reader's relief to find, upon careful perusal of the work before him, that the author was not only justified in adopting a classification founded on monumental remains, instead of on the races to whom they belonged, but that he had no other choice; for the primeval or aboriginal people of Scotland belonged to no cognate race, and could not, therefore, be classed precisely as Britons or Caledonians, and certainly not as Celts, or even Scandinavians.

We find, indeed, throughout the pages of Mr. Daniel Wilson's work a genuine devotion to ethnology, as a science without which the study of primitive antiquities can never be made to take its place as the indispensable basis of all written history. It has hitherto been the misfortune of the archæologist, that his most recondite pursuits are peculiarly exposed to the laborious idling of the mere dabblers in science, so that they alternately assume to the uninterested observer the aspect of frivolous pastime and of solemn trifling. "I cannot but think," says Mr. Wilson, "that a direct union with the associated sciences, and an incorporation especially with the kindred researches of the ethnologist, while it might, perchance, give some of its present admirers a distate for the severer and more restricted study, would largely contribute to its real advance-

* The Archæology and Pre-historic Annals of Scotland. By Daniel Wilson, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Simpkin and Marshall.

† Carlyle's Miscellanies. Second Edition. Vol. v., p. 301.

ment, and free its truly zealous students from many popular trammels which at present cumber its progress."

The facilities afforded to the Scandinavian archæologist by the purity of his primitive remains, and the freedom of his ethnographic chronicles from those violent intercalations of foreign elements, which render both the ethnology and the historical antiquities of Central Europe so complicated and difficult of solution, peculiarly fitted him for originating such a comprehensive and refined system as that which has been adopted by Mr. Wilson in treating of the antiquities of Scotland.

While in England the Anglo-Saxon element is recognised as the predominating source of later changes, and the character of genuine Roman antiquities is well ascertained, Mr. Wilson discards the idea of the other native relics having assigned to them a Scandinavian origin. It is not, he says, a mere question between Northman or Dane, and Celt or Saxon. It involves the entire chronology of the pre-historic British periods; and so long as it remains unsettled, any consistent arrangement of our archæological data into a historical sequence is impossible.

The oldest intelligible inscription known in Scotland is that graven in Anglo-Saxon Runes on the Ruthwell Cross, Dumfriesshire, and dating not earlier than the ninth century. The oldest written historic documents are probably the charters of Duncan, engrossed about the year 1035, and still preserved among the muniments of Durham Cathedral. Prior to these the Romans furnish some scanty notes concerning the barbarian Picti. The Irish annalists contribute brief but valuable additions. The northern sagas, it is now certain, contain a still richer store of early historic notes, which the antiquaries of Copenhagen are busily digesting for us into available materials. Yet, after all these are ransacked, what shall we make, asks Mr. Wilson, of the long era which intervenes between the dispersion of the human family and the peopling of the British isles? When did the first rude prow touch our shores?—who were its daring crew? Whence did language, manners, nationality, civilisation, and letters spring?

"Large are the treasures of oblivion," beautifully observes Sir Thomas Browne. "Much more is buried in silence than recorded; and the largest volumes are but epitomes of what hath been. The account of Time began with night, and darkness still attendeth it." Yet, despite this great difficulty, Ritson has already carried back the supposed limits of authentic Caledonian history fully a thousand years before the obscurity that daunted Lord Hailes. Chalmers, Gregory, Skene, and other zealous investigators, have followed or emulated him in the same bold inquiry. Zealous archæologists like Mr. Daniel Wilson go still much further back. With them, the closing epoch of geology, which embraces the diluvial formations, is that in which archæology has its beginning. In a zoological point of view, it includes man and the existing races of animals, as well as the extinct races which appear to have been contemporaneous with indigenous species. Archæology, we need scarcely add, also lays claim to the still more recent alluvium, with all its included relics pertaining to the historic period. In fact, archæology only differs from geology in as much as the latter interests itself with the structure of the crust of the earth, and records the succession of animal creations: archæology takes up the same history from the period of the advent of man.

In discussing the co-existence of the gigantic fossil elk (*Cervus Euryceros*) with the human species, Mr. Wilson has overlooked the

notice and drawing of this animal obtained by Dr. Hibbert from a scarce folio work by Sebastian Munster, which records the existence of that animal, or of a species very closely allied to it, in Prussia, so late as the year 1550. This same co-existence has also been shown in respect to the great fossil ox (*Bos primigenius*), the great cave bear (*Ursus spelæus*), the *Bison priscus*, the large cave hyæna, and probably many other fossil animals, including the great feline animal (*Machairodus Latideus*), more powerful and more ferocious probably than the tiger of the present day. We saw, in treating of the Great Forests of Antiquity, in a late number of the *New Monthly*, that tradition speaks of many of these animals as haunting the Ardennes within historical times, and skeletons of some have been dug up alongside of primitive implements of the chase.

When the aboriginal colonists entered on the possession of the British islands, it appears, indeed, that the country must have been almost entirely covered with forests, and overrun by numerous races of animals long since extinct. Among these were not only the great fossil ox, but also the bison, or great urus, and a smaller species (*Bos longifrous*), which appears to have been the domesticated ox of the native population prior to the intrusion of the Romans. But while the co-existence of man with these extinct forms of animal life furnish most interesting evidence of the very remote period at which the presence of a human population is discoverable in Britain, it appears also that abundance of wild animals continued to occupy the moors and forests of Scotland long after the primitive states of society had passed away.

The history of the aboriginal traces, as recorded by Mr. Wilson, form, in our idea, one of the most interesting and striking portions of his labours. The canoes of Lochar Moss, the Loch of Doon, and many other places, take precedence among these relics. One of these canoes, dug out from five fathoms deep in the carse of Falkirk, was pronounced by Sir John Clerk, well known as an enthusiastic Scottish antiquary of the last century, from the series of superincumbent strata, to have been *an antediluvian boat!* In Blair Drummond Moss the skeletons of whales have been found, and beside them the rude harpoons of deer's horn of the hardy Caledonian whaler:

> Here, surely (says Mr. Wilson), is common ground for the antiquary and the geologist. The rude harpoon left beside the bones of the stranded whale, far up in the alluvial valley of the Firth—the oaken querne, the wheel, and the arrowheads—the boats beneath the city cross of Glasgow, the centre of a busy population for the last thousand years—the primitive ship, as we may almost term the huge canoe on the banks of the Carron—and the tiny craft just found near the waters of the Ythan—all speak, in no doubtful language, of the presence of a human population at a period when the geographical features of the country, and the relative levels of land and sea, must have differed very remarkably from what we know of them at the earliest ascertained epoch of definite history. They point to a time within the historic era when the ocean tides ebbed and flowed over the carse of Stirling, at a depth sufficient to admit of the gambols of the whale where now a child might ford the brawling stream, and when the broad estuary of the Clyde flung its waves to the shore not far from the high ground where the first cathedral of St. Mungo was founded, A.D. 560.

Whatever view the geologist may take of these phenomena—whether he assumes the standing of the whole ocean at higher levels within so recent a period, or adopts the theory of local upheaval and denudation—still the lapse of many ages must be conceded to changes occurring since the first population of Caledonia of so remarkable and so extensive a character.

Among the sepulchral memorials of the same primitive era are, first, the barrows, which may be described as consisting of the long barrow; the bowl barrow; the bell barrow; the conoid barrow; the crowned barrow, such as that of Stonerand, in Birsa, with one or more standing stones set upon it; the enclosed barrow, a circular tumulus, of the usual proportions, and most frequently also conoid in form, but environed by an earthern vallum; and the encircled barrow, generally of large proportions, and surrounded by a circle of standing stones. The two latter are of frequent occurrence in Scotland. The most numerous and remarkable of all the Scottish sepulchral mounds, both for number and size, are the stone tumuli, or cairns. They abound in almost every district of the country, and are frequently of much larger dimensions than the earthern tumuli. They appear, indeed, to have ranked, at a remote period, among the most distinguished honours awarded to the illustrious dead. Another remarkable, though much rarer, sepulchral monument is the cromlech. "The Wiltshire of Scotland," Mr. Wilson remarks, "in so far as the mere number of sepulchral mounds, along with the monolithic groups, and other aboriginal structures, can constitute this distinction, is the mainland of Orkney, with one or two of the neighbouring isles."

Mr. Wilson considers the long barrow as the oldest form of sepulchral memorial, as no metallic implements have as yet been found in such. Within these barrows we find, however, cists and urns, stone arrow-heads, knives, and polished stones. Stone weapons and implements are also of frequent occurrence in the circular tumulus and the bowl barrow; but the enclosed and the encircled barrows, frequently of large dimensions, indicate by their contents that they belong to a later era, when the metallurgic arts had been introduced. In various instances the contents of the enclosed barrow, or tumulus surrounded with an earthern vallum, prove it to belong to the Roman era. The crowned and encircled barrows closely resemble a class of monuments which abound in Sweden and Denmark, while they are of rare occurrence in England. What are called ship barrows, from their peculiar form—oblong mounds, terminating in a point at both ends—are also met with in Scotland; and Mr. Wilson attributes their origin, in most instances, to the Vikings. who invaded and colonised the coasts of Scotland at the close of the Pagan period. The barrow does not appear to have been entirely superseded until some time after the introduction of Christianity into Scotland. The cairn appears to have been completely incorporated with the ideas of the people, from the remotest period of the rude stone implements to the close of Pagan customs and sepulchral rites, and is described by our author as a Celtic monument. Wherefore, when it dates as far back as any other primeval monument of the aborigines, does not appear at all clear. A proverbial expression, still in use among the Scottish Highlanders, is, "*Curri mi clach er do cuirn*" (I will add a stone to your cairn—*i.e.*, I will honour your memory when you are gone). The accumulation of alluvium and peat-moss over the more ancient cairns of Scotland constitutes an interesting natural chronometer of frequent occurrence in connexion with these rude memorials of primitive habits, furnishing unmistakeable evidence of the remoteness of the era to which they belong.

The cromlech, by far the most laborious and costly memorial which the veneration or gratitude of primitive ages dedicated to the honour of their illustrious dead, is rare in Scotland when compared with other stone monuments that abound in almost every district of the country. One of

the most remarkable triliths, or complete cromlechs, in Scotland—" the Auld Wives' Lift," near Craigmadden Castle, Stirlingshire, is so situated that a spectator standing on it can see across the island from sea to sea; and may almost at the same moment observe the smoke from a steamer entering the Frith of Clyde, and from another below Grangemouth in the Forth. A ruined cromlech, near Ratho, Mid-Lothian, is interesting from some traces which it retains of artificial tooling. It is curious, that while Mr. Wilson regards the cairn, a peculiarly Scottish monument, as Celtic, *negata Celtica, negatur orbis!* that he says of the cromlech that we have no satisfactory evidence that it is a Celtic monument. " The tendency of our present researches," he adds, " leads to the conclusion that they are not, but that they are the work of an elder race, of whose language we have little reason to believe any relic has survived to our day." On this supposition, the old name of cromlech is of recent origin compared with the structure to which it is applied. In all cases, whether within the barrow or the cromlech, the rude Briton was interred seated, and with his weapons of stone or bronze at his side, ready to spring up when the sound of the war-cry should summon him to renew the strife.

Scattered over the uncultivated downs, both of England and Scotland, there still remain relics of the dwellings of the primeval races of Britain. Sir R. C. Hoare remarks, in his " Ancient Wiltshire," " We have undoubted proofs from history, and from existing remains, that the earlier habitations were pits or slight excavations in the ground, covered and protected from the inclemency of the weather by boughs of trees and sods of turf." Of these primitive pit dwellings, Mr. Wilson informs us numerous traces are discernible in Leuchar Moss, in the parish of Skene, and in other localities of Aberdeenshire; on the banks of Loch Fine, Argyleshire; in the counties of Inverness and Caithness; and in various other districts of Scotland still uninvaded by the plough. They are almost invariably found in groups, affording evidence of the gregarious and social habits of man in the simplest state of society.

" The first indication of a slight advancement in the constructive skill of the primitive architect is discernible in the strengthening of his domestic inclosure with stone. This is not unfrequently accompanied with small circular or oblong field inclosures, as if indicating the dawn of civilisation, manifested in the protection of personal property, and the rudiments of a pastoral life, in the folding of sheep and cattle. Still greater social progress would seem to be indicated in those examples, also occasionally to be met with in various districts, where a commanding site appears to have been chosen for the location; and traces still remain of an earthen rampart inclosing the whole, as on the Kaimes Hill, in the parish of Ratho, Mid-Lothian. Such, perhaps, may be the remains of a British camp, or of a temporary retreat in time of war."

With this class, also, Mr. Wilson says, may be grouped the "Picts' Kilns," on which Chalmers, Train, Sir Walter Scott, and other antiquaries, have expended much conjecture and useless learning. In the Black Moss, on the banks of Etive, Argyleshire, and at other points, the progress of cultivation has uncovered rough oval pavings of stone, bearing marks of fire, the flooring apparently of those dwellings such as Cæsar describes, and the walls of which were of wood, of a circular form, with lofty tapering roofs of straw. " These ancient Caledonian hearths," says Mr. Wilson, "now quenched for so many centuries, are discovered beneath an accumulation of from eight to ten feet of moss, under which

lies a stratum of vegetable mould about a foot deep, resting upon an alluvial bed of gravel and sand—the original soil upon which the large sepulchral cairns of the same district have been reared."

The subterranean dwellings, called *weems*, are among the most interesting relics of Scottish primitive domestic architecture. These, however, belong to times when the art of metallurgy was known, and are considered by Mr. Wilson to have been Celtic habitations. What are called *Picts' houses*, and which belong to the same, or a little more advanced epoch, are not, strictly speaking, subterranean, but are erected in the level ground, or, at furthest, excavated in part out of the side of a hill. These are peculiar to Orkney and the neighbouring districts of Caithness and Sutherland. It is to be remarked that some of the Scottish weems, as those of Aberdeenshire, are constructed of huge masses of granite, frequently above six feet in length; some of them have been found upwards of thirty feet long, and from eight to nine feet wide. The walls are made to converge towards the top, and the whole is roofed in by means of the primitive substitute for the arch which characterises the Cyclopean structures of infant Greece, and the vast temples and palaces of Mexico and Yucatan. The first step on the descending scale indicative of the abandonment of the Cyclopean architecture for simpler and less durable modes of construction, appears in a class of dwellings of similar character to the *Picts' houses,* but inferior in their masonry, and generally smaller in size and less complete in design. Examples of this class have also been found in various parts of Scotland. These, Mr. Wilson justly remarks, may be regarded as works of a later age than the more massive and enduring structures, when the domestic habits of the old builders had survived their laborious arts and monolithic (polylithic ?) taste.

To the same primeval epoch belong certain memorial stones and temples, among which the rude unhewn columns, peulvans, or mœnhirs, or "standing-stones," as they are called in Scotland, where they abound in nearly every district. Many of these stones possess deep interest from the enduring tenacity of popular tradition in the north. The Hare Stane, in the Borough Moor of Edinburgh, celebrated in the lay of "Marmion" as the support of Scotland's royal banner, is an example. Such, also, are Macbeth's Stane, the Witch Stane, the various Camus Stanes, and Cat Stanes, the latter apparently deriving their name from the British *cad*, or the Celtic *cath*, signifying a battle, and therefore marking the scene of some ancient conflict. The history of these stone memorials, as they exist in Scotland, is replete with interest, and is given at length by Mr. Wilson; and we can not help feeling with our author, that with the evidence upon this subject that is at command, it is manifest that, however vague many of the speculations may be which have aimed at the elucidation of rites and opinions of the Celtic Druids, and have too often substituted mere theory for true archæological induction, we shall run to an opposite error in ascribing to a Scandinavian origin structures manifestly in existence long prior to the earliest Norwegian or Danish, or even, perhaps, Celtic descent on our coasts. There is, indeed, no more reason for attributing every monolithic structure to either Celt or Northman, than there is to say that the pillars by which Abimeleck and Jehoash were anointed kings, or that of Laban and Jacob's were Celtic. "The Gaelic people," says Chalmers, "did sometimes erect memorial stones." Wherefore not also the primitive Scots? These are among

the first rudimentary attempts at art that would suggest themselves to any savage people, and to trace their origin universally to the Celts, as is done by systematising archæologists, is the same as to say that the stone celts and hammers, flint and bone arrow and lance-heads, and other primitive weapons and implements found in the ancient tumuli of the American continent, and so precisely resembling those disinterred from the early British barrows, indicate identity of race or even intercourse between the rude aborigines of Britain and America in that mysterious period of the long forgotten past! Archæologists should take more earnestly into consideration what are the first forms of art which would present themselves among rude people placed under similar circumstances of living by the chase and by fishing, before they proceed to establish ethnological affinities, especially in the case of primeval antiquities.

Passing over, then, the consideration of the weapons and implements, the stone vessels, and the personal ornaments of the Scottish aborigines, the consideration of which would carry us to to great a length, we must turn for a moment to the study of relics, hitherto too much neglected by the archæologist—the crania of the tumuli. Of late years the direct evidence of the character of the primitive races of Europe furnished by their sepulchral remains, has been made the subject of careful investigation by distinguished ethnologists, both of Denmark and Sweden. Eschricht, Nillson, and Retzius, have all aimed by this means to recover the traces of the colonists of the north of Europe, and have discovered different physical types apparently corresponding to the successive stages of advancement in civilisation, which the more direct archæological evidence establishes. Arguing from these results, Professor Nillson arrives at the conclusion that the northern relics of the stone period are not the memorials of the Celtæ, but of a much older and unknown race, which in the course of time has disappeared before the immigration of more powerful nations. Similar ideas are now generally gaining ground among ethnologists. "Within their own pale," Dr. Latham remarks, "the Celts were the encroaching family of the oldest, the Romans of the next oldest, and the Anglo-Saxons and Slavonians of the recent periods of history. To these early races, which are loosely described as primitive, aboriginal, or primeval, Dr. Prichard has suggested the application of the conveniently indefinite term "Allophylian," which suffices to characterise them as distinct from the well ascertained primitive races, without, meanwhile, assuming any hypothetical origin for them.

Mr. Wilson gives a table of data obtained by the examination of thirty-nine Allophylian crania, made by himself and experienced anatomists. From these examinations, it results that the crania from the Scottish tumuli present two greatly different types. The first of these types nearly agrees with the lengthened oval form described by Professor Nillson as belonging to the second race of the Scandinavian tumuli—the race which succeeded the more ancient short or Brachy-kephalic form of cranium. The peculiar characteristic of this primeval Scottish type is a narrow prolongation of the occiput, suggesting the term of "boat-shaped," or *Kumbe-kephalæ*,—as Mr. Wilson proposes to designate the said Allophylian race. It is probable, adds Mr. Wilson, that further investigation will establish this as the type of a primitive if not of the primeval native race. Though they approach in form to a superior type, falling under the first, or Dolicho-kephalic class of Professor

Retzius's arrangement, their capacity is generally small, and their development for the most part poor; so that there is nothing in their cranial characteristics inconsistent with such evidence as seems to assign to them the rude arts and extremely limited knowledge of the British stone period. The second type corresponds very nearly to the Brachy-kephalic crania of the supposed primeval race of Scandinavia, described by Professor Nillson as short, with prominent parietal tubers, and broad and flat occiput. In frontal development, however, they are decidedly superior to the previous class of crania; and such evidence as we possess seems, says Mr. Wilson, to point out to a very different succession of races to that which Scandinavian ethnologists now recognise in the primitive history of the north of Europe. After these come the Roman and Celtic types of crania, the Anglo-Saxon, and the medieval Scottish.

To conclude in the words of the author: "Thus much is apparent, from the most superficial glance at the geological evidence of the primeval state of Britain within the historic era, that, though corresponding in its great geographical outlines to its present condition, it differed in nearly every other respect as widely as it is possible for us to conceive of a country capable of human occupation. A continuous range of enormous forests covered nearly the whole face of the country; vast herds of wild cattle, of gigantic proportions and fierce aspect, roamed through the chase; while its thickets and caves were occupied by carnivora, preying on the herbivorous animals, and little likely to hold in dread the armed savage who intruded on their lair. The whole of these have existed since the formation of peat began, and therefore furnish some evidence of the very remote antiquity to which we must refer the origin of some of the wastes that supply, as will be seen, an important element in the elucidation of primitive chronology. Upon this singular arena, archæology informs us that the primeval Briton entered, unprovided with any of those appliances with which the arts of civilisation arm man against such obstacles. Intellectually, he appears to have been in nearly the lowest stage to which an intelligent being can sink; morally, he was the slave of a superstition, the grovelling character of which will be traced in reviewing his sepulchral rites; physically, he differed little in stature from the modern inheritors of the same soil, but his cerebral development was poor, his head small in proportion to his body, his hands, and probably his feet, also small; while the weapons with which he provided himself for the chase, and the few implements that ministered to his limited necessities, indicate only the crude development of that inventive ingenuity which first distinguishes the reason of man from the instincts of brutes."

We may possibly find an opportunity of turning, on some future occasion, to Mr. Daniel Wilson's able and elaborate illustrations of what he designates as the archaic or bronze period, the Teutonic or iron period, and the Christian periods in the archæological history of Scotland. We thought it best to grapple at first with one subject, and that one of a very novel and striking interest. We think we have said quite enough in developing that theme to show, that, by bringing the aid of the sister sciences of geology and ethnology to archæological deductions, Mr. Daniel Wilson's work takes a great step in advance of any similar treatise published in this country; at the same time that it throws quite a new light, and opens new fields for investigation in the history of the primeval inhabitants of the British islands.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Whatever may be the general effect in this country produced by the Grand Industrial Exhibition in Hyde Park, one thing at least is certain, that its influence upon Art has already shown itself in a most unmistakeable manner.

Not only have our artisans exerted themselves in every department of decorative as well as of useful manufacture; not only have our jewellers, our porcelain makers, our silk and carpet-weavers, laboured at the forge, the furnace, and the loom, to vie in costly produce with the ingenuity of the rest of the world—but the stimulus of emulation has ascended into the highest regions of Art, to sustain a reputation of which England has just cause to be proud, and demand from rival countries a tribute of admiration too frequently withheld.

In all points of national comparison, France is the first, the inevitable antagonist of England. She has ordinarily gone before us in the great paths of discovery, and set us the most immediate example in matters of taste. She also claims for herself precedence in the realms of Pictorial Art, and as far as time is concerned that claim may be readily admitted. In the days of Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain, of Lesueur and Lebrun, of Jouvenet and Coypel, of Sebastian Bourdon and Desportes, we could scarcely boast a native artist: an occasional portrait or a rare miniature was the limit of our flight, when France was forming schools and challenging those of Italy and the Low Countries. During the seventeenth century we borrowed the illustration of our historical names from the great masters of Flanders and Holland, and gradually began to creep and copy, but never climbed or created. For the first half of the century that ensued our progress was scarcely marked, the genius of Hogarth being only a ray of light amid the general darkness. Hogarth was a meteor of eccentric course, and not likely to leave any followers on his track. In the world of Pictorial Art, therefore, England had barely a single pretension to urge, till Reynolds came and the scene was changed. Since his time we have had painters whose works will go down to posterity side by side with those of all but the great unapproachable masters of the grand Italian period; and not a year that passes but shows the vigorous efforts which the English school is making to place itself at the head of all contemporaneous Art.

Yet, in the midst of these efforts, our lively French neighbours—we will say nothing of our transcendental German ones—very nearly ignore us altogether in an artistic point of view. They give us credit for constructing steam-engines, and laying down rails; they admit that we can fabricate cotton and broad-cloth; they readily yield us the palm for making razors and brass buttons; but in the way of Illustrative Art they are perfectly satisfied that our only monument is the Thames Tunnel—whose fame they look upon, after all, as of a very amphibious nature. It is to be hoped that the year 1851 will undeceive them in some respects. The Crystal Palace already speaks for itself in the domain of modern Architecture, and from the rumours that are abroad, coupled with certain facts which have come within our own observation, there is every reason for believing that the Royal Academy will this year show itself worthy of its illustrious founder.

Not that every name that graces the list of our Academicians will be found amongst those who, with an admirable *esprit de corps*, have come forward to uphold the reputation of British Art. We hear, to our regret, that two of the sources of our annual enjoyment are this year closed. Neither Webster (who, we regret to say, has been prevented by indisposition) nor Mulready are to move us to mirth by their breadth of humour, or awaken our admiration by their true and natural interpretations. Our play is to have no comedy in it—no, not altogether, for we have several scenes of genuine comic power to speak of presently—but the two Academicians in whom the *vis comica* is most salient, are not—to our certain loss—among the exhibitors.

We must console ourselves elsewhere, and, fortunately, the pictures that have been admitted are of a quality that readily offers the means of consolation. Of these it is our purpose to select a few of the most prominent, that the readers of the *New Monthly* may know the nature of the banquet which in a few days will be spread before them. In doing so, we take them, not according to their order in the catalogue, but rather in accordance with the interest attached to the subjects.

Maclise comes out this year with wonderful vigour and originality, developing, at the same time, a mastery over detail that is perfectly astonishing. The theme which he has chosen is of high interest in a general, and of the highest in a national, point of view. It is the first result in England of the newly-discovered art of printing—that discovery which has flooded the world with so much light! After long and anxious study, and three years of actual labour, William Caxton produced, in the old Almonry of Westminster, the first English book that ever was printed. It bore the following title: "The Game and Playe of the Chesse. Translated out of the Frenche and emprynted by me William Caxton. Fynifshid the last day of Marche the yer of our Lord God a thousand foure hondred and lxxiiij." This work, whose publication forms an era so remarkable in his country's annals, is (in Mr. Maclise's picture) being shown by Caxton to King Edward IV. and his court on the very spot where it was completed, in the midst of the appliances of his mysterious art, and surrounded by the men who have shared in his ennobling toil. Beside an antique printing-press (copied from one of the period, and once, by a singular chance, the property of Jeremy Bentham) stands the great printer, in his furred gown of black velvet, with his thoughtful eye turned full upon the king, to whom the volume is being presented. On Caxton's broad and calm brow, in the silver hairs that strew his temples, in the lines that furrow his pale cheek, in the compression of his thin lips, are all the tokens of the man whose rare intelligence and patient labour have at length broken down the barrier which stood between ignorance and knowledge, and placed his name high amongst the benefactors of the human race. In the centre of the picture stands the king, gazing earnestly upon the greatest marvel that his realm contains; on his right hand we see his beautiful queen, Elizabeth Woodville; before him are his three children—the fair Rose, whose marriage in after days with Henry VII. united the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and "the two young princes," better known by that simple designation than by the lofty titles which they bore; behind the king appear, on one side, the handsome features of "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," and on the other the dark countenance of "dissembling

Richard," full of an evil beauty, and fraught with intellectual power. The face of the Duke of Gloucester is one that strongly rivets the spectator, and we see in it, without the light of history, how much there was there to dread. That he is deeply interested in the subject which now occupies his attention is made manifest by the nervous action with which he is drawing a ring from his finger, it being a well-known trait of Richard, when deeply moved, to play with the jewels that adorned his person.

The treatment of the heads of the three royal brothers is very masterly, and affords the opportunity for strong contrast; and this principle is well sustained in the marked difference between the noble lineaments and courtly bearing of the young princes, and the animal life of the boy who holds the book before the king. We see at once the wide interval that separated the blood of the Plantagenets from the current that flowed in the veins of the "printer's devil" of the fifteenth century. Further removed from the central group, on the left hand of the spectator, are several nobles and churchmen. Conspicuous amongst the former, we see the pensive, intellectual features of the queen's brother, Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers, the friend and protector of Caxton, and the translator of the "Moral Proverbs of Christine de Pisan," a work afterwards printed by Caxton, and concluding as follows:

> Go, thou litel quayer, and recomaund me
> Unto the good grace of my special lorde,
> Therle Ryveris, for I have emprynted thee
> At his commaundement, following every worde
> His copye, as his secretaire can recorde;
> At Westmistre of Feverer the xx daye,
> And of K. Edwarde the xvii yere vraye.
> Emprinted by Caxton
> In Feverer the colde season.

Amongst the churchmen is one who hails the new invention with no emotion of pleasure, seeing only too clearly that it has robbed him of his occupation; a type of this feeling is shown in the shadow cast by the monk's head on the open page of the "Biblia Pauperum," a chained copy of which is lying on a small desk behind him. Beneath this group of courtiers and ecclesiastics, and forming the foreground of the picture on that side, are various workmen, all of whom have assisted in the production of "the book." We see here the bookbinder, with his needle and vellum strings; the illuminator, or rubricator, with his pigments and painting implements; the woodcutter, with his sharp-cutting tools and pencils. One of the latter is engaged in cutting a small block; and, from the experimental proof that lies before him, we find that the chess-knight is the subject that employs him. Of the marvellous fidelity with which all the implements are represented it is vain to speak; the sense of touch can alone convince the spectator that what he sees is not reality. To balance this mass of figures on the left hand, we have others employed in their different vocations on the right. Here are the compositors, deftly picking out the type from the boxes and filling their composing-sticks, the daggers which hang from their girdles attesting the privilege they enjoyed of carrying arms,—the tribute paid to learning by chivalry. Fine stalwart fellows are here also ready to feed the press, prepare the type for the forms, and assist in all that manipulation which was then so great a mystery and is now so familiar. But Caxton, it is

well known, was not only a printer but a type-founder also; and to the skill of the painter Mr. Maclise has added the accuracy of the antiquarian, presenting us with a copy of the original placard issued by Caxton, which informed the public that type was for sale in the old Almonry. Pasted against one of the pillars in the vaulted chamber, is a scrap of coarse white paper, on which may be read, by those familiar with black letter, the following sentence:

> If it plese ony man spirituel or temporel to bye ony pies (pica) of two or three commemoracios of Salisburi use enprynted after the forme of this preset lettre which ben wel and truly concet late him come to Westmonester into the Almonesrye at the reed pale and he shall have them good there.

We might dwell at infinite length on the amazing facility with which Mr. Maclise has overcome every technical difficulty in dealing with this subject, but we must pass to the works of others. Let it suffice for us to say, that while he has shown a command of details, which have not been put on canvas with like force since the days of the early Flemings, he has exemplified, to the fullest extent, the power he possesses of affecting the mind by the loftier attributes of his theme. Before we leave him, however, we must add that he has painted two modern pictures, which will attract many a gazer's eye. These are—a full-length portrait of that earnest labourer in the cause of literature, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and another of the great tragedian, Macready, whose public career was recently closed by so deserved a homage to his dramatic genius. Sir Edward is represented in his own ancestral hall of Knebworth: the likeness is very good, the attitude easy and unconstrained, and the *ensemble* extremely pleasing. The portrait of Macready exhibits him in the character of *Werner*, in that melancholy passage of his history where he utters those impatient words which sneering Scottish criticism has assailed for the alleged absence of poetical beauty:

> *Who* would read in this form
> The high soul of the son of a long line ?
> *Who*, in this garb, the heir of princely lands ?
> *Who*, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride
> Of rank and ancestry ? In the worn cheek
> And famine-hollow'd brow, the lord of halls
> Which daily feed a thousand vassals ?

These lines may be rugged, but had they been other than poetical they would scarcely have suggested the noble picture which Maclise has painted. It is the most idealised, and yet the truest portrait that we have ever seen of the great actor.

From the repose of these subjects let us turn to one replete with vehement action. It is "The Battle of Roveredo," by Clarkson Stanfield, a work in which he has, in our estimation, exceeded all his previous efforts. This masterly production possesses every quality that can interest the beholder: for harmony of composition, truth of expression, breadth and vigour of treatment, correctness of drawing, and force and purity of colouring, we have never seen its equal from Stanfield's pencil. The picture is a very large one, and affords scope for a great deal of very admirable detail. We have given the subject the title of "The Battle of Roveredo," but it is rather an episode of battle—a leading feature in that series of rapid movements fought in September, 1796, by which Bonaparte forced the passes of the southern Tyrol in succession, when he compelled the Russian army to retire upon Trent. In Stanfield's pic-

ture the French troops have passed the town of Roveredo, which, with its large silk mills, occupies the middle distance, and are crossing the Adige, on their way, we may suppose, to force the difficult gorge of Caliano. It is impossible to imagine anything finer than the spirit and movement which animate the foreground, where the principal incidents of the fight are told. The retreating enemy have blown up the bridge,—one of that kind so frequent in mountain passes,—and amidst the charred and burning fragments, and a dropping fire of musketry, the soldiers of the youthful conqueror are crossing the rapid torrent. The most resolute courage is depicted on the countenances of the advancing troops, amongst whom every figure and every attitude tell a story. To particularise some of these, we may point to the *tambours*, who have been the first to cross the stream; two of them have gained the opposite side, and are beating a point of war as steadily as if they were on the parade-ground; but the fire that dances in their eyes, and the grim smile that curls their lips, show that they feel there is no child's play here. Another tambour has crossed also, but his hour has come: a ball has struck him, and he staggers against the broken buttress of the bridge. A trumpeter has fallen too, after sounding the advance, and his instrument lies on the ground. Close to this spot stands a sturdy grenadier sheltering himself, like an old soldier, beneath a fragment of rock, while he coolly primes his weapon. Nearer to the spectator is a wounded man, mortally hurt, whom a kneeling priest is eagerly shriving,—and immediately in front, on the right hand, are two energetic figures of peasants, the rich and mellow colouring of whose dresses give strength and brilliancy to the foreground. On the left we see the long line of troops steadily advancing along the winding road from Roveredo, and here the figure of a grenadier who has just been hit attracts the eye. The wound compels him to stop; but, by the manner in which he dresses it with brandy from his flask, it is plain that he is all impatience to resume his march. Midway in the stream, but half in shadow, as if it were not his purpose to reveal him too distinctly, the painter has indicated the place of the leader of this gallant force, where his sword shines like a streak of light athwart the gloom: his features are somewhat indistinctly marked, and his garments are sombre; but there is enough in the *pose* of the figure to give the idea of the man who taught his soldiers to conquer wherever they went. All the accessories of the picture are good,—the retreating Tyrolese, the figures of the slain (so managed as to tell the story and excite sympathy without shocking the feelings by their obtrusiveness), and the beautiful effects of the mountain scenery, near and afar off. There is in the former a fine old red tower and wall standing boldly over a precipice, whose fine, rich hues blend well with the foreground; and these are well contrasted with the quiet tone which is spread over the lofty buildings of Roveredo, while in the extreme distance the eye is led upwards to the snowy peaks which come out in the clearest relief against the deep blue sky. Altogether, whether as battle-piece or landscape—whether animate or inanimate—nature appeals to us from the canvas; the feeling raised is one of unalloyed satisfaction. If our German friends take an interest in the peaceful labours of the Westminster Almonry, assuredly our more warlike neighbours will be gratified by this most spirited delineation of one of the most striking scenes in their hero's great Italian campaign.

But Stanfield's mission would only be half executed if he did not also take us to the sea-shore. He has done so in a beautiful view on the

Adriatic, beneath the walls of Ancona, looking up the gulf towards Rimini, and remoter Venice. We find here in the breaking wave, in the boats and fishermen that occupy the foreground, in the lofty Roman arch, and in the distant mountains and faint outline of the horizon, the hand of the master who has made such scenes entirely his own. He gives us also a view on the coast of South Wales, near Swansea, where, daring the dangers of a stormy sea, some fishermen have been striving to save the wreck of a fine vessel, which is fast drifting on the rocks. The action of the men is admirably represented: all seem so in earnest, particularly the foremost, a spare, worn man, but with all the strength that is needful for his task; the shining sands are beautifully represented, as well as the shadowy heights in the distance. His fourth and last contribution to this year's show is a calm Dutch river scene of quiet beauty and repose.

Neither has the younger Stanfield neglected the art to which he lays hereditary claim. He has painted only one picture, but that is a very attractive one. It is a scene in the Highlands of Argyllshire, in one of the small bays of Loch Fine, where, on a narrow isthmus, stands the little town of East Tarbert—a place famous in epicurean annals, the connoisseurs saying that there only the Loch Fine herring is to be eaten in perfection. As the herrings are not attainable just now, we prefer the landscape, which is really most beautiful. The town, with its free kirk perched above it, lies bathed in sunshine, from a broad gleam that shoots between the lofty heights which skirt Loch Tarbert on the other side of the isthmus, and stretch away full forty miles towards the ocean. A fine grey feudal tower, with its broken gable and machiolated battlements, comes out well against the sky on the left hand, and the clear transparent water and bold masses of mossy rock on the right, complete a picture which is in all respects remarkably true to nature.

We are sorry to find that, from accidental causes, there is to be only one picture in the Exhibition by Hart. It consists simply of two figures —one of them, however, a personage of high renown—the celebrated Benevenuto Cellini. He has just completed his exquisite model of Perseus, which he is showing to his servant. On the head of Cellini Mr. Hart has evidently bestowed much time and thought, and his success has been proportionate to his endeavours. The genius and skill, the arrogance and boastfulness, the pride and wilfulness of the stormy, restless Florentine artist, whose works are still the wonder of the world, and whose personal reputation is so equivocal, are all represented with a master's power. We apprehend that Mr. Hart has not adhered to any single portrait, but has profited by the most striking characteristics of more than one. Let us add, that the drawing is excellent, and the colouring highly effective.

There are two countries, very opposite in their characteristics, where Roberts finds himself at home—Syria and Belgium. He presents us this year with a scene in each. His most important picture is a view of the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec, with a sandy waste stretching beyond, and the snowy range of the Lebanon in the extreme distance. To relieve the monotony of the desert he has introduced one of those occurrences which travellers unfortunately discover to be only too frequent in that inhospitable clime—an attack on a caravan by a party of Bedoweens. By this device he has given animation to a scene which we should otherwise have only admired for the purity of its atmosphere, the general brilliancy

of its colours, and the splendour of its imperishable architecture. Mr. Roberts's second picture is the Interior of the Church of St. Anne, at Bruges. In opposition to common practice, his effects are produced by a broad flood of daylight, which illumines the whole building, with just so much of *chiaro oscuro* as suffices to keep down certain portions of the subject. The perfect finish of the varied details adds greatly to the beauty of the picture, and the pearly tone spread over it imparts to it an exquisite charm.

Ward, who never takes a step backward, has two pictures also: the first, a scene in the Temple in Paris, when Louis XVI. and his family were prisoners there; and the second, a passage in Gilpin's memorable ride. The last is full of quiet humour, but it is of the former that we would speak. Mr. Ward has made choice of an incident which was only too often repeated during the captivity of the unfortunate monarch. In the gloomy chamber on the upper floor of the Temple, lit by a broad silver ray, which produces a fine Rembrandtesque effect, the illustrious prisoners are assembled, having already sadly verified the truth of the brutal apostrophe of the *Garde Municipale*, who, replying to the inquiry of one of the *valets de chambre* of the king, "if that was the place his royal master was to be taken to," made answer in these words: "Ton maître était accoutumé aux lambris dorés, eh bien! il va voir comment on loge les assassins du peuple." The weary Louis has stretched himself for a brief interval of repose on the miserable pallet which served him for a couch, and his beautiful high-souled queen has taken the opportunity *to mend her husband's coat!* The garment lies across her knees while she prepares to thread her needle, and her eyes turn for a moment in tearful anguish on the figure of the king. How full of wretchedness is the history told in that glance! Near Marie Antoinette is her still surviving daughter, then a girl of fourteen; the expression of her countenance is deeply pensive. Not so that of her brother, the young Dauphin, nor that of Madame Elizabeth, at whose feet the boy is playing with a shuttlecock. But the child has forgotten his sorrows in his plaything, and the princess, whose amiable disposition caused her to hide all her griefs, is smiling and talking to him, as if there were no such thing in the world as dethroned royalty, or democracy eager to imbrue its foul hands in the blood of kings. But evidences of these are only too painfully near in the savage scowl of an intrusive *sans-culotte*, who, to gratify his wanton curiosity, has thrust his savage face through the open doorway to gaze upon the prisoners, and in the group in an ante-room outside, who are smoking, drinking, and playing at cards. Such a face as that of the intruder might well belong to Rocher, the hideous assistant of the gaoler Simon; and such revellers as those without might be the fellows whose every word and gesture were insults to the fallen monarch. It is impossible to commend this picture too highly.

Suggestive of thoughts analogous to those which the Temple scene has raised, is the subject which has been selected by Charles Landseer. It is the close of the battle of Naseby, when the capture of the king's cabinet, containing his correspondence with Henrietta Maria and other important documents, revealed the insincerity of the king in the recent treaty. In the centre of the picture Fairfax and Cromwell are seated on horseback, bareheaded. The future Protector is gravely perusing one of the letters found in the cabinet, and his brave companion in arms

listens intently, with a serious countenance, to the proof of Charles's meditated treachery. Near them is Ireton, stanching the blood from a wound which he has received in the fight; and a little further off, on the same side, the gallant Skippon, who was also desperately wounded, but refused to leave the field while a man remained on it. On the opposite side are the tents and baggage-waggons, the royal carriage, and a group of royalist prisoners—ladies as well as cavaliers—and soldiers of the parliamentary army, with captured banners, and other trophies of the crowning victory. To give variety to the scene, Mr. Landseer has availed himself also of the historical fact that a number of Irish women were amongst the royal troops, whose long knives did murderous execution on the wounded and helpless. One of these is lying dead in the foreground, and beside a brass gun, in the right-hand corner of the picture, is seen another, who, by her action and weapon, still threatens revenge. The chief interest of the subject centres, as it ought, on Cromwell, whose features and attitude command the attention which their close examination rewards.

Sir Edwin Landseer has several characteristic pictures, marked by the beauties which have given him his fame. Of these we may mention a Shakspearian subject—that scene in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" where the fairy queen, Titania, in her misdirected love for the transformed Bottom, sticks musk-roses in his "sleek, smooth head"—the ass's head—and kisses the "fair large ears"—the ass's ears—of her "gentle joy;" while Messieurs Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed minister to the asinine wants of the bewitched weaver. Nor must we omit a scene of "Cattle Feeding," wherein are introduced some mules of marvellous reality. Sir Edwin has also a Highland girl and her lover crossing a brook, with some attendant deer—a kind of *pendant* to the "Keeper's Daughter," which pleased so greatly.

Our notices must be briefer as our space diminishes.

The subject which Egg has illustrated is an admirable one, and admirably he has treated it. It is that passage in Pepys's Diary which records his first introduction to Nell Gwynne, when, after dining with his wife near Temple Bar, he went to the king's house, to see the "Humerous Lieutenant." "Here, in a box above," he says, "we spied Mrs. Pierce; and, going out, they called us, and so we stayed for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought us to Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the part of *Cœlia* to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is." He afterwards tells how pleased he was with the sight, and "*specially kissing of Nell.*" No doubt of it; and if he does not seem so in Mr. Egg's picture, it is certainly no fault of the painter.

Frank Stone has a picture—one only—from the "Merchant of Venice"—that well-remembered passage in the fortunes of Bassanio when, newly triumphant in his love adventure, he receives from Salerio the letter written by Antonio to tell him of the royal merchant's losses, and prepare him for the fate he expects at the hands of the merciless Jew. Gratiano has just spoken, bidding Nerissa welcome Jessica, and asking Salerio the news from Venice, while Portia's watchful eye, fixed on the countenance of her lord, gathers from its paleness the distressful nature of the tidings which he has just received. The story, interpreted by Mr. Stone, is simply and beautifully rendered, and is of such a character as to

lead us to hope that he will still further turn his attention to the pages from whence he has drawn his latest inspiration.

Soon after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, our great humorist, Hogarth, went to France, and, while he was amusing himself sketching the Calais Gate—immortalised in a subsequent work, to which he attached the epigraph of "Oh, the roast beef of old England!"—was taken prisoner by the authorities of the town, and carried before M. Gransire, the mayor, charged with being a spy. He narrowly escaped being hung for his imprudence, the treaty of peace having been signed only a few days. This anecdote Mr. Frith has made the subject of the picture which he has sent to the Academy, and he has handled it with a breadth of humour in perfect keeping with the theme. One peculiarity in Mr. Frith's treatment is the spirit of agitation which he has cast over the scene. For some time, as we should do in real life, we look in vain for the principal actor in this municipal drama. At last we discover him leaning over the bar which divides him from the court, smiling quietly at all the hubbub around him, and mentally jotting down, no doubt, a thousand peculiarities, hereafter to be recorded in ineffaceable lines of the graver. Two friends accompany him, Britons of the old school—one an actor, the other an author—whose fierce demeanour is most amusingly opposed to the coolness of the chief culprit.

Danby has two pictures—one, a ship on fire, and the other, which excels it, a sunlight effect, such as no painter that we are familiar with has succeeded in representing since the days of Claude.

These are the hasty notes which we have made of a few out of numbers of works by men whose names have long been familiar to the public.

We shall have plenty more to notice in a future number; but before we close our observations, we must point to three or four young artists, who promise too well to permit us to doubt that they will realise all we expect, hereafter.

Of these, Mr. Maddox is one who exhibits great talent as a portrait painter, and the portraits of Dr. Wilson, the instructor of the deaf and dumb, and of General Forbes, afford satisfactory evidence of his powers. There was, in the Exhibition last year, if we remember rightly, a picture by the same artist, of Beatrice Cenci, which only required a better place to have secured for Mr. Maddox the admiration of all who saw it. Mr. Herring is another, whose landscapes deserve unqualified praise. There is a view of Nice, by him, which is of first-rate character. Mr. O'Neil is a third, whose works will, if they are admitted, create a name for him; and Mr. Chambers, the son of the artist, who was so distinguished as a marine painter, has a scene on the Thames, which we recommend to all who have an eye for freedom of drawing, truthfulness of delineation, accuracy of detail, and warmth and transparency of colouring. The actual subject is "The Lord Mayor's Procession by Water to Whitehall on the 9th of November,"—a pageant so picturesque as to cause us to hope that it will not be suffered to fall into desuetude. But modern Lord Mayors are, as Scott says, "kittle cattle" to deal with; and if the taste of some of them is to be taken as a criterion, Art has nothing to hope from their patronage, and Manners everything to lose by their example.

ENGLISH CONVENTS AND CONVENTUALITIES.

BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

It is the peculiar characteristic of the great body of the members of the Church of Rome to yield implicit adherence to the acts, spiritual or temporal, emanating from the Vatican, or promulgated as the avowed opinion of the chief of their clergy. They are no less singular in the unwavering tenacity with which they cling to the institutions, good or bad, which have, from the era of St. Peter down to the present age, been obtruded upon the Church doctrine, and held up to the veneration and admiration of the faithful. And it is a marked peculiarity in their constitution, that they will admit no free discussion as to the validity or excellence of these dogmas, but will brand as a persecutor the upholder of another creed who may point to some egregious error, or, if he be a member of their own community, holding a conscientious doubt, will charge him with flagrant apostasy. Thus, no sooner does a distinguished member of the Catholic Church express dissent from a proposed scheme of ecclesiastical hierarchy, or anything else involving political-religious opinion, than he is censured as lukewarm, accused of deserting the good old cause of Catholic prosperity, and, if expostulation is unavailing, personal abuse and calumny are brought into requisition, so as to lessen the importance of the opposition in the eyes of the rest of the community. Such was the case when the premier duke avowed his disapprobation of the late Bull of Pio Nono, and the rebuke which he incurred from the Catholic press, was a disgrace to any sect admitting freedom of conscience as one of their fundamental principles.

Though we have no wish to enter the lists against the opinions of the Catholic press, however intolerant they may be, we can assure them, that when they abandon logic and courteous discussion for personal invective and unjust vituperation, they not only disgrace the cause for which they contend, but ignore the truth of their argument in the eyes of every educated and liberal-minded Catholic; and the violence of their condemnation of the conduct pursued by the Duke of Norfolk, has done more to create a diversity of opinion among the Catholic laity, upon this long agitated topic, than the whole accumulation of meetings, speeches, petitions, and pamphlets, which now inundate society, have been able to accomplish. The defenders of a bad cause seek to gain by satirical abuse what logic is unable to accomplish. Now, with reference to this liberty of conscience, which is justly described as the foundation of purity in religion as well as in politics,—can it be considered such, when a rule of faith is so restricted to the limits of certain dogmas, all of which are to be acknowledged as infallible, that reflection becomes heretical; while it demands a reverence for institutions which are so mixed up with the faith, that if you call in question the correctness of one you must impugn the other?

Is it possible to act with an unbiased mind in selecting an individual time-honoured institution of Catholicity for discussive consideration, when its *morale* is completely interwoven with the great truths of Church doctrine? It is barely possible; and in this particular one of

the most extraordinary traits of the Church of Rome is discernible—how thoroughly, and with what skill all the extraneous or detached portions of her machinery are amalgamated with the essential articles of her faith, so that the members cannot give implicit submission to its belief, without entertaining a reverence for any of those institutions, which are the offspring and most faithful children of the parent religion. Hence it arises, that when any member of the Catholic Church raises his voice in deprecation of an abuse, which fanaticism or lust for power may have occasioned in some one of the minor departments of the faith, he is denounced as a fallen member, and one who, because he cannot vindicate in his heart the errors in judgment and illusions of zealots, must necessarily be an apostate to the creed of St. Peter, and excommunicated from the pale of its Church! Consequently, Catholics in general assume an artificial apathy to the "abuses and corruptions of the Papacy," as they are termed, knowing that by expostulation good cannot be effected, but much scandal and disunity must be occasioned.

In all probability, we shall be condemned as an utterly decayed branch of the faith by the infatuated advocates for the spread of Catholicity; but as the organs of the faith are so heedlessly blind to every result, and either slur over or refute every *exposé* which the errors of some constantly incur, we are perfectly willing to submit to the puerile anathemas of the bigots, provided we can fairly show to the world the *causes* of error which make the Catholic faith a byword for ignorance and superstition. We do not wish to enter into any polemical discussion with co-religionists, the pages of the *New Monthly* are not suited for such; and the authenticity of the assertions having been derived from actual experience and confined to such, contradiction and disputation are unnecessary to confirm or deny the truth of the allegations. Among the offshoots of Catholicity which have recently gained a disagreeable notoriety, the Convents in this country bid fair to outvie the grand bugbear of bishoprics, which has recently convulsed the entire kingdom, and distracted the minds of our ablest legislators.

In entering upon the subject of this article be it clearly understood, that we refer only to such conventual institutions as have been established in England, for though similar laws and organised systems exist in a more powerful degree on the Continent, the range of our limits do not permit a more extended review than that which our own shores embrace. The religious houses have been on a rapid increase for several years past, and if continued, on their present scale, will undoubtedly soon multiply to an extent equal to their pristine vigour before the days of the Reformation. The great misfortune is, that in their constitution and purposes but little renovation has been effected, and the slavish indifference to all good, and insiduous adaptation to which they can be applied by the designing, so conspicuous in the cloisters of old, are the objections to their existence now. No higher or more intellectual purpose dignifies the seclusion of monastic life in this age of civilisation and education than resulted when barbarity and avarice drove English ladies to the pale, and rendered compulsory their assumption of the veil. The object for which convents were originally established is obsolete. When, ten centuries ago, the barbarism of men knew no higher aspiration than that of fierce battle-fields, of cruel assassinations, court intrigues, and utter mental degradation, the social position of virtuous ladies was abject slavery. At one

time they were the victims of a crafty chieftain, at another the unconscious cause of acts of the wildest barbarity; objects of acquisition when wealthy; the tools of passion when beautiful; while, amid the persecution of the world, the blessings of religion were denied her by the sensuality which history but too faithfully records as desecrating the sanctity of the clerical robe. It was in such times as these that men, holy and worthy of Christianity, promulgated their rules, and offered to the much-persecuted women an asylum. How those asylums became the means of exercising the vilest tyranny upon the fair of future generations is known to all readers of history; what they have emerged into in latter days is but partially understood; yet, certain it is, that no such causes exist now, as then, why women should seek the security of the pale; not from coercion on the part of the world, that is impossible, it can only arise from the crafty inculcation of others, and an intriguing influence, which seeks but the development of its own ends.

It may be asserted, and most generally this is used as the refuting argument, that if ladies desire to form an association for their individual pleasure, surely there can exist no objection to their doing so. That by imposing certain restrictions upon themselves of a physical nature, they mutually aid each other in the attainment of a better world; that such institutions take their origin in the remote ages of Catholicity, and were founded by men eminently good; and that as the life is injurious to no one, while it brings many holy women to our religion, the institution is deserving of reverence. Thus the clergy explain the necessity of the laity upholding religious houses; and it is only when some flagrant instance of *undue influence* being exercised over those who are beguiled into their meshes, that the Catholics of this country are put to the blush to excuse the "over zeal" of their worthy pastors.

The convents of the present day may be divided into two classes: those whose rules command utter exclusion from the world, and those who by professing to educate young Catholic ladies, are enabled to obtain an easy competency, and exert their influence towards firmly grounding the religion in the rising generation of English Catholic mothers. The number of convents in England is fifty-three, of which twenty-seven are exclusive, but in this number are included the Sisters of Mercy and Charity, who are not confined within the enclosure. These orders are of a more public character. Sisters of Charity and Mercy have long since made their utility felt by those who stand in most need of assistance—the very poor; and as no seclusion is demanded of them, though nuns, they are wholly distinct from the inmates of a convent. Of the first class—those whose entire existence is passed in the endeavour to save their own souls, without regarding the spiritual or temporal wants of the rest of their fellow-mortals, are the drones in the busy hive of Catholic propagation; still they have their uses, which are turned to no inconsiderable advantage. The convents of this class are not numerous, and the reason lies in the severity of their regulations, which do not admit of their seeking adventitious means of ekeing out support. Consequently, the inmates are required to be ladies of independent fortune, and it becomes a matter of solicitude to secure such as can bring a a larger portion than the stipulated amount, in order to establish a capital for the institution independent of the life annuities of the community. From this circumstance such convents become the most select, and are

sought by such of the wealthy and patrician daughters of our faith as seek total seclusion from the world, and are not desirous to add the laborious occupation of teaching to the other privations of a cloistral life. One or two wealthy heiresses assuming the veil in a religious house of this character, are sufficient to establish not only its resources, but its name; and there is a religious ambition for renown even among the convents.

Mere utilitariansim is certainly not chargeable to institutions of this denomination; that is to say, they are wholly innocent of any ostensible good whatever to the world in which they were sent for the purpose of fulfilling the ordinances of their Creator. We do not wish to pass a sentence of condemnation upon a class of worthy souls, but after much diligent labour in endeavouring to discover the purpose of their life, apart from the selfish rule of taking care of number one, and after repeatedly cross-questioning the nuns themselves on the subject, we are bound to confess our total ignorance to assign any reason for their existence in our sublunary world—not one reason could we extract why they should conceive their order an acceptable and pleasing one to the God they profess to serve. When pushed hard we have heard them assert "they afford good examples to the rest of the world!" God forbid for the sake of the world's preservation that such examples should ever abound. Here is a short sketch of the daily life of a nun so secluded, which is taken from the rules of the Convent of the Visitation at Westbury, near Bristol.*

At five in the morning the convent bell rings, when the sisters rise and repair to matins, after which they take breakfast, which is a slight repast. At a quarter to seven the community attend mass in the choir; and, with the interlude of occasional prayers, the sisters are employed until half past ten in the domestic duties of the house, no servants whatever being kept. Out-sisters, or persons who have taken the vows without bringing any fortune to the convent, attend to the out-door business of the community. At half past ten dinner is served in the refectory, during which and the earlier portion of the morning, absolute silence is imposed upon all. This is the chief meal of the sisters, and is, we believe, ample, consisting chiefly of vegetables and broth, with coarse bread, together with a small mug of weak beer. A portion of the sisters wait upon the rest, and one reads aloud from a religious book, generally the life of the founder, St. Francis de Sales, or the first superior, St. Francesca. These subsequently dine alone, and have the arrangement of the refectory as their morning work. After the conclusion of the meal the community disperse to their respective duties, and at half past eleven the bell rings for what is termed "Obedience." Here the superior, or lady abbess, meets the whole of the community, who approach her singly, and kneel at her feet. She then receives an account of the work done by the sister during the past twenty-four hours, and directs for those next ensuing, giving her a certain virtue, such as patience, contemplation, &c., to practise, in order to remind her of her vow of implicit obedience. This done, the community again repair to the various duties, some of which, such as scrubbing and washing, are somewhat trying to

* These rules are known only to the community, but were verbally communicated to the writer during a private interview he was enabled, with great difficulty, to obtain with a near relative.

the hands of ladies, whose *penchant* once rendered the lorgnette and fan the sole implements of pastime. Between this and three o'clock, a certain period must be passed in out-door exercise within the high-walled enclosure, when practicable, and at three o'clock the whole community repair to the choir, where vespers and complin are chanted, which occupies the time till five, when the tea and last meal of the community is taken in silence—(*tea, and ladies silent!*) After this, recreation or needle-work is adopted, and conversation permitted to some, which at length, after repeated interludes of prayer, brings the monotonous day to a final close at eight o'clock, when the drowsy sisters repair to their respective cells. The standing rules of the convent strictly direct that no sister shall ever look out from a window that does not immediately command the enclosure; that she never shall raise her veil so as to reveal her eyes to a stranger; that she shall never touch any male, not so much as to press the hand of her father or brother. In this convent the "bars" are maintained; that is, long iron bars run up in the centre of the strangers' room, so as to divide the visitor from the nun he is desirous of speaking to, who can never be seen without the lady superior's presence, or that of some nun deputed by her to remain as a compulsory listener. Private communications, either by letter or interview, are wholly impracticable. Escape, utterly impossible.

Now from these rules we leave it to the reader to discover the exact degree of benefit conferred by the order upon mankind in general, or the Catholic religion in particular; and in what consists the good example the life affords for the edification of the world and the glorification of God. The generality of the nuns who become inmates of these exclusive convents are ladies whose wishes have been thwarted in the choice of a husband, and those who by a life of gaiety have become at length so disgusted with their own unthinking folly, that they are glad to retire from its scenes under the false belief that the world is devoid of good because they never endeavoured to discover it; some few there are who enter from a supposed vocation, which, as the conventual life is of all others the one most free from worldly trouble, they ultimately attain a decided partiality for its useless industry or placid quietude. Connexion with the world or its affairs ceases from the moment they are professed, and during the noviciate it is the anxious care of the superior to keep from the postulant any information which may endanger the equanimity of her mind, or draw her attention to matters which might possibly lead her to abandon the life of a nun. Even family affairs—such as require the absolute attention of the novice or nun—are at all times made a matter of disagreeable necessity; frequently, if not according with the interests of the convent, a concise note is received stating that ill health prevents the nun attending to the subject, and that the superior is desired to state that such and such a thing cannot be complied with. Should the relative feel indignant at such treatment, well knowing that the ill health is a "*pious ruse,*" as it is termed in conventual phraseology, he may hasten by "Express" and demand an interview with his kinswoman. The trustworthy daughter of the Church placidly crosses her hands upon her bosom, and from behind the stout iron bars meekly assures the imperative relation that the orders of the convent expressly forbid the admission of any stranger whatever within the enclosure; that she dares not, on the peril of her salvation, allow him to see the sister demanded, who is ill in the infirmary,

without permission from their holy father, but she will deliver any message. The indignant relative turns upon his heel, and declares he will petition the pope. The abbess smiles, for she has baulked a worldling, and the convent is the gainer by the "pious ruse." Redress is, in such cases, utterly impossible, the novice is so controlled that her consent is obtained to any proposition which it may suit the convent to adopt, and therefore legal proceedings are useless, whilst the expostulation with the bishop is only bringing the evidence of an accomplice to acquit the prisoner. Only a few years ago three children were left destitute orphans with a half sister, then a novice in one of these convents, who was possessed of a very large fortune. Applications were urged in their behalf to the sister, as the case was one which it was hoped would be met with Christian philanthropy, if not with sisterly affection; but the communications were interrupted, and the convent grasped thousands at her profession, while the orphan sisters and brothers dragged out a subsistence in genteel poverty. We pledge ourselves for the correctness of this statement. If the nature of these orders do not permit them to gain many proselytes to the convent by their own exertion, they are not deficient of the necessary tact in prevailing upon those who enter as postulants ultimately to become nuns. It devolves upon the priests and bishops to discover and hunt the victim till they obtain her consent to "*try the noviciate*," and when once she is fairly barred in, in the holy retreat, the influences of the superior, long trained to the work, are brought to bear upon the wavering mind of the new charge. She is not "teazed or vexed," nor constantly exhorted to come to a final determination. It would be bad manœuvring to discover the slightest desire to enforce her wishes.

The human mind, more especially that of woman, is prone to resist obstacles, and that which appears the most difficult of acquisition is always more coveted than such as is of easy attainment. The period of a postulant's noviciate is allowed to pass in the most peaceful repose, surrounded by everything that can discover to the heart that which is good and holy. Gentle and sympathetic companions who study her every thought, and entwine themselves around the heart of an affectionate woman by their meekness, their sweetness of disposition, and their apparent angelic state of mind,—the cares, the vexations of the world, are expelled; and what is not this to one who may for some time past have been distracted by the opposition of friends to a desired union, or by the cruel pangs of jealousy? As oftentimes happens, she has entered the convent under some powerful impulse of revenge upon a lover, and thinks her own self-immolation will be the bitterest sting to his bosom. Her history and disposition are better known to the superior than to herself, and she selects the proper instruments from her community to keep alive the spirit which actuated her retreat to the convent, and by playing upon this, and at the same time exhibiting the contrast in the seclusion of her present life, she leads the victim on to a fixed desire of becoming a nun. Then astonishment, and fears, and persuasions are evinced, to show the impracticability of such a result; and the postulant discovers an opposition, which inflames her desires the more strongly. She implores the superior to receive her, but the superior is too cautious to grant any such thing at present. The noviciate has nearly expired, and the postulant sees the immediate alternative of again encountering the rude rebuffs of the world, the sneers of her old companions, in having thought of becom-

ing a nun, and the separation from those who have become to her dearer than sisters, whose society is so devout, so heavenly, whose life so æsthetical and perfect. In extremity of sorrow and alarm, she flies to her confessor, the inculcator of half the ideas she has acquired of the joys of conventual life; the worthy father is likewise an adept—good tempered, amiable, simple: what woman could not feel for him as though he were her father? The ghostly parent pours the balm of hope into the fluttering anxious heart of his poor deceived child, talks to her of the old sorrows, and sets her heart bleeding afresh; then he consoles and assures her she must pray to be enlightened; he will endeavour to overcome the obduracy of the superior, whose love of justice he declares to be the only obstacle to her profession. A conference ensues between the dear old simple-hearted priest and the shrewd austere abbess; and the novice hears, with a burning brow and trembling heart, at the next meeting of the community, that a *noveno* is to be offered up to the Blessed Virgin, for the purpose of petitioning the Almighty to grant the light of His wisdom to direct the choice of a member of the community. Need we add how that *noveno* ends—how the choice is made? No time is lost, the victim is professed—espoused to the Church; and it is discovered afterwards by her relatives that she has made no will, no assignment of her handsome fortune: it is then too late, *she cannot without violation of her oath of implicit obedience make a will after profession;* she has no will, she has resigned it for ever; the convent receives a *carte blanche* paper, with her signature attached, and every fraction of her property belongs to the Church. O what worthy disciples of St. Ignatius, what astute children of the Vatican are our poor nuns, and the good-tempered, simple-hearted priests of the English convents!

It may be naturally asked for what purpose do the convents seek to attain possession of such large sums of money, when the prescribed rule of life is such that very little indeed will suffice for the necessary requirements of the community? And it may, moreover, be a matter of wonderment how it is that though one of the vows of the profession is *voluntary poverty*, many of the convents are in the actual possession of a vast amount of wealth? The answer is very simple and easily explained. The possession of wealth gives power, and though *they* are not capable of making use of such power, the Catholic Church is. The principle has been adopted in this kingdom for some years past—acquire wealth, build magnificent churches, institute asylums, let the religious become identified with the people, we shall soon make proselytes among the lower orders, and the higher classes will ever respect that which can show wealth, station, and worldly substantiality. So that, though the poor nuns, cooped up within the iron bars of the convent, cannot perceive the effect of their immolation, the religion is sensible of it. Every heiress gained to the convent gives to the world a Gothic church, which becomes the object of eager admiration to the lovers of mediæval art, and attracts its crowds of wondering citizens; or a capacious range of schools, where the children of the poor receive instruction, and are grounded in a faith they were never born to inherit. So Catholicity spreads, and the Protestants cannot understand how or why. And thus it is that the diplomacy of the secluded superior, in her darkened cloister, is one of the many means of propagating the tenets of the faith, and an institution which, to the ordinary observer, appears denuded of any purpose of good or evil, is made the means of aiding a certain class

of our co-religionists and clergy, in their wild and fatal endeavours to acquire power.

The convents, which form the larger portion of religious houses, are those that provide mental instruction to the daughters of the Catholic gentry. In the capacity of ordinary schools, intended for the tuition of the youth of a certain sect, they neither deserve censure nor commendation; their means of imparting knowledge are on a level with the conventional boarding-schools, and afford their pupils the same amount of accomplishments, not in any degree a more substantial or useful education, either religious or social; but their influences constitute a very prominent feature of that system, which, as we have already shown, tends to the advancement of a certain object, the beneficial effects of which may well be called in question. Most unquestionably the influences impressed upon the mind in youth, bear fruit in the maturer years, in exact accordance with the character of their impressions; and it is universally known to all who make general education a study, that the Catholics are pre-eminent in their means of implanting in the minds of their pupils an early devotion to their creed. In this we have no fault to find, but we cannot go the length which the system implies, of making that creed the all-engrossing object of education, to sow the seeds of religious intolerance, and to create a blind devotion to the ministers of a religion who are as much liable to error as those diametrically opposed to them. Now this is a leading feature in the schools kept by convents, and it is not confined to this alone. Leaving the subject of abstract education as one with which our topic has no immediate concern, we will explain in what respect the association of youth and conventual instruction is decidedly objectionable, while it affords scope for the avarice which over-religious zeal is certain to generate, and by which the future happiness of the pupil becomes jeopardized.

It is allowed among Catholics to be the chief excellence of convents, that they ingrain thorough religious principles in the hearts of their pupils, and that they are immediately under the eye of a clergyman and superior, whose alienation from the world is a certain safeguard against contamination from the follies and vanities, supposed to be inseparable from ordinary public schools. Be it so. But if this is correct, the pupil is exposed to an influence more prejudicial to her future happiness, than any bad effects to be acquired in a secular institution, by incapacitating her from a proper degree of appreciation of the state of life to which she is born. Vanities and errors may be sown like tares with the wheat of education in boarding-schools, or private instruction, but they are easily eradicated by knowledge of the world; whereas, religious prejudices and a systematic distaste for the world instilled in childhood, are rarely, if ever dispelled in after years. Bigotry is, of all other evils, the most easily confirmed in the human mind.

The principle adopted in convents, where the Catholic religion is practised in its most sombre and intolerant form, is to impress the mind of the youth intrusted to their charge with a horror of heresy or contravention to the supremacy of the clergy. Indeed the priests are held up as men impervious to all human frailty, as men instructed with the divine ordinances and powers of the Church, and consequently incapable of obliquity, or entertaining purposes foreign to the sanctity that envelopes their profession. Implicit reliance in the infallible goodness of any denomination of mortals must be highly erroneous, and contain within its sphere

the seeds of a power which no man is authorised to exercise over his fellow-creatures. The ascendancy of the Catholic clergy over Catholic ladies is without a parallel in the present age—if we except that of the Italian populace—and this is to be ascribed to the first instruction behind the sanctuary of a convent wall. It is useless for the Catholics to declare that they are uncontrolled by the priests, they are almost universally influenced by them, not only in the dictation of religious matters, but in the direction and confidences of private life. And it must be so; for a veneration for the clergy is imbibed with their mother's milk, and is strengthened by their precepts and example in childhood, till in manhood it becomes a rooted prejudice. We appeal to any member of the Church of Rome, or those who are intimate with such, for a confirmation of this fact, for after some years' insight into the different phases of Catholic society, we never met an instance where a mother, educated in a convent, did not make it her duty constantly to impress upon her children the sanctity and beatification of the priesthood. We can remember when a child, and so doubtless can many others, that nothing ever incurred severer punishment than a disrespectful word breathed against a priest. This is one of the great evils of the convent schools, and which so long as the superiors reign supreme, and the priests hold the confessional, must ever exist.

Another equally detrimental inculcation which is invariably adopted at the convents, is that of placing the world before the inexperienced eyes of the pupils (or pensioners) in its worst possible form, depicting it as a modern Tartarus, in which nothing but vice and vanity, immorality, temptations, and heresy are rife, and whose very virtues are but decoys for the unwary, or cloaks to cover greater guilt. It may certainly be very delectable to those who have surfeited upon such fare, and have cautiously withdrawn, or to those whose ignorance has been played upon in order to render them patient of durance vile, thus to distort the world and worldlings; but it is little short of wanton deception to create a prejudice in the minds of those who will one day have to become one of this crowd of infidelity, and will be expected to act their part as benevolent and charitable Christians!

Young ladies, recently imported from our convents, are, of all the divine fair, the least captivating, and apparently the least likely to make pleasing partners to man, who, through the anxious cares of business, looks to his wife for steady support and happiness, and the comforts of domestic joys, of which both priests and convents are most supremely ignorant. Parents are surprised and annoyed at the unnatural reluctance their daughters evince for innocent society—the fanatic admiration for priests, the gloomy hankering for the associations of the convent, and the supplications that they may become nuns! These arise solely from the prejudice the girl has imbibed against the world, by the misrepresentations of the convent. This does not occur in solitary instances, but is universally the case; and if there be any reader who doubts the truth of the assertion, let him call upon a married Catholic friend, and request to see the last daughter he has received back from education at the convent.

The reader has been shown in a great measure the means which a convent affords of disposing in the hands of its superior unlimited control over the minds and will of the inmates. Be it borne in mind her power is absolute, despotic and beyond any appeal which can avail. The pre-

sence of a confessor is customary in every convent, who, though he may be, and, for aught we know to the contrary, is a very good man, yet he cannot avoid compliance to the wishes of the superior, or his presence there would be dispensed with. The bishop of the diocese makes what is termed an annual inspection; that is to say, he calls one fine morning at the convent, walks through the enclosure, bows to the community, pats the scholars on the head, and dines with the lady abbess. This is all that is seen of the power beyond the superior from one twelvemonth to another, so that, as my lady wills, so do all obey—no quibble or remonstrance. With this control over the will of her nuns and young charges, it may be easy for a superior to bring the powers at her command to bear upon any point more desirable than another; that is to say, she may have singled out among her students one whose wealth and position would be a great gain to her convent and the Church; her attention is then directed to win the girl's affections, and every indulgence and kindness is shown her, and her vanity flattered by a marked partiality both from herself and those nuns under whom the girl is being educated. A deep-rooted attachment springs up as a natural consequence, and a desire to embrace the conventual life is awakened and carefully cherished by those whose interest it is to maintain it; but nothing is hinted at; and if the child give expression to her inclinations, they are discouraged, apparently, but in reality only damped that the flame may not burn itself out by its own ardour, too rapidly to be available.

The girl bids adieu to the scene of her childhood, and enters the world as a young lady, but she is not lost sight of, nor the danger of the temptations society might open up, unprepared for. The state of society in the world has been impressed upon her mind as everything bad and vicious; she has been cautioned against it, and is sceptical of everything she meets; she dares not trust her own eyes and ears, so profound is her belief in the nun's assurances, that it is all a cheat; she is awkward and bewildered, and feels estranged and devoid of sympathy with the scenes around her, and writes to her dear friends at the convent, and opens her heart to them. They write in reply much godly comfort, and enclose a note of introduction to some priest in the metropolis, who mixes much in good society, and is a very dear friend of all the nuns at the convent. To him she repairs, and enjoys the greatest happiness in talking of the scene of her childhood, and the characters to whom she is attached. The priest, astute, crafty, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and the nature of women, becomes her steady friend—arranges matters with her relatives, and she returns to the convent as a postulant, and declares she has seen the world and its pleasures could never afford attraction to her. When once a postulant, farewell liberty. The game is then fairly in the hands of the superior, the quarry speedily grasped, and the fortune won for the Church. Sometimes a convent, when a young lady is discovered of good talent, and well accomplished, yet destitute of a fortune, whose acquirements in the capacity of teacher would benefit the community, will gratuitously take her, and, according to the estimated value of the individual, will they employ means to attain her. We are acquainted at the present moment with an instance, where much undue influence is being employed, in order to overcome the scruples of an accomplished young lady, in breaking off a long-standing engagement with a gentleman of known worth, in order that she may become a nun. Communications with him have been cut off, and her

friends denied admittance. We hope the late *exposé* will act as a caution to them, otherwise they may rely upon publicity being given to the whole affair.

Our space will not admit us entering into further particulars relating to the system so prevalent among English convents, and the unwarrantable liberties which are taken with the free will of those consigned to the care of a lady superior, but what has been explained will, we think, sufficiently elucidate the case of Miss Talbot. Dr. Hendren is a man with whom we are personally acquainted, and know full well he was perfectly *au fait* with everything relating to and concerning the property of Miss Talbot, and likewise with her half-developed intention of taking the veil.

The three vows which every nun takes, before dying to the world, are voluntary *Poverty*, implicit *Obedience*, and perpetual Chastity. Now we may, Catholics as well as Protestants, ask how it is, if these vows are religiously kept, that such convents as New Hall, York, and Taunton, are possessed of such enormous wealth, and are constantly aiding the Church by advancing large sums of money to the cardinal and his suffragans? And why it is, that the convents when admitting a novice do not allow her to dispose of it among the members of her own family, many of whom may often stand in need of it, when it can be of no material service to the convent? As we have elsewhere shown, the principle is of the deepest injury to religion itself, as it opens up the liability to avarice and its vicious attendants, and that, too, where poverty is the vow of the institution; but what all members of a free nation and possessed of an enlightened mind must highly deprecate, is the thraldom and abject slavery which the vow of implicit obedience exerts over the occupants of a convent. The superior, by this vow, is enabled to control with the most despotic power the minds of her community and her pupils, for her moral influences are boundless, and she is at all times subject to become the tool of the ambitious, be she good or bad. The whole system tends to the repression of free-will, and the inculcation of objects not always praiseworthy in their intentions. It has led to this, that the convents and clergy believe the means always justify the end, and that moral obligations, truth, honour, and candour, are subservient at all times to the purposes of religion, and the propagation and establishment of Catholicity in England.

The grand secret, the instigating motive which impels the entire scheme of conventual seclusion, rests upon this—the attainment of power, the re-establishment in political force of the Papacy. Cardinal Wiseman is at the head of a certain movement in the English Catholic Church, whose acknowledged object is, to place the religion as it was in the palmy mediæval times; to connect it with the government, and draw the bands of union with the Holy See, till this country becomes once more a faithful flock round St. Peter's chair. As sincere Catholics, who desire the purity of our religion to be maintained intact, we protest against so mad a project. Catholicity, connected with political power, is the basest tyrant in history, and, as upright Christians and true Englishmen, we do not wish to see this country enslaved and degraded by the oppressive influence of Catholic ecclesiastics. Those who are anxious to maintain the holiness of their religion unimpaired, and retain moral and political freedom, had better hold aloof from the ultramontane movement now progressing to its catastrophe.

FREE TRADE.

THE course of debate in the Lower House on questions of Supply throughout the present session, is sufficient to show that we have arrived at a turning point in the fiscal annals of the country. Class is arrayed against class, and interest against interest, in the great question of the Corn-laws. Every one feels, individually, that the land to which we must all ultimately look for the expenses of housekeeping, has been most scurvily treated these last few years; and people are beginning to be almost intuitively convinced that the agricultural interests are as deserving of protection and consideration as the manufacturing. But a number of strange errors and misconceptions of the position of parties, whose interests are in reality identical, and whose welfare has only been placed in contrast by political blunderers, have crept in, and have been carefully fomented by the thick-and-thin advocates of the Factory cause. One of these errors is, that agriculture should not receive protection when trades and factories prosper without; but the fact is, that by free trade in agricultural produce, you in reality protect the artisan at the expense of the agriculturist. In order to supply the industrious classes of many descriptions with cheap bread, you oblige the industrious class of one description to sell his produce at an unremunerative price. It is therefore evident, that by legislating so as to preserve certain classes from dearness of bread by sacrificing the interests of others, you are really protecting one or more classes at the expense of the other. Protection is, at the present moment, active for the artisan, passive for the agriculturist. But were the oft-abused term "protection" applied in a moderate fixed scale to the produce of the latter, the former classes would pay but a trifle more for their bread, and yet they would be protected from any sudden great rise in the price of corn that might ensue from war or dearth abroad, or any other unforeseen causes; and they would, at the same time, hold out the hand of fellowship to their struggling countrymen who use and consume their *protected* produce at the very time that the produce of their land and labour meets with no protection whatsoever. Another equally common error is, that the burdens on the land and high rents are the sole cause of our incapability of competing with the foreigner in low prices of corn. One moment's consideration of the area of cultivable land as compared with the population of the British islands and that of less populated and corn-producing lands, as America, Russia, Turkey, and other countries, would show the fallacy of such a supposition. We might just as well expect to have deal boards, because we grow pines, as cheap as from Canada or Norway; or flax and hemp, because we can grow either, as cheap as from France, Poland, and Russia; or butter, because we have good pasture lands, as cheap as from Holland and Belgium, as that we should have corn, circumstanced as we are, as cheap as we can get it from the United States or other little-populated corn-growing countries. The errors, indeed, current upon the subject of protection are so numerous, that it would take pages to discuss even a portion of them. A pamphlet by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., called "Letters to John Bull, Esq., on Affairs connected with his Landed Property and the Persons who Live thereon," now before us, has induced us, however, at the pre-

sent crisis, to grant our aid in exploding a few of the more prominent of these political fallacies. Not the least obstructive is the notion that because the Corn-laws are passed that they must necessarily be persisted in—that there never has been any retrograde legislation in a question of food—that a law which serves to popularise a constitution, or advance democracy, cannot be repealed. This fallacy is ably combated by Sir Edward. Premising that there is all the difference in the world between a question of constitutional change and a question of political economy or fiscal arrangement, still Sir Edward shows that John Bull has, like others, been often glad to abrogate changes both in one and the other:

You yourself, John, once advanced into a republic, put your foot into it, and drew back into monarchy as fast as you could. Again, you once transacted your affairs through a triennial parliament, yet you very soon made a retrograde movement, and are still compelled to grant a seven years' lease to the occupiers of St. Stephen's, notwithstanding all the arguments of the National Reform League to prove that lease a great deal too long for your interests as landlord. You have only to look to the foreign news in the *Times* to see that it was but as the day before yesterday, compared with your long life, when universal suffrage was proclaimed in France; and but as yesterday that a law has been passed which shakes off a weighty per-centage from the suffrage so recently created. And the whole history of Europe, for the last few years, does little more than chronicle the sudden enactment and as sudden repeal of charters and constitutions which wiseheads declared to be the irrevocable advance of entire populations. You know, therefore, that even a political step backward has been taken, sometimes because of the brute force of a despot—but sometimes, also, as the voluntary choice of a nation. The *Sed revocare gradum* applies to progress, not towards the region where we all wish to go, but to its dismal antipodes. It is only the first step to the infernal regions which Virgil so emphatically implies that mortal man can never recal.—*Dii meliora!* But, bless your heart, my dear John, as to changes and rechanges in commercial regulations, in duties and non-duties upon produce, raw and manufactured—what man in his senses, or with no more knowledge of history than he could pick up at a grammar-school, ever dreamed that laws affecting *them* were not, by their very nature, experiments, and the most liable of all laws to revision or repeal? "Ay—but corn—the staple of food—the big loaf?" The very thing, my dear John, of all others, that your experience tells you has been most subject to the mutability inherent to affairs mundane and mortal.

What, did we never try this experiment before? Why, throughout all the dark ages, the importation of foreign corn was substantially free. For about five hundred years that experiment was tried; and much good it did to commerce and manufactures,—much good it did to the condition of the people; and well it prevented fluctuations, scarcity, and famine! Free importation of corn! The duration of that experiment extends through the history of our barbarism. From the dawn of civilisation dates the record of Protection; it commenced under the dynasty of the House of York, in which commerce was first especially honoured and upheld,—in which, under a king who himself was a merchant, began that sagacious favour to the trading middle class, as a counterpoise to armed aristocracy, that, under the more tranquil intellect of Henry VII., created the civil powers ruling modern dominions; and that Protection, thus first admitted in theory, but long defeated in practice, can hardly be said to have been vitally and resolutely incorporated in our national system, till the very era that confirmed our constitutional freedom, and saw the rise of Great Britain to the rank it now holds amongst nations—the reign of William III.

Well; this Protection, first vigorously enforced at the Revolution of 1688, lasted for the best part of a century; "and under it," says the commercial historian, "the commerce and manufactures of the country were extended to an unprecedented degree." The country wished then, as now, to have some return to the system of those blessed five centuries of Free Trade in corn; and in 1773 a law was passed which a few years ago would have satisfied, I suspect, Manchester itself; for foreign wheat was permitted to be imported on paying a nominal duty of 6d. whenever the home price was at or above 48s. per quarter. The nation tried that

plan for about eighteen years, and then what did it do?—this England that the newspapers tell us "never goes back!"—why, it went back, of course! And the price at which foreign importation could take place at 6d., was raised in 1791 from 48s. to 54s.; while under 50s. the home producer was protected by a duty of 24s. 3d. And observe this date, 1791! Was that a period when the temper of the times was peculiarly submissive, and inclined towards political retrogression? It was a time more democratic than this,—a time when the spirit of the first French Revolution was at work through all the great towns of the empire. "But the people cried out? There were riots, rebellions, for the sake of the big loaf?" Not a bit of it, my dear John! The people were a sensible people; as the English are in the long run; they had tried their experiment,—did not like it. "And," says Mr. M'Culloch, with a candid sigh, "there was a pretty general acquiescence in the act of 1791."

"Pretty general acquiescence!" The admission is satisfactory in extent, but lukewarm in expression; the truth is, that no more popular act passed throughout the whole reign of George III.

And yet "laws against protection are never repealed! as well repeal the Reform Act!—England never goes back!—A law about corn is as fixed as the nod of Jove!" And all the while you are going back to the reigns of the Norman and Plantagenet! and insisting on the stability of experimental legislature upon the very article and in the very mode upon which the history of civilisation abounds the most with precedents of change!

Another very common fallacy in connexion with free trade is, that to abandon it is to abandon freedom itself. The Americans are as free and progressive a people as one can well suppose to exist, but they have evinced no peculiar affection for free trade. The French seem pretty well disposed to go all lengths in democracy, but they still maintain rather strict notions as to the value of protection. Nothing is more evident, indeed, than that protection, whether it be wise or not, is perfectly consistent with the freest opinions on politics. Other, but less tangible, fallacies are met with in the doctrines of the free traders themselves, but as their authorities contradict one another, these fallacies are, in fact, attested by themselves. Thus the League Circular asserted that bread would be cheaper by the repeal of the Corn-laws. Mr. Cobden, on the contrary, exclaimed, in his speech at Winchester, "The idea of low-priced corn is all a delusion; provisions will be no cheaper." Mr. Villiers acknowledged that the cheapening of bread must sooner or later produce the cheapening of labour. That subtle intellect rested half his case on the necessity of lowering wages—not in agricultural districts, but in manufacturing towns—in order to compete with the foreigner. His fellow political economist, Colonel Torrens, said just the contrary. "The true cause of low wages is high food; for then mechanical power is brought more and more in competition with human labour, and the operative will be employed at wages reduced to the slavery point." "The repeal of the Corn-laws must lower the wages," says Mr. Villiers. "It must raise them," says Colonel Torrens. Every fact, real or supposed, adduced by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, tended to show the necessity of conforming to the low wages of the Continent:

The further we advance in the polemics of Free Trade, the more the perplexity gathers: not a result but has its separate free-trading prophet, and not a prophet that does not belie his brother. "Will rents fall?" murmurs the timid landowner. "Fall? of course, you vampire!" cries the Manchester Chamber of Commerce; "you have been living on the capital of the farmer ever since the peace." "Certainly they will fall," says Mr. Villiers, with polite indifference to so small a calamity.

"Fall?—they will rise!" exclaims Colonel Torrens. "They will rise," says Mr.

W. W. Whitmore, who was a very popular prophet in his day. "Pooh! don't believe them, my dear Vampire," argues that dear, good Mr. Wilson; my "object in removing these Corn-laws is to increase the value of your land!"

The Farmer puts *his* question, "Will these horrible prices last for ever; and how many quarters of grain are likely to be imported?"

And straight, therewith, arises such a discord of contradictory answers, all equally positive, and equally contradictory, that poor Chawbacon, if he have any animal desire still to have bacon to chaw, thinks it best to escape from the hubbub, and stick to his old motto, "Live and let live in the land we live by."

Now, my dear Free Traders, own that the honestest vampire who ever set out on his travels in search of an understanding, has had very little chance to find it amongst you! Shall he be enlightened with Mr. Villiers? then he can't be enlightened with Mr. Wilson. How can he get rid of his fallacies, when every opinion he picks up in exchange from one free trader is remorsely condemned as a fallacy by the rhetoric of another?

As far as history and experience go, the prosperity of the greatest commercial nations has been always attained under systems of protection. The longest pre-eminence in commerce ever enjoyed by a state, since Carthage, is that of Venice; and that pre-eminence was attained under a system that grasped at monopoly, and entrenched itself under every imaginable rigidity of protection. So jealous were the Genoese of competition, that they stipulated with kings to banish their mercantile rivals.

It is clear, therefore, that what is one man's meat may be another man's poison. It is natural that the Manchester manufacturer should be desirous of competing with the German; it is natural that the German should, at present, beg to be excused; it is natural that the Cracovian corn-grower should be desirous of competing with the English; it is natural that the English corn-grower should be unwilling to have that honour thrust upon him. A state can adopt no dogma for universal application, whether of Protection or Free Trade. In those branches in which it produces more or better supplies at less cost, it must naturally court Free Trade; in those branches where its produce is less or its cost greater than that of its neighbours, it must either consent to the certain injury, the possible ruin of that department of industry, or it must place it under Protection. Free Trade, could it be universally reciprocal, would therefore benefit Manchester *versus* Germany, and injure Lincolnshire *versus* Poland. The English cotton manufacturer thoroughly understands this when he says with Mr. Cobden, "Let us have Free Trade and we will beat the world!" But the world does not want to be beaten! Prussia, France, and even America, prefer "stupid selfishness" and protected manufactuers, to enlightened principles and English competition. When the English manufacturer says, "he wants only Free Trade to beat the world," he allows the benefit of Protection to his rivals, and excuses them for shutting their markets in his face.

But whether Free Trade be, in all cases, right or wrong, every one has allowed that we can't have it. To Free Trade, fairly and thoroughly carried out, there are more than fifty million obstacles to be found—in the Budget.

That we must lay certain duties on certain foreign articles of general consumption, and cramp the home producer by the iron hand of the exciseman, are facts enforced upon our attention, every time the miserable man doomed to hold the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, goes through the yearly agonies of his financial statement. Free Trade, too, in the proper acceptation of the term, by all the laws of grammar and common sense, requires two parties to the compact—the native and the foreigner. Between you and me, John, I see no hope of the foreigner. I wish, however, to raise no argument upon this against the policy of our tariffs. Reciprocity may be good; but I allow that it is not essential. Wherever it is for our interest to open our markets, it would be idle to wait till the foreigner, against his idea of his interests, opened his own. All that I would observe is, that such one-sided liberality may be judicious and politic, but it has no right to the appellation of Free Trade.

But the name matters little; and the real question that now opens

before us, is the special application of a special principle to the commodity of grain. Free trade at present means the free importation of foreign corn. Now, in respect to this question, it is commonly held by political economists that it is the interest of two nations to exchange with one another two sorts of commodities as often as the relative cost is different in the two countries. The general proposition cannot be disavowed, and yet it will somehow or other happen, and that very frequently too, that there is a still stronger interest not thus to interchange particular articles; and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton illustrates this view of the case by two equally happy and strong instances:

For instance, Athens manufactures admirable weapons at a cheaper cost than Bœotia; Bœotia produces corn, which Athens very much needs, at a much cheaper cost than Athens. Is it to the interest of Athens to exchange her weapons for the corn? Not if she has cause to dread the hostility of Bœotia, and believes that the weapons she thus sends out, will be used with advantage against her freedom and existence. There is an interest to effect exchange with two sorts of commodities, the relative cost of producing them being very different in the two countries, upon the abstract general principle; but, in the special case, a much stronger interest not to furnish Bœotia with weapons.

Take another case. Suppose Germany has lately instituted a cotton manufacture, but produces cotton goods with greater labour (that is, more cost) than England, and England, on the other hand, produces corn at more cost than Germany. Is it for the interest of Germany to exchange her corn for the English cotton goods? No; for, as it has been seen, we have Mr. Porter's assurance that nothing but protective duties can preserve the German cotton manufacture from ruin, as against the English competition. Therefore, here again, though, on the abstract general principle, it is the interest of Germany to exchange with England two sorts of commodities, of which the relative cost is different, yet she has a stronger interest, in the special case, to guard the cotton manufactures, which may ultimately enrich her much more than the price she receives for the corn that she sends into England. So, finally, without in the least disputing the abstract proposition of Mr. Mill, a statesman may well consider, that, seeing the importance to England of a thriving and prosperous agriculture, and all the danger to the state that may be incurred by the impoverishment and disaffection of many millions of his countrymen, there is a greater interest, in the special case, to limit an exchange which may be as injurious, for a time at least, to the British husbandman, as Germany holds it injurious to the German cotton manufacturer. For the political economist deals with the dead principle—the statesman, with the living men.

This is only a tithe of the bearings of this important question; to those who would consider the subject in its more serious phases, or study it in its true relations, we would earnestly recommend a perusal of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's pamphlet. The great questions between landowners and land cultivators, reduced at South Notts the other day to the practical position of diversity of interests, are alone passed by too slightly. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton writes now professedly as a landlord, but he vindicates the opinions he expressed and the vote he gave ten years ago, when he was a labourer (a literary labourer). He then recorded the opinion he now professes, viz., "that a total repeal of the Corn-laws would ultimately prove injurious to society." An opinion in which, sooner or later, all who have anything at stake in the country will be forced to conjoin.

THE RED SPECTRE OF 1852.*

"The Red Spectre" is not, as might at first be imagined, one of those supernatural illusions to which a sanguinary hue has imparted additional horror or an unusually terrific interest—it is a *bonâ fide* spectre of Red Republicanism, conjured up by the at once timorous yet zealous brain of the some-time prefect and author of "L'Ere des Cæsars"—M. A. Romieu—in order to carry out the views promulgated in that work, and the statements made that Socialism, Red Republicanism, and the most fearful revolutionary horrors, are in abeyance even in 1852; unless military force, under a purely irresponsible iron despotism, is brought to bear against the monster which threatens France with its open jaws.

"Signs," says M. Romieu, "accumulate: every one now perceives them; a kind of dumb terror has crept into the very bones of the smallest and the greatest; the Red Spectre of 1852, which at first no one would see, and which I again evoke, is now apparent before the stupified gaze of all. Every day, every hour, its threatening proportions are amplified; it seems that a great natural phenomenon must be accomplished, and that every creature should possess an instinctive sense of the fact."

General Cavaignac, M. Romieu goes on to tell us, might, after the bloody victory of June, have strangled the monster, and saved civilisation; but he was the child of his age, deeply imbued with all the false notions of the day. That horrible struggle of the poor peasant against the better classes, resembling what was once called "La Jacquerie," is everywhere, he tells us, imminent. Hatred against the rich, wherever there are any rich; hatred against the *petit bourgeois*, wherever there are none but the poor; hatred against the farmer, where there are nothing but labourers; hatred of the low against the high, among all degrees; such is France at the present moment.

"And what," asks M. Romieu, "is being done, in face of the approaching catastrophe? Playing the stupid comedy called 'Politics;' a comedy that is enacted in rags on a ruined theatre. I am among the most turbulent of those," continues the ex-prefect, "who hiss at this spectacle. Actors and decorations have a ghostly effect upon me, and look as if they had come forth from their sepulchres, clad in their shrouds, to try and hold their seats among the living."

The actors of existing times, M. Romieu adds, speak of human rights. Every one differs as to what those rights are, according to his own wants and views. They are words of human invention, which have been used to take the place of faith and of humility, of forbearance, and of resignation and contentment; but they have themselves no meaning, and are merely a fertile theme for discussion and dispute. "The times of faith are gone by, and, till God resuscitates them, we shall flounder in the false, the incoherent, the absurd. Our times have gone in advance of all that the fancy of our fathers could have ever dreamt of; without going further back, with what insulting smiles would the intimation of the Prince de Joinville's candidateship for the Presidency of the French Republic in 1852, have been re-

* Le Spectre Rouge de 1852. Par M. A. Romieu.

ceived in the saloons of 1847? I say nothing if some one had added that the object of that candidateship had been to succeed to the Prisoner of Ham!"

While people are disputing about names, laws, and words, the hurricane is gathering. "Amidst the variety of alarming news that comes from the provinces," asks M. Romieu, "do you ever hear speak of Legitimists or Orleanist movements? Does your paper ever inform you that in such or such a town the white flag has been hoisted, or the bust of the Count of Paris carried in procession? No; but tumults, Socialist vociferations, sanguinary songs, are heard on every side, and burst forth at every smallest local feast, or at the least motive for political meeting. How blind are they who do not see through their illusions, that these are the unmistakeable symptoms of approaching events, and that political interests have no longer a place in the gigantic struggle that will soon take place!"

"*Super flumina Babylonis.*—They are there those *prolétaires* who chant that canticle of hatred on the banks of the river of Paris, and of all the rivulets of France. They only breathe for the day when they shall 'take the little ones and dash them against the stones!'"

It is no longer thirty peasants assembling, as old Mézerai relates it, to converse upon state matters, as in the case of the origin of *La Jacquerie*, now proclaimed by M. Romieu to be revived—"it is millions of peasants and of workmen, to whom the newspaper and the hawker carry every morning new aliment to their envy, their rage, and their execrations, no longer directed against the gentleman, for he is dead, but against the *bourgeois*, who has succeeded to him. The same horrors are preparing, but with more collectedness, more premeditation. There are everywhere words of order—not a tree, not a bush, that does not cover an enemy, prepared for the great social combat. The first peal of the alarm-bell will be repeated by boundless echoes, and chance will strike it."

As to the Chambers, union among representatives, legal enactments, and all other aged and obsolete proceedings, M. Romieu laughs at them as means to oppose to the forthcoming revolution of 1852. "It is not before such pasteboard palaces," he says, "that the RED SPECTRE will stop. Nothing can regulate the questions of our age but the cannon, and it will settle them, even if it must come from Russia."*

Of all modern words that a pseudo-philosophy and false sentiment have brought into fashion of late, M. Romieu is most irate with what is called Progress. "I cannot," he says, "express the profound disdain that the word inspires me with; I should even say hatred, if it was possible to hate a word." In the world of science, art, invention, and discovery, he goes on to argue at length, there may be progress; in the moral world there can be not only no such thing, but the more mere *Reason* is trusted to, the greater is the divergence from wisdom, morality, and justice. "Suppose," he justly remarks, "Socialism itself, which is called the height of progress, established, would men have less blood or nerves, less anger, love of luxury, hatred, envy, and jealousy?" "Mortal," he em-

* It appears certain that the great European powers will never allow France to be devastated by a Red Republic. The Berlin correspondence of the 21st of April, not only states that a secret Austro-Russian treaty has been negotiated to protect Europe against the results of the crisis which is impending in France, but that the support of Prussia has also been sought for, and that Austria has already submitted to the Cabinet of Turin a proposal to march 200,000 troops through Piedmont.

phatically adds, "thou art nothing here below; whatever thou mayest do, whatever thou mayest attempt, thou must die. The minute that elapses for you in this terrestrial journey, even if it should be called an age, must have its end. And at that supreme moment, it will be as if it had had no duration! There will remain nothing of what thou hast said, nothing of what thou hast done. Where now is Progress?"

M. Romieu follows up this view of Progress, before which the whole doctrine falls strictly and metaphorically to the dust, by an eloquent comparison of Christianity, teaching us to suffer, because such is our lot here below, that we may live happy in another world; and Socialism, in which every man would live for himself, even to the contempt of God. "M. Proudhon, who has constituted himself the extreme expression of revolt against Christianity, will also die in his turn. He will then feel the real value of terrestrial things, and that he might just as well have left them alone, for only one thing remains for all alike, and that is death."

M. Eugène Pelletan has declared, in the *Presse* of the 1st December, 1850, that not a child is born in France that is not a Socialist ("*Il n'y a pas une femme qui accouche, a l'heure qu'il est, qui n'accouche d'un Socialiste*"). Any puerile parliamentary arrangements to meet such a danger, is, according to M. Romieu, the combat of Don Quixote against the mills. The French nation, he declares, no longer exists. There is on the old soil of the Gauls some anxious rich, and many covetous poor; there is only that. The poor brought up to envy, to hatred, to thirst for pillage, are ready to devastate, with their millions of arms, the mansions, the abodes of the luxurious, and to disperse everything that appears to be an insult to them. France is no longer that privileged country which elected a constitutional legislation; it is now a collection of everything that fills you with dread in Paris, and of peasants ready to arm themselves with scythes, like the Poles, *their brethren*, to carry devastation far and wide in the name of equality. "How inglorious it is to go so idiotically to the guillotine, even if they lead us there in white gloves!"

We do not pretend to follow M. Romieu in his long discursive evocation of the Red Spectre; suffice it, here and there, to string together a few of the more striking sentences illustrative at once of his mode of thought, his argument, and his apprehensions. Of all these, few have struck us more forcibly than his asseveration, that so corrupt are the masses in France, so utterly void of all religious feeling and moral sense, as to look upon everything that is not theirs as if it ought to be theirs, and to consider every sign of superiority, from the coat on one's back to the house of abode, or the vehicle of transport, *as an insult!* The liberal school of the day, in destroying what it was pleased to call prejudices—that is, respect to man, to property, to the law, and to the Deity—was supposed to have filled up the void left with equally efficient philosophical dogmas: witness the practical working of this philosophy in the Spectre evoked by M. Romieu, and let us tremble that ever the same spirit should spread in our hitherto happy country—but happy no longer, if, harbouring foreign incendiaries, it should allow the spirit of a corrupt and jealous envy to creep abroad, to fill the bosoms of the poor and the working classes, to rouse their worst passions of desire, cupidity and covetousness, and to yell them on to destruction.

Yet there never was a philosophy of human origin that had not its ridiculous aspect. M. Romieu exposes and denounces a state of society

sufficiently awful to make the hair of many a timid politician stand on an end—M. Romieu sees no alternative but an armed and disciplined body led against the Red Spectre by a despotic inflexible Cæsar; but when M. Romieu himself begins to ponder upon the origin of such a fearful state of things, his meditations are as philosophical as those of a goose contemplating a pool that itself has made muddy.

The abolition of the lottery, he would have us believe, has been one of the causes of Socialism; not in the state of theory, but in the state of sentiment. And this is the truly Gallic manner in which the ex-prefect explains this proposition. "Formerly, when one of those men in blouses, who terrify you by their foresight, saw a splendid equipage passing with its high-bred horses—when he saw seated therein a young and pretty female, wearing a shawl, the mere price of which would have fed two families during a whole year, he did not feel himself influenced by a ferocious envy and hatred; he said to himself, 'I shall, perhaps, have all that to-morrow.' He returned to his cold garret without evil passions being aroused; he only indulged in comparative projects of luxury for the future, or disputed with his wife and children how the next prize should be disposed of. But now what are the reflections of the same man when the carriage passes before him? He says, 'Never can that belong to me. However good my conduct may be, however great my economy, never shall I have that which I see, and *that which insults me!*'"

Another illustration is really so bad that we cannot record it here. Sodom and Gomorrah, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were not more fallen, more corrupt, morally and physically than Paris, peopled in 1852 by the Red Spectres—we hope only conjured up by M. Romieu's politico cabalistic art, by way of introduction to a Cæsar in embryo.

It has been projected to revise the constitution, and the project has been a source of great anxiety. People ask one another what would be the result of such an act were it to be carried into execution. Suppose, say some, that a portion of the Legislative Assembly should withdraw in consequence, would there not ensue some eminent catastrophe? It has also been projected to revise the law of the 31st of May on universal suffrage. All such projects in face of the real danger M. Romieu holds to be worse than puerile. While serious intelligent men are discussing legislative enactments of insignificant purport, the devastating mob is every day receiving new recruits and attaining a higher degree of organisation. The insensate leaders of the social revolt which will devour themselves, hasten along the fatal slope upon which their doctrines and their ambition has cast them. More than one of these leaders is fully aware that the fearful struggle in which he has engaged himself will cost him his head; but so great is human pride, that it impels him even to such an extreme sacrifice. Besides, those very chieftains can no longer control their followers. Their terrible password—Appetite—is not one calculated to preserve the immense crowd of their followers, dispersed in the most remote hamlets of France, in a peaceful attitude.

And even if these leaders were sufficiently powerful to restrain the hungry multitude to whom they have given a flag, nothing can prevent the great electoral agitation of 1852 from calling all their troops ready armed into the field of action. Peace will no longer be possible from that day forth in the smallest village. There will be no longer question of *commissions* and *votes* at that supreme hour. The struggle will no

longer be carried on by argument, but by arms. Even those who preach most in favour of *humanity* know that force will be necessary to their success; and does not every one know how they would use it, had they but the opportunity? "Faith and Force—sole levers of human movements—there is nothing without you that is not powerless and factitious! The material combat, despite the phraseology of the Ideologists, will never cease to be the supreme sanction of facts."

So strongly is M. Romieu imbued with this doctrine of Force, that he says he shall not regret having lived in these gloomy times, if he can only once see THE MOB—that filthy and stupid beast which he holds in horror—well chastised and fustigated. "Look at it," he exclaims, "whatever may be its costume, blouse or coat—whatever its manners, its education, its beliefs; in a saloon, where there is pressure to see, or hear better; at the door of a theatre, where entrance is coveted; in the theatre itself, where there is impatience, and where wit is made to consist in beating feet and sticks; at the bar, singing that ignoble rhythm, which has become almost historical, under the name of the '*Air des Lampions*,' on the public square, at break of day, when a head is about to fall under the knife of the guillotine Look at the mob, everywhere and always, and you will find it, not only foolish, but imbecile, brutal, and idiotic, *à faire vomir*. It appears that the moment men are gathered together in masses, that a magnetism of stupidity and vulgarity is developed, and suddenly changes honest people into idiots or madmen."

"And yet the mob governs; and it is its government that has been chosen! It would not be too much in return for such an infliction to ask to be present at the tumbling down of this dirty empire. It is to be hoped that we shall see the saturnalia of the day come to an end. This renovation of the human race can only be accomplished by a flood of human gore. But the movement will be prompt, however terrible it may be. The chief, who is to appease this immense tumult, will soon show himself. Who is he? and can he be even guessed at? No; not this evening, nor to morrow; but he exists, and we have seen him pass by: one of those men before whom all succumb as by instinct."

There is no doubt of the fact. France is far too much of a military nation to allow itself to be devastated by a mob of predatory Socialists. The RED SPECTRE will, when on foot, be exorcised by the bayonets, the sabres, the cannon of the soldiery of 1852; as the *Canailles* of *La Jacquerie* in 1358 fell one upon another at the mere sight of knightly armour, and were cut down and slaughtered like beasts (we are quoting Mézerai) by the gallant Anglo-Gascon Captal de Buch and the Count of Foix. The *Times* has, with M. Romieu, avowed that the conclusion of so perplexing a situation of affairs as is now presented in France can only be terminated by superior force. "It may," it said, in a leader of April 23d, "be the force which sometimes changes the form of government in an hour, or the contest which arrays a nation in the camps of civil war. But this much is certain, in political as well as natural science, that when a stream is dammed up by obstacles it cannot surmount, the accumulated waters will force a passage and open a channel." If it must be so, it is just as well to be prepared for the coming struggle; and however much we may regret it for the sake of humanity, still it is to be hoped that the Red Spectre of 1852, if it does make his appearance, will meet with a reception that will be a lesson to all turbulent states.

NOTES OF THE OPERA.

A CERTAIN poet of the olden time declared that the soul itself was nothing but harmony; if it be so, and that its well-being depends on that harmony remaining undisturbed, how much gratitude do we not owe to those who keep our souls in tune, and vary the pleasures of existence with a continuous stream of sweet sounds, like those bees so eloquently described by Homer, the prince of melody, as pouring ceaselessly out of a hollow rock, in endless companies, and settling on the sweet flowers of Spring.

To Mr. Lumley—the very high priest of music—is the town, therefore, a debtor for the unwearied diligence and untiring zeal he displays in catering for the flocks of impatient amateurs who, the moment the happy tidings reach them that the Opera season has begun, hasten to his flower-wreathed temple, ready to yield themselves up to the delights which they know are prepared for them.

It must, however, be confessed that seldom, at so early a period of the musical year as the present, has the treat in store been so richly developed as the season of 1851 has permitted. Little could the uninitiated expect that, while waiting, with what patience they could muster, for the unapproachable beauty of the songs of Sontag—little could they reckon on the gratification which awaited them when the magnificent theatre under Mr. Lumley's control threw open its wide portals and let the light within stream forth.

It is true that Paris is now incredibly near London, and it is also true that the language of our neighbours is as familiar as our "Household Words" to most of us, and that we might have known by the Paris papers what a star had risen in the musical world in the person of the "wondrous sweet and fair" Caroline Duprez; yet were we taken by surprise when she burst upon us in London, and, full of timidity, modesty, grace, and youth, told to the listening ear of hundreds that Sontag had not absorbed all the melody floating in the enchanted air she breathes.

When this lovely syren of seventeen appeared as the tender and ill-starred bride of *Lammermoor*, charming and interesting as we found her, the tremor of a first introduction to a London audience, which might naturally bewilder her, bewildered us altogether; and we were so much struck with her beauty, her youth, and the magnitude of the task she had undertaken, that a full appreciation of her powers was, perhaps, impossible. But since she has made a character her own in the delightful opera of "Gustave"—one of the most stirring and animated of Auber's compositions—we seem to know her thoroughly; and having at once thrown off all nervousness as to her astonishing powers, we are ready to abandon the accomplished artist to her fame, without taking her extreme youth into consideration at all. In her charmingly fantastic dress as a page, her animated acting, her spirit and enthusiasm, the pretty Caroline so won all hearts, that she established herself a favourite in her first scene, and only added to the admiration she excited every time she appears.

This opera of "Gustave," to which the indefatigable Scribe has furnished words, is an important acquisition to the stores of the theatre, and, since no less than twenty years have elapsed since the subject was introduced as a drama to an English audience on an English stage, it may be looked upon as altogether new. The plot is very stirring, and,

from the first scene to the last, the interest never flags—a circumstance rather rare in Italian *libretti*, where the music alone is usually enough to fix the attention. Some of the lighter airs are sufficiently well known in ball-rooms, and return upon the ear like well-remembered friends, to be welcomed and cherished; but the music, as a whole, is a combination of melody, new and exquisite.

In the East, scenery, singing, and dancing, are looked upon as necessary to be exhibited together if a perfect whole is desired; and in the operas of Auber, both in "Gustavus" and the "Muta di Portici," this rule has been strictly attended to: happy for the author and composer that the theatre on which these scenes are represented have resources of art capable of meeting all requirements.

As for the "Muta di Portici," long familiar to the French stage as "Massaniello," it is even, if possible, more attractive than "Gustave" itself, were it not that the charming Caroline Duprez is not in it; for here the beautiful Fiorentini appears to more advantage, to our minds, than as the wife of *Ankastrom.* We do not like her dress in the first character; her figure is too fine to be covered up and concealed by a heavy fur mantle, however gorgeous; and she remains veiled so much, that we have not the delight of looking on her faultless face—a privation which even the listening to her seraph tones does not compensate. But in the bride, in the brilliant opera of "Massaniello," she shines forth in a blaze of beauty; her costume is perfect, and her looks are

Able to draw men's envies upon man.

The part of *Finelle* has introduced one of the most accomplished *mimes* to the Italian stage that ever yet astonished, agitated, and enchained an audience. Madame Monti's genius is so surpassing, that while we gaze on her expressive gestures in breathless anxiety, we are unable to persuade ourselves that she utters no sound, and that it is not our ears that inform us of all the sorrows and indignation of the deserted fair one.

Numerous *débuts* have introduced to us many admirable singers, male and female; amongst the chief is Signor Pardini, who, in despite of the cruel east wind—which, though it comes from a land of musk and roses, gathers in its journey to our shores the unkindest breath of icy sharpness—yet contrived to show that he possesses a tenor voice of extreme power, purity, and expression. Alas! after his first night of triumph he was obliged to succumb, and when her Majesty, attracted by the fame of so many successes, honoured the theatre with her presence, he was unable to continue his part of *Massaniello*, and to renew the admiration of the audience at his exquisite manner of giving the inimitable barcarole, 'Il piccol legno ascendi," which never produced a finer sensation than on the first night he sung it. We shall hope to hail his return to health speedily, and welcome him with the spring flowers. M. Massol, thanks be to Apollo! is free, and his glorious talent has resisted even the east wind.

We thought that in the magnificent scene of the masked ball in "Gustave" all the resources of the theatre were exhausted to produce an effect so brilliant; we thought the enchanting Carlotta could never appear in a scene of more unbounded gorgeousness; that we could never compare with the marvellous "galop" any other *divertisement.* We thought that the "Ile des Amours" and Ferraris had absorbed all of beauty, grace, and spirit that could be produced, but we had not reckoned on the bridal ballet and the fascinating grouping in the animated *tableaux* of the Nea-

politan fishermen. Scene succeeds to scene, and picture to picture, in this most delightful of operas, till the spectator is exhausted with melody, and the magic of the visions which fleet before him make him doubt if he is really living in a work-a-day world, where there is anything else but dance and song, light and perfume.

The "Guarache," the "Bolero," the "Tarentelle," the "Neapolitaine!" See! what rushing hosts of fairies, sylphs, and spirits of all kinds! See! how they bound, and fleet, and fly, embrace and elude each other,—to return with fresh wiles and graces. Faust never beheld in his visions of whirling worlds anything so wild, so startling, or so lovely. The dresses of feathery lightness and hue, or of contrasted depth of colour; the castanets, the tambours, the mandolines; the whirrings as in air of winged figures; the dartings, as in water, of glittering forms; the momentary crowding, the simultaneous dispersing, to disclose other groups of aërial nimbleness; those soon lost again in the enfolding ranks of laughing, springing, clasping sisters that whirl away into space! How shall we follow them! Suddenly they become immoveable, hundreds of pretty faces, dimpled with smiles of exultation and triumph, are turned on the amazed audience, and the curtain falls amidst a shout of applause. The highest perfection of ballet is achieved—the force of art in this exquisite department of the realm of grace can go no further.

Of all the great masters of scenic art, there is not one whose pictures are so capable of furnishing materials for a ballet as the unique Watteau. The brilliant colouring of his dresses, the elegance and refinement of his figures, the grace and piquancy of his groups, the stories he tells of lovers, their gay quarrels—forgotten as soon as made—their petty reconciliations, their rose-coloured jealousies and azure-tinted revenges; the killing with a frown, the braining with a fan, the annihilation with a feather, the revivifying with a smile, the maddening with a glance,—all are depicted beneath the fragrant shades, by the embowered fountains in the atmosphere of loveliness, glowingly represented by the charming painter of courtly manners, whose style can be understood by all, and must be admired by every lover of the beautiful and the graceful.

As we look on Watteau's scenes we have but one desire: that his personages should rouse themselves from the immoveability in which they are fixed on the all but animated canvas, and, stepping forth from their dreamland of flowers and groves, walk, move, play, and dance before us "in their habits, as they lived."

An enchanter's wand has at length been found powerful enough to awaken these bewitching princesses of Arcadia, with all their attendant train of lovers and slaves; and, with all the added lustre of reality, the personages of Watteau have made themselves familiar friends of an amazed and delighted audience, who behold them now in all the fascination of actual existence.

The "Ile des Amours" has realised the painter's idea; and so original and beautiful are the living groups, that it would rather seem that the artist had studied from them than that they owed their being to him.

Amalia Ferraris returns full of fascination, and, surrounded by her nymphs, dazzles and enchants us by the splendour of her talent. The exquisite Carlotta comes bounding and smiling before us more irresistible than ever;—but not these divinities alone charm the eye and the heart. Every beautiful figure that whirls past in the little world of golden light which forms the stage seems a genius and a fairy, and each individually

performs some feat of agility and grace which make her for the moment the favourite amongst the host of favourites that strive for pre-eminence to be "fairest where all are fair."

The *corps de ballet* is not now what once it was—merely a beautiful whole, attendant on the great effects produced by certain famous dancers. From year to year Mr. Lumley has been gradually improving, or rather changing its character, until it comes forth a new creation, perfect in all its parts a poem, every stanza of which is polished to the utmost, every word of which is a jewelled link in the chain of harmony.

These varied attractions were our Lenten entertainments, and, but that we know how faithfully Mr. Lumley keeps all his promises to the public, we should have doubted that the programme for after Easter could have been kept. But already we have the evidence on which we can rely.

The real season opened on the Tuesday in Easter week, with Mademoiselle Duprez in a new character, that of *Adina*, in the "Elisir d'Amore." It is one that suits her perfectly; and a more charming representative of the bewitching little village coquette we never remember to have seen. Archness in acting, and sweetness in singing, rendered her impersonation of *Adina* all that could be desired. The "Elisir" was the vehicle also for bringing back the great, the inimitable Lablache—greater, if possible, than of yore—in the famous *Dr. Dulcamara*. The breadth of his comedy, and the inexhaustible volume of his voice, kept the house in a perpetual state of mirth and amazement. Need we say how warmly he was welcomed? It was no slight advantage, moreover, to the opera, that Colletti appeared as *Belcore*. Calzolari's *Nemorino* was a carefully finished piece of singing. Carlotta Grisi, in a selection from "Les Metamorphoses," threw the last charm over that evening's entertainment. On the Thursday following we had the "Muta di Portici," and all that created our first impression was more than reproduced.

The last opera we had the opportunity of witnessing was on Saturday night, when "Lucrezia Borgia" was selected for the purpose of introducing *another* new *prima donna* in the person of Mademoiselle Alaimo, who performed the part of the heroine. This lady will prove a great acquisition to Mr. Lumley's numerous and powerful *corps*, which contains so many names of first-rate excellence, that the only question will be how to afford to all of them adequate means for the exhibition of their talent. As a singer, Mdlle. Alaimo will occupy a distinguished place, and as a tragedian, the very first. Her voice is of a fine quality, her style highly cultivated, her tones of extreme clearness and purity, and her manner effective without effort. The applause which she received was a real tribute to her merits; and her success was complete. Gardoni made his first appearance for the season as *Gennaro*, and was most warmly welcomed. He seems, since we last saw him, to have acquired increased physical strength, while his voice has lost nothing of its sweetness. Ida Bertrand made an excellent *Orsini*, and sang the "Brindisi" with a brilliancy and *gusto* that drew forth a rapturous *encore*. The *Alfonso* of Lablache was majestic, grand, and terrible, as of yore.

Alory's new opera of "Le Tre Nozze" will be brilliantly inaugurated this evening, when Madame Sontag makes her first appearance for the season as *Luisa*—a part in which she has had a supreme success in Paris; and on Saturday the divine *cantatrice* is announced for *Maria*, in the "Figlia del Reggimento."

This is, indeed, keeping "the word of promise to the ear."

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF MARTIN AND CALVIN JOHN.

BY A POOR KINSMAN OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Preamble. ALL such as have read the pleasant history of my blood kinsman Jonathan, a witty man and a dean, which he wrote concerning Martin and Calvin John, will doubtless listen favourably to a short history ecclesiastical of that which took place under the sun, before and after they settled on the farm, whereon each, it seems, in their generation grew strong and lusty.

Inasmuch, too, as in days when Colburn was not, whenever any news, pleasant or of interest, was to be published, a herald or trumpeter would stand him forth in the market-place, and summon all men-at-arms, feodals, villeins, householders, and the rest, to hear his news withal; so let me, or us poor pensmen, for we be many, rouse all tything-men, pew-openers, and Puseyites, tractors, and *dis*tractors, vicars easy and curates poor,—bishops, in that they too do read the *New Monthly*—moreover, payers of rates, and grumblers at the same—thee, Parson Poundtext, of the Manse; and thee, Uriah Stedfast, of Zion Triumphat Chapelrie; thee, Young Chrysostom of Oriel; and thee, Medievalist of Camden,—Gorhamites, Arnoldites, Bennettites, and all of the "ites" and "isms" which abound; parish clerks and faithful wardens; Exeter, Pius, Cumming, Wiseman, dons, deans, and deacons—Oyez! listen to these presents—for all and several of you the same have an interest in the farm, its rise, history, and appurtenances, whereof we speak.

An apologie to the reader. Item—In that it may be descried in ancient limners' pictures where animals do appear, the artists thereof have written undermost "Ye dogge," "Ye foxe," and so forth, guiding the mind of the beholder to a discernment of the same, this historie must be premised by the like props to guileless understandings, and the facile twigging of much allegory—we warn you that the farm of which it is spoken signifieth the Ch—h of En—d, that Gregory is the P—e, that the Scarlet Madam is the bad woman of Babylon, and for the rest, rather consider thyself, O reader, dense to the uttermost, or that birches shaded not thy academe, if aught herein written striketh not thy apprehension.

A defence. Moreover, if thou beest astute, thou wilt not fail to see that there be styles numerous and diverse in these chronicles. Marvel not at this. All in vain have I, the compiler, besought Mac—y, Alis—n, Camp—ll, Sh—t, Mil—r, and others who have aided herein, to preserve a uniform method, though to the loss of much fair paper and many stamps—and like as gallery singers in churches do alter them Handel, as it seemeth for the better, so have I, *non temnens ignobile vulgus*, not scorning the vulgar, harmonise to myself, and for you, all these historians their beauties, and put aside all those manifold faultinesses which degrade their treatises.

The early historie of John's fair farm. As all men must needs have once been young, the same happened to our John, to whom from early time the farm pertained. Being a lad, he was uncouth of speech, rough in manner, and scarce a pair of breeches

to cover him, but with bare legs and a large appetite, he moved among the fields, whereon goodly houses now stand, careless of the morrow, so that a dinner was forthcoming for to-day.

At an early age he united himself to one, a Saxon born, named Angelica, or Anglica (whence the Anglicans, of which many still do linger about Exeter, Oxford, and other their fastnesses). A plain, homelie dame was Anglica; a good honest peasant lass with small learning, and by no means a wise rich lady, as some writers have feigned. The Anglican dame.

Few are the books or ledgers which record the working of the farm in these rude days. Some old receipts and vouchers have I found in the rood-loft of St. Paul's, whither all antiquaries, dismayed at the huge charges of the sexton, timorously feared to penetrate,—yet on these the ink is faded, and the matter scanty to wit. Nevertheless did I send them to a fellow of Oriel, most gluttonous of black letter, of whose wisdom I am assured that all was regular, or "Catholic," as the deponent was pleased to call it. It seems, however, to us, that the the farm was misordered much; that the overseers were few, the labourers ill-paid, and some store of couch-grass and other weeds all running to seed over the lowlands; to which add, that much waste land did lie untouched, and the buildings in bad condition. The state of the farm in early age, when Anglica was alive.

Now John had a relation, by name "Old Gregory," with a snug and tidy bit of land, right among seven hills, across the water. A tolerable farmer was he, as times went, and though he didn't stick quite close to the covenants of his lease (for it was no special copyhold, whatever he may say), yet he bestirred himself to enclose much bog land, and perhaps if he had possessed a proper "press" to polish down the "clods," his fields would have been in better order. If there had been better roads in these times, too, our John might have, doubtless, got a wrinkle from his kinsman, and Anglica made a better housekeeper; as it was, then, they were two stay-at-homes, the soil getting choked with weeds, unturned and uncared for, while the labourers either spent their days in hunting or fighting, or else lay snoring at home by their peat-fires. Another farm, over the which was one Gregory.

By-and-by, Old Gregory heard that our John was making a hash of it, so thinking, as is usually the case, it was his wife's fault, Anglica to wit, he determined to send her cousin over there, without an invitation, to see if, by keeping house for him, she mightn't be able to lick things a little into shape—the lady's name being Madam Scarletina—to look after her boxes, and help our John to get a little into the new system of farming (a onefold, or Catholic system, he called it). An active labourer, called Augustine, with a score of lads, was sent with the young woman also. Off they started on board an oyster dredger, and, without much sea-sickness, grounded on the beach near Dover. How Gregory sent to look after our John's farm.

Well, the whole party trudged off to our John's farm, and tapped at the door. John was rather taken aback at seeing such a posse; but, whatever his faults, he was a liberal fellow, so he asked them all in, and sending Augustine and his boys down to the servants' hall, he took Madam into the parlour and introduced her to her cousin Anglica, who was terribly flustered at receiving such quality folks, and began dusting the tables and sweeping up the grate—not before they wanted it. John was a blunt fellow; so, after asking after the governor—meaning Gregory What Madam Scarlet did when she came to the farm.

—to which Madam answered, "*The* governor of the farm is well," rather marking the "The"—he added, "Do you make a long stay in these parts?" to which Madam said she intended to stay just as long as John would let her; to which John ought perhaps to have said, "I hope you will remain a very long while with us," &c. &c., but he didn't, because Saxon folk had not learnt such pretty words—glass beads full of nothing. So here we leave them to talk over family secrets; only, be it remembered, that in less than no time Madam Scarlet had whipped her trunks into the best bedroom, looked into all the closets, and began planning out at least a dozen ways of altering house and household.

Madam Scarlet hangs up her shawl in our John's house.

How the Anglic Episcopes budged not for Augustine.

Meanwhile, Augustine and the lads had found their way into the kitchen, where the bailiffs and "overseers," or "episcopes," were talking round the fire.

"Morning, *gen*tlemen," was his courteous greeting.

"Summum fastiquim Auroræ vobis," cried one of Augustine's lads.

"'Fac-fac,' 'Dado,'" cried another.

"Quomodo est, puerri antiqui," cried a third hearty fellow.

Not a man of all our John's overseers moved an inch.

"Quinam, in nomine, Nicholæ veteris, sunt vos?" was all the welcome.

"We are servants of the mother ch——farm, I mean. Matris alumni sumus."

"Mater! anne scit te esse ex?" roared out the head bailiff. And with that they all drew their seats round the fire, and took no more notice of them than an archdeacon does of a Welsh curate.

What the man Augustine thought of the farm.

Warneth against early farm histories.

Upon this, Augustine and the lads went out in a huff; and after looking out for some outhouses where they might lodge, went to cast his eye over the glebe. A pretty mess the farm was in; no pens for the sheep, or, at best, very small, poor, crazy things; not a single house for the lambs (in fact, the first bailiff John had who did his duty in that line, was one Alfred, some time after this); and a lot of rude shepherd boys, who might have been well enough, but their appearance was certainly against their promotion. It made him quite sick; so although he had made up his mind at first to go back as fast as shoe-leather would carry him, he thought it just as well to stay a bit, and for Old Gregory's sake try to do a little for the farm. How he fared afterwards you will find in DCCC. quarto volume of the "Ancient Fathers," 717 of whom have copiously written thereon, borrowing religiously one from the other, each adding of his own wit unto the former, which last hath told you just as much as the compiler of these veritable annals. Having divers scruples touching the like proceeding, and placing small reliance on those authors who have recorded much concerning this epoch, it must satisfy you, gentle reader, to hear that as to how the farm went on for the next few harvests we have nought to say; whence follows, that if thou puttest no questions thou wilt hear from us few leasings; with which merrie jest we pick up the first end of the skein, which is sadly reticulated.

A jest.

Poor Madam Anglica pineth away, and is no more.

Somehow or other, whether it was that Madam Scarlet took on too much, or whether John seemed to pay her too much attention, certain it is poor Anglica, never a very hale woman, fell away, and at last took to her room altogether, where, one fine morning in May, she was found dead in her bed, and though great attempts were tried afterwards to galvanize her—people thinking 'twas only a swoon—the poor thing was dead. She had never been what you may call an active

woman, but was a good simple soul enough, though candour compels us (*nem. con.*) to say she really wasn't much missed. The fact is, Madam Scarlet, after her arrival, very soon gave out to the household that she "kept the keys," and deuce a bit would bread or milk be dispensed by any one else. Where John interred his amiable partner I can't say; but a man, or a book, called Perran-zabulœ, says there has been found her tombstone in the sand down in Cornwall; and for six shillings you may see how much may be made by carefully observing four stone walls, with a lot of mortar in the middle.

Her epilogue, by the compiler herself.

What Madam Scarlet did thereon.

John was now a widower, and yet not exactly that; one thing he soon found—he had caught a Tartar. Nobody can imagine what airs the "housekeeper" now gave herself. She wouldn't let people call her plain ma'am. It was, "By your pardons, good mother,"—or, "With your full indulgences,"—"May I be excused for this or that,"—and yet, all the while, she would call herself to John "His servant's servant," and other humble phrases, such as the detaining creditor useth in refusing nineteen and elevenpence threefarthings in the pound to the scamp who hath cheated him. How could he be so fatuous as not to see through this? Poor fellow, he saw it must be Madam or nobody! As for setting to work to study his book, why, I tell you, he had no book; and, what's more, he couldn't read it if he had had as many as there are in the Religious Tract Society; and what's more, if he had wished to do so, and books had been as plenty as Bibles are now, Madam wasn't going to teach him. She knew an artifice equivalent to the number of single combinations of two such processes. There was no doubt but that he was in a fix. Little by little he gave in to her—he couldn't argue; therefore, for peace and quietness, he soon gave in. Very soon he got so much under hatches, that, if a gate wanted mending, or a drain was to be cut, he used to go to her and ask "if he *may* do it;" an odd word, "*may*" to use, for a man in his *own* house—at least as much his own as his coat and waistcoat was. Albeit, Madam had a very coaxing way with her, just suited to take the fancy of a rude lubberly youth, uneducated, and a stay-at-home as our John was then. Of a long winter's evening, so early as the sixth, or seventh, or eighth turn of the glass (for they had no clocks), she would sit down after tea and tell him long stories about martyrs how they burnt, and devils how they went about, and saints, some of whom wouldn't wash, and others wouldn't eat, and others who lodged in a tree, and others who aired themselves on the top of a pillar, till John's blood ran cold, and he used to think he felt something creeping about his legs, or fancy the door-handle was turning—with other whimsies. At other times she would rummage in her pocket and pull out a lot of trumpery, a piece of skin, or a white tooth, and holding it up to the candle, ask "If he could imagine what that was?" He wasn't much of a man for riddles or algebra, or such like, so at a guess he would say, "*That's* a bit of sheep's skin," "and that's a bit of white Castile soap." Upon which she would frown and say, "Sire, these be relics—holy relics. With this—*parchment* forsooth!—six Oxford and two Cambridge bachelors paid their debts merely by *signing the cross at the bottom.* With this—*soap* is it, sir?—1800 Caledonian soldiers of the line cured an obstinate itch merely by applying it to their bodies once a day." And so she went on, making the poor man stare again.

John in sore plight,

but knuckleth down to Madam Scarlet, her ways.

She telleth huge fibs to quell John withal touching martyrs, and saints, and relics.

Soon after, she turned the farmhouse upside down, putting bits of red paper in one window, and a yellow pane in another, and scarlet patches

She decorated the farm, show-

ing whence the early English style did come; in another, made out of her own petticoat, till the good folks in the room seemed, some to have the jaundice, they looked so yellow: and others to be half tipsy, they looked so flushed; and others for all the world as if they had been sifting brickdust. You'd have thought there must have been a tax on good bright sunlight, she took such mighty pains to make the light "dim and religious"—words she must have got out of a poetry book. One morning when John came down to breakfast he found the walls covered with painted pictures; another day the whole place was stuck full of little wooden dolls; and there was Madam curtseying to one and bowing to another, and kneeling before a third, just as if—but its no use, neither will it edify, to enlarge on the folly thereof.

and introduceth images and pictures.

Madam's conjuring water.

Then there was another thing which bewildered the man mightily; Madam would put a tub of water outside the door, by the scraper, and another in the parlour, over the which standing a good ten minutes, she would talk hocus pocus, and various dictionary words: people therefrom called the same "conjuring water for the farm." Now to the purposes hereof: if the cat sneezed, or the soot fell down the chimney, or John hiccupped, hey! presto! off was Madam to the tub, bringing therefrom a goodly sponge, wherewith she slopped John in the face, or squeezed it down his neck; he for his part daring to make neither speech nor utterance. To see what you and I *might* come to!

Conjuring water a Catholic custom in Heathendom.

Now it pleaseth me to add, that I know, of a verity, that the old butchers in the temples of heathendom had their lustral, or conjuring water too, albeit for cleanly ends, of washing their hands, which the blood of pigs and goats slain for the priests' dinner did in due consequence defile. The which things surely be now grown old.

How John went on a pilgrimage.

Yet in other unseemly fashion was our John bamboozled. By descanting so oft touching St. Daffy, his elixir; and St. Welsh (a pious widow), her pills; and St. Holloway, and other saints (from whom the doctor preserve us!), she soon made John believe and swallow many fraudulent deceits, accomplishing the same, and enlarging his gullet by these cajoleries. She would pull out an illuminated picture-book, and go through it like a showman: "Look to the right, and you will see Saint Morison, with a box of pills in his hand; there is '*All-borough*,' the old Tory cripple, running a race with the 'American Deer.' After thirteen years' rheumatic gout, he took a piece of bread from the saint's hand, and was on 'his legs in a jiffy.' John! don't breathe on the illuminated pictures. Look to the left, and you will see six royal children a-crying of the toothache. Queen Victoria has called on Saint Daffy, and he has brought a toothbrush, wherewith he cleans the Prince of Wales's teeth. The royal infant is now a-crying. 'Ha, ha!—cured in an instant.' So great is the power of the saints." All the which, forasmuch as they were in a book, John received to the uttermost. Eftsoon, John would himself get the indigestion, and herewith nightmare; upon which, thinking himself possessed of the Evil One, he would go to Madam for advice. Upon which she, knowing that he through sluggishness had fallen into such disorder, yet told him not, bid him go to the shrine, or toll-bar, of St. Dunstan, and make oblations of coin to the saint, doing penance the while. Whereupon, calling the servants, all straightway pulled off shoon and hose, and trudged them off to the toll-bar of St. Dunstan, fourteen miles good meting, walking tenderly, barefoot, over the flints, and sprightly through the thistles, and hoppingly among the nettles, till they came to the toll-bar of St. Dunstan.

The miracles of St. Daffy and St. Morison.

The pilgrimage of John to the toll-bar of St. Dunstan.

Oh, to see the bowings hither and thither the poor fellows made! There they stood in a row, acting in this wise: first, they bowed three dozen times towards Mecca; then they would jabber out "hocus pocus" eight hundred times, all witless as to the meaning of the same; and, lastly, each taking the bottom button of his waistcoat, would say, "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, apothecary, thief!" proceeding upwards to each button one dozen times. The like custom, whose meaning Moskell hath not descried, seemeth to linger yet in the lesser schools of this country. But to our pilgrims: these orisons (that's the name for saying words you can't construe)—these orisons over, every man dropped a crooked sixpence in the till, and hied them home after the same fashion. Be sure Madam was at the window to see how it fared with John. There she stood, laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks, as she saw John come in all of amuck, scratching his stung calves, and picking out the thistle pricks; and he, poor fellow, thought a pilgrimage a sore unpleasant thing, though, he must say, his indigestion was better after his run—thanks to the glorious St. Dunstan! I wonder if he thought when Madam came out in a new gown the Sunday after, that she had sent a man to collar all the sixpences at the toll-bar!

The wonderful cure of indigestion by a pilgrimage to the toll-bar of St. Dunstan.

Good reader, I *could* tell you many family secrets about other guiles practised upon our John's mind. But they be things too solemn to mix up with laughter. It were ill catering for me to speak of aught that is sacred in so medley a treatise as this be.

Wherefore to the history. All this while old Gregory had continuously written to his daughter, seeking what *shift* she was making—not for herself, but the farm to wit. No sooner had he heard that John bewrayed himself a soft youth, and open-handed, thinks he I may as well have a finger in the pie, with such a goose's head under the crust of the same. A cunning old *Petersham!* Mild enough he drew it at first! One Christmas, over came a letter sealed with some keys, so polite, saying, "Dearest John, *lend* us a penny. Yours, + Gregory (for Peter)."—"Here 'tis, and welcome, old boy," was the answer. Next Candlemas, over came another from Gregory—"Dear John, *give* us a penny: I'm very hard up. Yours, as before, + Gregory (for Peter)." John didn't so much as grumble, but despatched the brown, and many of the labourers likewise. Well, next Shrovetide a third letter followed—"Dear John, I hope you won't forget you *owe* me a penny, and tell the others that I shall be glad if their little bill is settled, as I have a great account to make up. Yours, in haste, + Gregory (for Peter)." John scratched his head at this. "I'm sure I don't owe the fellow anything, nor do the men either." But Madam Scarlet rummaged out some dusty old books, which she had cooked up herself, and pointed to an entry here, and an entry there, and declared it was all "Catholic" and business-like. So John, who was a punctual man in payments, told the men he supposed there was something in it; and thus Gregory fingered the poor men's money, which they could ill spare. Perhaps John thought people would say he was a Pennsylvanian, or some such fellow, if he hung back. I am sure, if he only *could* have examined the books, he would have seen what a regular "Director" was Madam.

Enter Old Gregory.

Peter's pennies.

Gregory first borrowed; then asketh as a loan; then demandeth as a debt; and selleth his honour "all for the price of one penny."

Divers sage reasonings.

Howbeit, whether in lending or borrowing, as in taking of opinion, once begin, and thou wilt persevere in the same, yea, in spite of all judgment and soberness of reason. As was the case in after-times in John's great bailiff's debt, so with Gregory. "Neither a borrower

John excuseth himself,

nor a lender be" suited not his stomach; so having got in the wedge's point he mightily screwed the masonry. First it was a penny, then a shilling; and at last he put on John so much, that he sat down to excuse himself therefrom. He wasn't man enough yet to say "No!" so he devised what appeared a fine subtlety for evading the tax which somehow or other had stuck to his back like the old man in a fable I wot of. Taking a sheet of paper, he indited the following, not without much perplexity in spelling:

"DEAR G.,

"Wages is riz. Corn is flat. Taxes is high. Markets is dull. So no more at present from yours, "OLD JOHN.

"P.S.—Compliments to all at Babylon."

but findeth he had grasped the ear of the wrong sow.

Just as if Gregory, the old fox, couldn't see what this sort of thing meant. He did come out a buster now. Packing up a *Bulla*, as he called his letter—and a pretty *bullying* thing it was, with a seal as big as a soup-plate, he indited as follows:

"SWEET BROTHER,

A rejoinder from Gregory, showing the use of the Fathers, and how they be applied.

"Your gentleman's gentleman sends this greeting. Touching markets, &c. *Gallus ille non pugnabit*—'that cock won't fight,' as Ambrose saith. *Ex cum pulvere*—'down with the dust,' as Hierome, in his 'Small Debts Courts.' Unless *a draft to be honoured at sight*—*haustus statim sumendus* (after the old Father, Galen)—be sent to the Flaminian Gate before or on the festival of the Bag of St. Judas, I will *dephlogisticate* you. "Anathema!

"✠ GREGORY (for Peter)."

John opened this letter, and it fairly took away his appetite. It was the "tallest" talking he had ever heard. So off he went to Madam to ask what "dephlogisticate" meant. "Was it poison, or mathematics, or Doctors' Commons?"

Madam had her answer slashed and siccated.

Wherein John is sold again, Gregory getting the money.

"Simply this, John," was the reply. "*We* shall turn you and yours out of this *our* farm, lock the door, and put the key in our pockets after selling the chattels hereof."

John was *done*. He first swore a little, and then sat down to argufy the case. "'*Our* farm!'—d——, 'tis my farm. 'Turn *me* out!'—'dephlogisticate!'" This was a stopper. He was sure it was Old Bogy; so, with a terrible oath, and working his fist as if he had got Gregory's head in "chancery," he wrote off a cheque for the money, and for the present there was an end of that. In the sweet wordes of the Catholicke rhymer, "A very prettie pennie, from this pore pilgrime's pockete, Peter's pipere pickt."

An anecdote touching John of Hang-jew.

I do believe, an it had not been for one of John's bailiffes (oh, what a sneakinge caitif he was!), named John of "Hang-jew," all this would never have happened. He wanted to smooth old Gregory down the backe, to speake up for him with John, and he actually promised to go round and make a subscription among the workmans (the overseers don't pay—oh, no! not they) for Old Gregory's book.

This John had come into some property in a queer manner. His nephew Arthur disappeared, and though John worked the drags, and pretended to search the chalk-pits in the farm, thinking he might have

fallen in, the poor lad didn't get Christian burial; and when John was made head-bailiff the people shook their heads and said it was very strange. One morning, Gregory, finding that Hang-jew had not collected the subscription, sent over a big beadle, Pandulph, dressed up mighty fine, to serve Hang-jew with a writ for the money, which, with the expenses, came up to five shillings. Hang-jew saw Pandulph swelling along the road, and knew what he was after, so he ran to meet him, bowing and scraping to the old pompous coxcomb. "What may my fat friend want?" quoth he.

"In the name of the Universal Landlord, Grand Compounder of the Land in Tillage and out of Tillage, I charge you, John of Hang-jew, to *furcâ ex*—fork out—five shillings."

John Hang-jew swore he hadn't a sixpence in the world.

"Capiam coronam—I'll take a crown, then—I'm not perticular," rejoined the beadle.

John Hang-jew thought he meant to allude to a five-shilling piece he had got at poor young Arthur his death, so he began to knock under. After some chaufferie, finding that Pan was stubborn, he groped about in the money-box, and by begging a fourpence here, and pawning his shirt there, he got the money, and handed it over to Pan; whereon, he, a bully withal, took Hang-jew such a kick in the ribs as sent the shillings flying, and all the time the other men of the farm looked on, and never so much as wagged a finger, for Hang-jew was an ill-conditioned fellow altogether. But when Pan, with his fat paunch and blazing red tights, went about on knees, grunting and wheezing, to "pick up the 'bits,'" these honest men *did* say that he was the meanest, proudest old turkey-cock that ever ruffled his feathers in another man's yard; and I, in great measure, lay the above troubles of our John to this mean rogue's door; but they sarved him out after, for they made him sign a bill binding him down to good behaviour, and preventing him from ever taking on again in such guise.

But to return to our John and Madam Scarlet. Manifestly, this state of things couldn't last; every year things got worse and worse, and more than other, Madam's temper. She waxed out of long sufferance, so fat, and proud, and haughty, that there was no living with her. Not a joint came to the servants' table, but what she, or her maids, or men-of-all-work, would come and carve them the nicest slice for themselves; not a barrel of beer was brewed in a cottage, but down came Madam's order for a measure therefrom, for the good of the farm, or other false plea. Every shilling of wage paid to the servant-boys must be sweated down to tenpence—a halfpenny for repairing the nose of St. Barnabas, or a penny for the sole of St. Crispin, his shoe; and if they grumbled thereat, she would leave off her Latin, as in common talk, and begin to curse in good English, being the only times, forsooth, when she cared to speak in a tongue understood of the people. And such was merrie England in the olden time! The Scarlet Madam becometh more audace.

But better speed, I trow, was coming to our John and the farm,—strange, too, wrought by a pore labouring man (another John), Wicklif, or Wicks, as for shortness' sake. Ariseth John Wicks.

A right good painful man was he, honest, and of fair reputation, and so cute a scholar withal, that it was said he would have beaten Madam herself in reading and quilling. He was put to watch the cows down at the Oxenford, and look after the prentice lads; and while they were eating their dinners together he used to say, for the life of him he couldn't How John Wicks was set a-thinking,

make out this business of old Gregory, and 'twas a shame for a grown man like his master to let that Dame Scarlet take on with her conjuring water, and dolls, and pictures, and other rubbish.

He wasn't one of your Chartist folk either, but a right good workman, who took honest wage, and said "Thank you therefore." He did something more than only talk at dinner-time, as many now, for he went up to his master, who knew he was a scholar, and asked if he might be so bold to look over the farm lease.

and asked for a copy of the lease.

Our John stared, and didn't think there was such a thing on the farm; if he could find one, he might do what he liked with it, only he'd better hold his tongue about it to Madam, for he had heard her say 'twasn't meant for any but lawyers; just as if you or I would like our lawyers to say we must not see what they had been copying, if it was a money-bill, or, may be, a marriage-settlement. Off posts Wicks to the farm buildings at Oxenford, and, rummaging in the lumber-room, soon alighteth on a Latin copy of the least fairly written, the which tongue he understood right well.

Few copies I wot then.

You should have seen his face when he had read it. Not a word therein about Gregory having a freehold of the farms—no, not his own; not a word about pennies, or conjuring waters, or images, or saints, or pictures—barring that it told honest folk to ware themselves of such follies. John Wicks put this and that together, and came to opinionate that Madam W. Scarlet was a humbug; and though he wouldn't for the world say a word against his master, he knew now what the W. meant.

Which when found he peruseth.

Wicks findeth that Madam's hen was a-sitting on addled eggs.

Whenever he went up on Saturday nights to be paid with the rest, and heard Madam running on with the men, "that it was *un*possible she *could* be mistaken,"—and telling another "it was no use going to master,"—"she kept the keys, and he had better ax her pardon," and so forth, Wicks used to put his tongue in his cheek, which, if Madam saw, he would blow his nose, saying, "Omnis est oculus meus—it is all my eye, mistress." John Wicks was put up to this by a manager like of the farm, Jack Gaunt, or Caunt, the Lancaster champion, who bore small love Madamwards, unless for whom Wicks had been sent a-packing long since.

He poketh fun at Madam.

When Wicks had nothing better on hand at Oxenford, he would bestir himself in threshing, and a lusty flail in truth was his. Lots of old ricks stood in the yard, which people called Old Fathers' ricks, put up ever so long back. Turning up his cuffs, he would pull them to pieces, minding not a whit the smut and dust, and all manner of mildew therein, and lustily threshing them, would earn a shrewd penny for his master by getting what corn there was—not much, but of good sample—though in sooth chaff did abound. But, what was far better, many good copies made he of the lease, as did others also, though much did Madame fume, you may suppose, at serving-men taking such liberty.

He sets to work to see if he can get anything out of the old Fathers' ricks. They rusty, but some small store of corn.

Just afore Wicks was put on the farm, Old Gregory had packed off a swarm of dirty labourers, whom he would not feed himself, for our John's maintaining. These were tituled "Fryers," because, methinks, they fried so much fishes on Fridays; some of them in black gowns, and some in grey, without an inch of leather to their feet. Well, as they offered to work for nothing, our John and his lazy men folk were willing enough to let these lusty fellows dig, and plough, and run erranding. At first, John offered them so much for the job; but the cunning mumpers said, "Oh, no! Master Francis, or Master Dominic told us 'No! you work for good man John, and if you're hungry the good people will give you a bite and a sup for sweet charity's sake.'" So it surprises not if the

A tale about the Fryers.

They get rich, as do mumpers all.

women folks, seeing them dig lustily, as at first they did, should say, "Here, churle, a piece of pastie;" or, "Here, villein, a slice of brawn." This the more, as the other men lay the whiles snoring under the hedge. A good bellyful got these fryers by simulating such industry. Madam Scarlet, too, greeted them with no disfavour, for that they told her all the news they heard, and much, I wist, they spoke of leasing. At last, they craved far too much, and took an ell for an inch, as Solomon has it, so that deuce a bit could women people sit down to meals, but in came a fryer, so sure as a vulture to a battle, keenly winding the same. Small courtesy they stood on. It was, "By your leave, sweet mother, this flitch;" or, "Dear Christian folks, this lump of cheese;" and no more, but into the wallet both went straightway.

Are fed plentifully of kind women,

but put on Christian folks too greedily.

Mightily, therefore, Wicks hated, and stoutly withstood, these begging men. He would be ever talking to his master to rid him of this ungodly fry. To whom our John sorrowly used to answer, that he wished he would do it for him, for he feared Madam Scarlet. Often, then, Wicks would take his flail, and with one or two other stout boys, go round to the goodwives' houses, and where he found a fryer, make him down on his marrowbones, and kick and cuff the lubber man soundly, turning out his pockets and emptying his wallet on the floor; so when he lighted on a good pound of cheese, or a pasty, down came the flail on poor fryer, the while calling, "Ah! would you then?" or, "Get out of that;" or, may be, "Drop it"—good English cries, much heard in these days in London town.

Wicks does the Fryers a shrewd turn.

Much would it make our dictionary men, that write of the Old Fathers, stare, and perchance some good would it have yielded, could they have heard Wicks talking, when the day's work was over, down at Oxenford. Eventimes the men would sit under the trees, talking all manner of riddles, and they would try to puzzle Wicks, putting shrewd questionings. One would say, "I don't believe Gregory could make a mistake if he tried." Wicks would answer, "I *saw* him come out into the street one day with his hat on the wrong way; *ergo*, Gregory is able to make a mistake as well as you or I;" whereon, a laugh against Mr. Questioner. Another would pretend, "I believe Gregory could make any rule he liked for our John's labourers;" whereat Wicks, "If I owe you five shillings, and Gregory says, 'Wicks, don't pay,' I suppose I stand herein excused?" At which another laugh. Then a third, who had some schooling, would say, "He was sure Gregory's great-great-grandfather had the farm among seven hills;" and he would tell up what old Jeremy had said, or what he had heard Gustive say, and so forth; to all which Wicks would answer, "They were before my time; good, honest, I daresay; but that's no reason why they should know more than I. If you want to know all about these things, I'll tell you as true as Gospel." Thereon he would put out the copy of the lease, and put his finger here, and then there, and hold it for all to see, and ask them how they got out of that? But nobody laughed now; and the lads, who were sulky at being put down in this fashion, went off muttering that he was only an old Gospel doctor.

Wicks wrangleth sportively touching Gregory and others.

The lads set up a quaint question, which Wicks knocketh down.

A great gun is fired.

Poor John Wicks!—"felem cura necavit," as Phillpotts meekly said. Time and hard work wore him out. He wasn't more than threescore years when he laid down to sleep in Lutterworth yard. I'm sure it's a shame that the labourers on the farm have never put a tidy tombstone up to mark the spot where a good man sleeps. He copied out the lease—it may be, but for him, copies would be scarce with us now.

John Wicks dieth, and is forgotten.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK II.

Chapter XIII.

HESTER AMONG THE PICTURE-DEALERS.—THE BROKER OF THE "SEVEN DIALS," THE INGENIOUS "MAKER OF THE OLD MASTERS."

It was about eleven in the forenoon, when the light figure of Hester might have been seen gliding along Fleet-street. Under her arm she carried a small portfolio, which contained the produce of a fortnight's artistic labour, consisting of four pieces in water-colours, and the little oil landscape of which we have had occasion to speak. She had toiled exclusively on these drawings, having suspended even her nightly occupation of netting purses. To equal, therefore, her former gains, and defray the expense of canvas, paint, and paper, it was necessary that she should receive for her performances about three pounds.

On Hester tripped, anxious to learn what success might await her new speculation. Reaching the entrance of the Temple, where the old doors open upon Fleet-street, she turned pale, and trembled. The image of the dreaded Hartley within those walls seemed to rise before her. Mechanically she crossed to the opposite side, and looked over her shoulder, to see that he was not actually following her; and this natural gesture of fear was continued until the black arch of Temple Bar having been passed, that massy relic of by-gone days concealed Fleet-street and the Temple from her sight.

The first shops that Hester entered were those of fancy-dealers, whose windows displayed an endless variety of articles of an ornamental nature. Some of the shopkeepers treated her with neglect, and a few with rudeness. In one place, however, she met with courtesy; the master was an elderly man, and, looking kindly at the vendor and her wares, expressed an inclination to become a purchaser. With his spectacles on his nose, he scrutinised the flower-drawings, smiled, shook his head, but still his look was very benevolent.

"Pretty well—may do for screens," said the fancy-dealer. "Many nice touches; must have taken you, miss, some time. Sorry we can give so little for these kind of things now; but, the fact is, so many artists in the field."

"I do not expect a high price," said Hester.

"Right—sensibly spoken. High price?—no, indeed. But let me see, you shall have their worth—that is, the trade price. Two fruit pieces; two flower ditto. I'll give you a shilling each."

Hester's blank countenance expressed surprise and sorrow.

"You don't speak, my girl. Isn't it enough?"

"The paper alone cost me half the money. If I sell them at the price you name, I shall have laboured five days for two shillings."

"Sorry for that, my dear child, but must learn to paint faster. Quantity, swiftness, that's the order of the day—ha, ha, ha! But come, won't

be hard," added the man, taking out five shillings from his till; "say three pence more—fifteen pence apiece—there!"

Little as this was, Hester, fearful she might be offered even less elsewhere, received the money with an inward sigh, and, returning her quiet thanks, stepped out of the shop.

Her chief hope remained—her oil landscape, representing the Norfolk farm, the cattle, and the peasant boy. This might set all right, and handsomely remunerate her for her labour. There was no lack of picture-marts; the Strand, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, were dotted with them; they abounded in every street; but their showy entrances abashed and daunted Hester, and it was some time before she could muster sufficient courage to open one of the high glass doors. At length she entered a shop in Piccadilly; it displayed bright new paintings, and dingy old ones, and was garnished with great gilded, staring frames. Hester, in nervous agitation, approached him who appeared to be the master, but her hand trembled to such a degree, that it was with difficulty she could untie her portfolio, and produce her painting.

As the "great dealer," the man of Titians, Claudes, and Dominichinos, took the landscape into his hand, he just glanced at it, and then politely asked the name of the artist.

"Oh! yourself," said the gentleman. "I confess I never heard of your name before;" and a look of surprise overspread his dark and solemn face. Hester considered this a good omen; he might be surprised that an obscure girl could produce the painting he saw.

The connoisseur, whose dignity permitted him to utter but few words, returned the landscape with one hand, and, with the other, pointed at his glass door. "Good morning," he said.

"Do you not purchase paintings, then?"

"Certainly we do."

"Will you not kindly offer something for mine?"

The look of surprise increased, and the eyes opened to a staring width.

"I am astonished, young woman, at your asking such a question. Don't you know great firms, like ours, never buy *obscure* pictures. We sell nothing but first-rate names, and therefore, of course, cannot purchase any but them."

"I don't say," observed Hester, rather puzzled by the gentleman's words, "that mine is a good painting; but this, perhaps, is your meaning—however good my performance might be, you could not purchase it."

"Certainly not."

"Is that picture," asked Hester, emboldened, for her spirit was rising—"is that little picture which I see against the wall yonder by a high name?"

It was a small landscape, somewhat resembling her own, except that the farmhouse was one daub, the cattle like round red spots of ochre dropped at random on the canvas, while the figures resembled ourang-outangs rather than human beings. The gentleman, the servile worshipper of fashion and names, gravely told her the landscape was invaluable—worth at least five hundred guineas; it was a real——. Hester could not recollect the Dutchman's hard and barbarous name; she only felt assured that were the picture by her hand, the highest sum she should dare ask for it would be about as many shillings as the dealer asked

hundred guineas. Alas! she had yet to learn a stern lesson, and become acquainted with a most melancholy prejudice which prevails in the world of art. Paintings are rarely or never judged by their intrinsic merits, but are valued in an exact proportion to the notoriety or fame attached to the party by whom they may happen to be drawn. A very memorable instance of this truth some time since occurred; when a committee of "enlightened men," great critics and judges of the fine arts, purchased for our National Gallery, at the cost of many hundreds of pounds, a picture, said to be a real Holbein. In a few months this painting was discovered to be *not* a real Holbein. There it hung, its merits, if it possessed any, precisely the same as before the discovery, the difference only existing in the feelings of the trustees. It was without delay degraded from its place, cast forth in scorn, and the picture, for which nearly a thousand pounds, we believe, had been given, would not now very probably fetch the sum of one guinea.

The connoisseur of Piccadilly, deigning not to say another word to Hester, again stretched his ringed hand towards the door, and the fair artist, convinced that any further appeal would be useless, quitted the room of renowned names and enlightened criticism with a heavy heart.

Other picture establishments in the neighbourhood Hester in turn visited; but the same answer, varying only in the mode of expression, was given her as by the connoisseur of Piccadilly. We do not say her painting was a fine one; it was only a passable performance by a young hand; but had its merit been great, its fate, we believe, would, under the circumstances, have been precisely similar. She was advised to apply to a small broker, and this, indeed, was the best course the poor girl could now pursue. Already exhausted by her long and weary journeyings to and fro, we see her passing through sundry narrow and dirty streets in the vicinity of Covent Garden. At length she perceives the name of a certain street, which, forgetting its previous crookedness, runs in a direct line to a point where seven other streets meet, giving to the locality the picturesque name of the "Seven Dials."

"Ah! this is the place," said Hester, to herself; "I shall find the shop they spoke of here."

In a few minutes she paused before a house, the front of which, protruding rather beyond its fellows, formed a shop of a very singular description. Old spinets were here mixed up with cane-bottomed chairs; dingy tables and rusty fireirons were relieved by pieces of bright-coloured carpet, all warranted nearly new. Monsters, and curiosities, in the shape of serpents' skins, stuffed monkeys, and one real alligator's mail-like case, hung from the ceiling. The display of pictures, too, was considerable. Old and new, oil and water-coloured, little and great, were piled up, and suspended on the walls in beautiful confusion. Hester entered this emporium, and, advancing a few steps, perceived a man sitting in the centre of the room on a low stool. His coat was off; his legs, for ease and comfort, were hoisted upon a neighbouring chair, and he was quietly smoking a pipe. His sallow cheeks, his eagle nose, and the crafty but very intellectual expression of the dark eyes, betrayed him to be a member of that wondrous family—the people who have preserved their religion and their personal characteristics unchanged, through all their troubles, their wanderings, and the persecutions which have

assailed them, since the age when hoary Nile saw the mighty Pharaohs enthroned on his banks.

Mr. Methusaleh Moses, perceiving Hester enter with her portfolio, partly guessed her business. He did not rise from his stool, but merely nodded his head, and continued his smoking, so that the white and odorous vapour, issuing at stated periods from one drawn-down corner of his mouth, mounted in picturesque wreaths, half veiling his large hook nose, and hanging like a crown of glory above his head.

"You purchase pictures, I believe?" began Hester, hesitatingly.

"Purchase? Certainly, my dear; yes, yes, yes," answered Mr. Moses, with a sharp nasal twang; "but I would rather sell, any day—rather sell; yes, yes."

"I have a small oil-painting, representing a landscape in Norfolk——"

"Well, never mind where the landscape is, let's see it," said the Jew, holding his pipe in his left hand.

Hester opened her portfolio, and gave the painting to the broker. As his sharp eyes scrutinised the piece, he nodded his head briskly, and smoked with quicker and more ferocious puffs.

"What d'ye call this?—oil painting? What master is it after?—Gainsborough, Moreland, Cuyp, or Teniers?"

"I have copied it from no master; it is my own."

"So much the worse. Buy? I'd rather sell, I say,—rather sell. Young woman," he added, waving his hand in a dignified manner, "look around you; these *are* picters."

Hester cast a melancholy glance in the direction intimated. What to her were the broker's pictures, good or bad? they would not put bread into her mouth, or assist her in her grand design of releasing her father from prison. Oh! she felt she was toiling for something dearer, holier far than fame.

"Real ones, a'n't they?" said the Jew: "and all done by the right masters: yes, yes, yes. That's a Cuyp, that's a Teniers, and that's a Moreland. Ho! ho! I've got them!"

"Strange," thought Hester, as she stood musing for a moment; "here, in this mean shop, I find the same spirit actuating the owner as prevails in the fashionable marts of St. James's; the same bowing down to names; the same hero-worship; man the very slave of prejudice and fashion, and wholly unable, or, if able, not daring, to form a judgment for himself."

"Ah! could you come up to that Teniers, now——" The Hebrew suddenly checked himself, and rose from his stool. "But 'tis of no use talking. You want to sell the picter?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, listen to me," pursued Mr. Moses, after he had meditated for some minutes. "You don't want ability, I think; but this piece, fair little landscape as it is, done by a modern, and a painter, too, without a name, is just worth nothing at all, or, at most, four shillings."

"Four shillings?" cried Hester, in a tone of voice betraying too plainly the keenness of her disappointment.

"Stop, young woman, not so fast. I say its present worth is four shillings; but," exclaimed Mr. Moses, turning up his little cunning eyes, and winking significantly, "do you think you could make it into something else,—say a Cuyp?"

"Make it into a Cuyp? What do you mean?"

"Ah! I see you don't take; not been long in London, I suppose. Now, I'll tell you a secret, for you shall paint for me, and then it won't be to your interest to tell tales. My chief business is to collect Cuyps, Teniersеs, Morelands, and so on. I don't expect to sell them here; people are too poor in the 'Dials' for that; but I supply great West-End dealers with these choice picters by the old masters. I employ several painters, young hands who job cheap; for cheapness, my dear, is everything. Well, I think you'd suit me; for this landscape, with the cows, the fields, and the ragged boy, might be made into a bootiful Cuyp, or, at least, into a very respectable Moreland."

Hester was still rather perplexed, though her mind was gradually becoming enlightened.

"Now," said this collector, or maker of the old masters, "just take your landscape home; give it a dingy and a brown hue all over. I think if you were to hang it up your chimley for about twenty-four hours 'twould be as well; that is, if the chimley hasn't a register-stove."

"Hang the picture up the chimney!" said Hester, astonished; "and why?"

"To smoke it, of course; for then 'twill look old. My artists generally find this the best plan; and I always recommend the chimley-back, especially in making the Cuyps and the Teniersеs."

Hester now perfectly understood the object which the ingenious Mr. Moses had in view, yet she was unable to regard such a proceeding in any other light than that of base fraud. Only surprised was she that any respectable dealers could patronise such a man, or wink at practices so thoroughly unprincipled. She marvelled, too, that the public could be so duped; but Mr. Methusaleh Moses was better acquainted with the world than Hester Somerset, and was profoundly skilled in the philosophy which teaches the many to follow the few.

"Then you won't take the drawing home, and do as I tell you?" said the broker, observing that Hester hesitated.

"No, I cannot be guilty of such a deception."

"Oh! never mind," observed the Jew, resuming his place on his stool, and taking his pipe. "Don't put it up the chimley then; I never *force* artists to make money against their will; if they refuse to get their fortunes by doing as I tell them, 'tis their own fault. I never push sovereigns into their hands. Good day."

"But will you not take the landscape just as it is?"

"What! all fresh and fair, and done by somebody living, and, worse than all, by somebody nobody knows? Why, such a picter, I say, is worthless in the trade; however," added Mr. Moses, musingly, scratching his ear with the tip of his pipe, "as you seem a good girl, and a young hand, I'll encourage you, though 'tis like giving money for nothing; you shall have seven shillings for your landscape—there!"

"Seven shillings? Night and day have I laboured at this piece for more than a week."

"I can't help it if you've worked more than a year, young woman. That's my price, and I don't think you'll get any broker to give more."

The head of the Jew, with his fine Rembrandt-like profile, was again obscured by wreaths of fragrant smoke. Hester, who thought of the

cold treatment she had already experienced at the hands of other picture-dealers, felt loth to quit the place.

"Well, will you take the money, or are you going?" said Mr. Moses from out of his impenetrable cloud.

Hester drew a few steps nearer, and her low sigh might have been heard.

"The poorest artisan gets double by his labours. Even if I were to sweep a corner of a street——"

"Now, never mind artisans and the streets; sell the drawing or go!"

"Say," exclaimed Hester, with a desperate effort, "say nine shillings!"

"Not a farthing more. In selling I sometimes 'bate, but in buying never rise. Here's the cash."

The bony hand was thrust forward beyond the cloud, and seven shillings lay in the man's palm. Hester, with a sad and slow motion, took the few coins, and then quitted the residence of Mr. Methusaleh Moses, the celebrated "maker of the old masters."

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. PIKE AND HIS SOLITARY DINNER.—THE FAIR ARTIST'S LAST HOPE.

"WHAT! she has taken to drawing, has she?" said the attorney of St. Mary Axe, as he threw himself into a chair in his kitchen with a black dissatisfied countenance. The door communicating with his office stood ajar, so that he could espy any client, if such an individual should happen to enter. Mr. Pike was busily employed in cooking his dinner, for, though possessing many thousands of pounds, he did not commit the extravagant enormity of keeping a servant.

"Drawing! That's vexatious. Something may be got by that. The girl will make money," pursued the soliloquist. "Have we laboured, then, for nothing?—caused her to be discharged from Regent-street only to throw her on another track? Why, she may even improve her fortunes. What will Hartley say to this?"

Mr. Pike scowled an ominous scowl. He then rose, and turned his red-herring on the gridiron. This was his dinner; for the fundholder indulged in the luxury of animal food only once a week. He couldn't afford it oftener.

"She'll make money. Ah! now I think of money, I'll just add that eight hundred pounds at once to the sum in consols, for the stocks are very favourable for an investment. I'm getting on a little—getting on. Well, it's every man's duty to provide for his old age. Heaven and reason bid him do it. Yes, 'tis a solemn and religious obligation. Pooh! the girl need not think of this yet. She is young, but I am growing old. Therefore, if I can get anything by stopping her proceedings, I act but fairly, and in accordance with the dictates of justice and reason. Yes, yes, I am all right; and my conscience, I rejoice to think, is perfectly clear."

Then the worthy gentleman, becoming more composed and happy, spread his cloth, and placed his dinner on the table. A frugal meal, in truth, it might be, a herring and a potato; but so many sweet and plea-

surable visions of saving and amassing hovered above the scanty board, that we doubt much whether an epicure ever experienced more satisfaction over his venison and champagne than that miser derived from his solitary and miserable repast.

"We must stop her," murmured Mr. Pike, at every interval which occurred in his eating. "We will stop her," he still said, as he placed down the glass, having drained the cold water it contained. "Ay, we will stop her."

Putting away his dinner things, and raking out his fire to save the expense of coals, Mr. Pike stepped into his office. There he remained alone, leaning back in his chair. Yet it was not to enjoy an afternoon *siesta*. No; the mind was too active to suffer the body to indulge in sleep, so long as the sun continued above the horizon. He was wrapped in meditation. First his law business claimed his thoughts; then his connexion with Hartley, and the best method of frustrating the designs of Hester, put his mind on the stretch. But these themes for reflection ultimately gave place to the cherished subject of his heart. He mused on his increasing hoard; guinea added to guinea, thousand to thousand. Oh, the dear, delicious, soul-absorbing dream! Say not the miser, while he starves his body, and drops by inches, through emaciation and feebleness, into the grave—say not he has no reward on earth. Shut out from his brain the image of the tomb, and it is the wild, sweet intoxication of the opium-eater that he feels. His very frenzy is an excess of rapture; and he laughs at the astronomer and his glittering stars when he surveys his heaps, more bright and precious in his eyes than the golden orbs of heaven.

And did Hester, after the little encouragement she received, relinquish her efforts with the pencil and brush? Not yet. She resolved on concentrating her powers, and bestowing a greater length of time on one piece. The subject of the intended painting was Brookland Hall and the surrounding scenery. Each spot where her infancy was passed had so impressed itself on her mind, that she experienced no difficulty in drawing entirely from memory. The painting, when completed, was intended to be hung for sale in one of the bazaars. Week after week passed, and still Hester toiled at her easel. Meantime she lived on the little which she had previously contrived to save. It was for a great stake that she threw; success would be triumph. But, should the performance prove a failure, the defeat to her would be calamitous indeed.

Mr. Somerset was aware of his daughter's pursuit, and the subject on which her pencil was employed. Hester assured him that her labour would be certain this time of gaining a handsome recompense, and the old gentleman hoped and prayed such might be the case. Brookland Hall—how dear it was to the memory of the ruined and captive man! how lovely the house and domain of his ancestors still shone on the mirror of his fancy! Such a picture, he thought, even if indifferently executed, must needs be beautiful.

And Hester completed her task. As a work of art, independently of its associations, the picture was good. In truth, the indefatigable young artist had surpassed herself. And now, at his urgent request, she was to take it to her father in the prison; for Mr. Somerset would delight his eyes with it, and congratulate his child previously to its being exposed for

sale. With feelings of pride and happiness, Hester consented to his wish. As however the painting was of rather large dimensions, she could not herself very well transport it to the Fleet Prison; but she hired a boy, who, for a small sum, would carry it on his shoulder. One thought gave her great satisfaction; Mr. Hartley's solicitor, Pike, could not persecute her now, for what should he know of her present movements? Even if he discovered her painting in the bazaar, it was not likely, she thought, he would remain there all day depreciating its merits, so as to prevent people from purchasing it. No, she was secure from his machinations now.

Crafty, subtle, sneaking little Pike! peering into corners with untiring industry, and gaining intelligence we scarcely know how, thy secret agency, we grieve to say, was not so easily eluded.

"Take great care," said Hester to the boy, as he carried the painting before her down Fleet-lane in the direction of the prison. "When we reach the door I will knock, and you have only to walk straight through the passage into the further yard. Oh! stop one instant: I have left something at my lodgings, and which my father must have."

She had indeed forgotten her purse, the last shilling in which was to be given to her father that morning. Lightly Hester tripped back, while the boy remained standing on the pavement, the picture on his shoulder. He was an honest youth, and Hester knew him well.

"My good lad," said a man who, wrapped in a great coat, walked up to him immediately that Hester had vanished into the house, "can you tell me where Hollybush-alley is?"

The boy looked puzzled, for he did not know of such a place.

"Hollybush-alley, sir? Take care, sir, this is a painting I've got here; don't knock against it, please."

"I won't hurt it, my dear youth. Here's twopence for you, if you'll just tell me where Hollybush-alley is."

One hand of the boy, as he took the money, was necessarily withdrawn from the picture-frame; and a very slight knock which the man gave, as if by accident in turning round, caused the painting to fall from the lad's shoulder upon the pavement.

"Oh! what will the lady say?" cried the boy, in great consternation.

"I'm very sorry, but it is not injured," said the man; "the wrapper has saved it; the picture is not even soiled. Now let me place it on your shoulder."

"Quick, then; for miss will be here in a minute," exclaimed the trembling youth.

As the stranger lifted the picture, and the boy turned from him, the former might have been observed to draw hastily from his large side-pocket a common painter's brush, smeared with black paint. What his object might be himself only knew; and why he lifted the cloth covering, thrusting his arm beneath it at the very moment he was settling the picture in the desired position, was equally a mystery.

"It is all right," said the man. "I won't trouble you any more about Hollybush-alley, for I think I know it now. There, you may keep the twopence;" and the speaker, who in truth had not expected this golden opportunity of accomplishing so easily what he meditated, vanished around the corner, just as Hester came up, out of breath with

climbing and descending the countless stairs of the high lodging-house. The boy did not mention the incident which had occurred, since no damage seemed to have been done. They reached the prison; and the picture having been carried to the room of Mr. Somerset, the lad went away.

The father and daughter stood before the painting, as it leant, concealed by its cover, against the wall. Mr. Somerset was anxious to see it; but Hester repressed his ardour, and would not, for a few minutes, permit him to raise the canvas.

"Now, you expect too much," she said. "Brookland Hall and the country around, we know, are very beautiful"—the old gentleman sighed —"but I have not done justice to the subject, although this piece has occupied me exactly six weeks."

"Six weeks, my poor child, labouring for me!" said Mr. Somerset.

"But for myself, too, father," observed Hester, smiling.

"Well, I trust you will receive a due reward for your toil. Perseverance is a noble virtue. It will sell—it must sell—yet I shall grieve to lose it. Now Hester, gratify me."

The girl playfully put back the intruding hand.

"One instant stop, dear father. Let me open the door, that more light may fall upon it. Much of the effect of a picture, you know, depends upon the light in which it is placed."

Hester moved back the door, and drew aside the little curtain which hung over the single window. Then, with a girlish pleasure and an artist's pride, she stooped to raise the canvas which covered the fair representation of Brookland Hall. Already, in fancy, the late proprietor saw his beloved Elizabethan mansion, the smooth velvet park, the fresh green trees, the deer, the running brook, the hills, and the distant sea. He half-shaded his eyes with his hands, until the delightful vision should be realised to his senses. But his daughter suddenly started back, and a shriek sprang to her lips. She tottered towards him, unable to articulate words; but her hand was pointed in the direction of the uncovered painting.

Oh, that piteous, agonising look! It sent a thrill to the father's heart. And there was the performance—not a beautiful landscape now; but on the fairy-like colours stood large daubs of black paint. The blue, delicate sky, the green fields, the ancient mansion, were crossed and recrossed by broad belts and smears of the same obliterating paint. The ruin had been done quickly, but done completely.

The pale face of Hester lay on her father's shoulder; and tears, relieving the first shock and the agony, were flowing now. Mr. Somerset saw all, and understood at once her feelings. None but an enemy could have perpetrated the infamous act; and who that enemy was he had little difficulty in divining. One hand supported his drooping child, whose hopes were crushed, and whose labours were all in vain; the other was clenched in rage, and his eyes were full of the fire of indignation. Another injury was heaped on his head; another stab had been instigated by the cruel brother! Will the law give him no redress? Will justice award to the evil no punishment? He was in a prison, without resources, without a single pound. Who would engage attorneys?—who fee counsel for him? He must bear in patience—his destiny was to suffer.

The injured man turned slowly, for he heard a step approach the door. A figure now darkened the entrance, the figure of a person well known. The intruder stood still, with his arms quietly folded. This was not the first time he had made his appearance in a similar manner. Roland Hartley came to indulge in the luxury of certain feelings, and to behold the humiliation of his enemy. The lids were half raised from his glowing eyes, and the pupils dilated with a singular expression of malicious enjoyment.

The two brothers gazed on each other, strange to say, without uttering a single word. Their looks seemed to fascinate each other by some deadly influence, and they did not advance a step or move a limb. Hester only cowered away, sinking gradually from her father's embrace, until her fair form half lay upon the floor, one hand being tremulously extended towards him who stood at the entrance, as if she would entreat his forbearance and mercy.

Chapter XV.

THE TWO ENEMIES.—THE MAGISTRATE.

Indignation at his unparalleled injuries bore down at length all those feelings of a mild forgiving nature which hitherto had rendered Mr. Somerset a patient endurer. Losing command of himself, he now sprang towards Hartley, and seized him by the collar.

"Miserable man! are you not content with perpetrating your infamous deeds, but you must come to add insult to our wrongs, and mock our miseries?"

Hartley, perfectly calm, made no effort to disengage himself.

"Hugh," he said, in a low, measured voice, "you enjoyed your good things for many years—the time has come when you must receive your evil. This is the natural course of earthly events—this is the doom of man!"

"Your philosophy is the philosophy of a demon, hypocrite, and liar! If I have sinned, Heaven hath not appointed thee to be an avenger."

"Perhaps it has," said Hartley, with a sneer.

"No, Heaven, to execute its purposes, will not have recourse to meanness and malice. You are instigated only by the Evil One beneath. You seek to drive the iron into my soul deeper and deeper by afflicting this poor child, by blasting her hopes and frustrating her designs. Look yonder!"—Somerset pointed at the ruined picture—"Did you not do that?"

Hartley at first was surprised, but presently, comprehending the truth, laughed, if that hideous writhing of the hard features might be called laughter.

"I am not guilty, Hugh. I did not besmear that fair picture. I' faith! those black lines and daubs do not much improve the piece."

"You employed, then, some villain to do this base act."

"If so, brother, mind it is your place to discover the instrument, and then prove me to be the employer. The law does not call on me to assist you in the matter."

"I need no assistance. Your tool, the diabolical Pike, is the man."

"Very well, proceed against us; we are ready to appear. In the Temple, and at St. Mary Axe, you will always find your obedient servants.

Good morning." Hartley glanced around him, and added, "Snug quarters—wholesome stone floor, and clean stone walls—cool, pleasant in the summer, exceedingly so; but—winter is coming—good day!"

Hartley turned on his heel, and crossed the prison-yard. He placed five shillings in the debtors' box, and fee'd the turnkeys; for by these means, often practised before—means peculiarly efficacious in the Fleet—he had ingratiated himself with the officials and inmates, so that his visits were hailed with pleasure, and marked attention was always shown him.

Hester forthwith questioned the lad who had carried the painting, and the incident of the man inquiring for Holly Bush-alley, now first told to her, sufficiently explained the truth; the description, too, given by the boy of the stranger's appearance—though his face had been muffled up in an old great-coat—convinced her that the person was Pike. Urged by her father, she consulted a magistrate, who, considering the case, requested Mr. Pike's presence at the office. So plausible, however, were that gentleman's statements, so mild his manner, and sound his arguments, that the magistrate soon became convinced Mr. Pike could not have been the man who accosted the lad and destroyed the painting.

"Alas!" said the worthy attorney, "we gentlemen of the law, your worship, are frequently placed in a very unenviable position, being considered enemies, when, in reality, we are friends. This young woman's father has the misfortune to be in prison, having run through all his property by means of unsuccessful speculations. I was employed on behalf of one of the creditors, and was compelled, in carrying out the law, to be the reluctant instrument of causing his present confinement. Hence it is that the good, innocent, and affectionate daughter, mourning her father's condition, regards me as a bitter enemy. Everything that goes amiss she ascribes to me. All the ills she endures are traced to my agency, as if I could have any motive or pleasure in persecuting a poor defenceless girl. Alas! I wish I could convince her that I pity both herself and her father, and would assist them to the utmost of my ability."

Mr. Pike smoothed down the tufts of his red hair, drooped his little watery eyes, and looked the picture of candour and benevolence.

"Wretched, hypocritical man!" cried Hester, her cheek flushing with honest anger; "you well know that all you now assert is a tissue of falsehoods. Your malignant, your fiendish nature——"

"Hush, girl, if you please!" said the magistrate, frowning; "these hard words must not be used, in my presence, against a respectable attorney. I make every allowance for the state of your feelings, and can well imagine why you consider Mr. Pike an enemy, when, as he justly observes, he is no such thing. He is an attorney, miss, and must act in conformity with the law, and consult the will of his clients. The lad is unable to swear that the man in the great coat, who encountered him in Fleet-lane, is this gentleman; no proof, therefore, exists of the identity of the two individuals. The case, consequently, must be dismissed. Mr. Pike, I have no further question to ask; you may leave. Now, hush, young lady; don't utter another word; the question is decided. What! you *will* speak!—you brave my authority, do you? Fang," said the worthy magistrate, turning to one of the functionaries, "you had better lead her out of the court."

THE SACK OF NAGY ENYED.

The rapid conquest of the north of Transylvania, by General Bem, in the two last weeks of the year 1848, produced consternation among the 40,000 Wallachian landstorm who occupied the extensive valley of the Marosh, and who were thus suddenly thrown into imminent danger; for, if Bem should move southward, they would be between him and Saxon-land, by whatever route he might choose to debouch, and they had every reason to apprehend that he would trample them in the dust. General Gedeon, who commanded them, had his head-quarters at Marosh Vasarhely, a town of the Szeklers, in the upper valley; and a large force occupied the insulated Szekler canton of Araunyos, between Thorda and Nagy Enyed. This distribution of troops had not only been made with a view to holding the Szeklers in check, but also with that of opposing strong barriers to the victorious Bem. The principal roads from the north converge at those places, and there, consequently, the Hungarians were most likely to come down. The fertility of the valley enables the inhabitants to lay up large stores for the cold season; and the Wallachians might have enjoyed very comfortable winter quarters, but for that ugly Polish general and his band of young dare-devils. Their fears co-operating with their imagination, they ascribed a thousand plans to him which he never entertained.

Among these Wallachians the intelligence of a total rout of their countrymen in the north roused the worst of passions. But instead of manfully calling their conquerors to account on the battle-field, they wreaked their vengeance upon the peaceful citizens of a town held in particular veneration among the Protestant population of Transylvania.

Nagy Enyed,* a small but flourishing town on the River Marosh, was, until the 13th of January, 1849, renowned for a Protestant college, where between 1400 and 1500 students received instruction in every branch of science and learning. The sons of the Protestant nobility and gentry were mostly educated at this college, which was so richly endowed that many hundreds of the poorer students were lodged, boarded, and instructed at the sole expense of the institution. A considerable portion of its moneyed property was at that time vested in the English funds. The library was well stocked. The collections of objects of natural history and antiquities, among which the rare Daco-Roman occupied a prominent place, attracted the learned and the curious from distant countries. But political enlightenment was no less fostered at Nagy Enyed than classics and divinity, as, indeed, the Protestants of Transylvania and all Hungary have ever been the champions of national liberty and progress, and the leaders of the people in their frequent political struggles with the house of Austria. The horror with which those votaries of ignorance and superstition, the Greek popes of the Wallachians, looked up to the college at Nagy Enyed, and the jealousy with which it was watched by the Austrian government, may be easily conceived.

Around this quiet seat of the Muses the Wallachian hordes hovered, brooding revenge. Their popes, with frantic appeals to national hatred

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* *Germanicé*—Strasburg.

and religious prejudice, urged them on to destroy this temple of heresy, and exterminate the children of Satan. With more reserve, but no less effectively, they were encouraged by their temporal chiefs, and they openly boasted of having received orders from high quarters not to leave one stone on the other in that den of rebels and infidels. The authorities at Nagy Enyed, suspecting an approaching storm, had sent agents to the Hungarian commanders at Thorda, with the urgent request to protect them; but although the distance between the two places is only twenty miles, no succour arrived, in spite of Lieutenant-Colonel Czecz's positive promise to come to their assistance without delay. They were thus left to the mercy of events.

General Wardener passed through Nagy Enyed, on his precipitate retreat from Klauserburg, where General Bem made his entrance on Christmas-day, 1848. Czecz pursued the Austrians as far as Thorda, and stripped them of their baggage, but did not venture beyond. Wardener, consequently, reached Nagy Enyed with comparative ease, but, nevertheless, stayed there no longer than was necessary for making some general orders, and seizing upon nineteen of the most respectable inhabitants, whom he carried with him, as hostages, to Karlsburg and Hermannstadt. This, he declared, was a necessary measure of precaution; but he at the same time pledged his word that no harm should be done to the town, and that the Wallachian landstorm should not be allowed to enter it. He then withdrew, leaving the command of the garrison, which consisted of regular Wallachian troops, to one Prodan, a Wallachian *tribune*, or military chief, who, until recently, had been pope at Mutina, a small village in the neighbourhood of Nagy Enyed. Prodan repeated the promise of his superior, especially with regard to the non-admittance of the irregular Wallachian hordes. As a further proof of his sincerity, he tenderly embraced the president, or mayor of the town, and finished the farce by impressing a kiss on his bearded cheeks. It was indeed the kiss of Judas. For a couple of weeks he kept his word, but only to hold his victims together by an appearance of security.

On the 13th of January a band of Wallachians, commanded by one Axinte, suddenly appeared at the gates, rushed into the town, and, committing outrages of every description, set fire to it in several places. Alarmed and enraged at this breach of faith, the mayor hastened to Prodan, and implored him to stop the disorders and remove the landstormers. Prodan answered him with a contemptuous smile; and as the mayor repeated his supplications, a Wallachian soldier stepped behind him, and with the butt-end of his musket felled him bleeding to the ground. It was the signal for a general onslaught on Nagy Enyed and its doomed inhabitants. Swarms of Wallachians, pouring in through the gates, dispersed themselves in the streets, brandishing knives and sabres, and carrying blazing torches, which they threw into the houses. The terrified inhabitants rushed into the street in the midst of these savages, and implored them to spare at least their lives, if they were determined to burn their houses. But all was in vain.

And now a scene of devastation and murder ensued, which, for atrocious inhumanity, surpassed even the destruction of Abrud Banya.* The

* By these same Wallachians, in the preceding month of November. Nagy Enyed also was visited by them in that month; several houses and public buildings were plundered, and numerous murders committed.

whole town was levelled to the ground, the barbarians throwing down by main force, or blowing up with gunpowder, what fire alone was unable to destroy. The town-house, the college, the churches, the mansions of the nobility and gentry along with the humble dwellings of the poor—malediction was pronounced over them all, and they all crumbled into one common heap of smoking ruins. Their own Greek churches the Wallachians sacrificed to their fury with the same Satanic exultation as those of the Catholics and Protestants; for whatever existed within the walls of Nagy Enyed, divine or profane, clean or unclean, animate or inanimate, was in their bloodthirsty eyes indiscriminately polluted by the breath of rebellion and heresy, and doomed to perish as the sanctuary, the abode, or the dearest object of affection of a race once honoured with fear and respect, now persecuted, and always hated. The college library, which during so many sanguinary wars had remained unscathed, which the Turks and Tartars had respected, which even Caraffa had not dared to touch, was now stripped of its rich contents, and the books trodden down in the melting snow, or thrown wholesale into the burning houses. It was during the sack of the museum that atrocity, assuming fantastic forms, exhibited scenes approaching the visions of Breughel, when he peopled his hells with demons. As the stuffed animals were hurled through the windows to the crowd below, they eagerly caught them with outstretched arms. The larger beasts—such as lions, tigers, crocodiles, and others, they paraded about with shouts of triumph. Smaller ones, tropical birds, monkeys, fish, huge lobsters and crabs, snakes coiled round their prey with mouths open to devour it, they transformed into fantastic ensigns, by piercing them with spears, and holding them up over the heads of the multitude. Each of these strange ensign-bearers was surrounded by a swarm of dancing demons, armed with war-clubs, halberds, battle-axes, cross-bows, and the like weapons of past ages and distant countries, of which they had stripped the armoury. In this state they began the work of murder.

Four thousand inhabitants, of every age, sex, and condition, were mercilessly killed. Where they had flocked together for protection, in churches, court-yards, and inclosed places, they were exterminated wholesale by charges with bayonet, or volleys of muskets. A Catholic priest, in whose church hundreds of fugitives had taken refuge, endeavoured, but in vain, to overawe the miscreants by holding up to their eyes the holy symbols of religion. He was cut down, and his flock massacred on the altars of God. Those who tried to escape were pursued with the lance, the knife, and the bayonet, or shot, to quicken the work. Less impatient cannibals had their victims pinioned and brought to them, when, placing them sheep-like on tables and boards, they cut their throats with the professional attention of real butchers. Tearing unborn infants from their mothers' side, transfixing babies with lances, carrying them about laughing and yelling, and roasting them subsequently, hung up by their feet like lambs, were mere pastimes to these devils in human form. Many persons, especially women, would die by their own hands rather than suffer the infamies they were chosen to undergo; and whole families were burnt in their houses, preferring a common death to having their throats cut one by one. Outraged girls were contemptuously thrown into the flames, or left insensible to perish on the snow. All the cruelties that are practised in the dark forests of North America were on those days perpetrated at Nagy Enyed, by slaves who had broken their here-

ditary chains. These horrors lasted several days. The words of the poet,*

> Vor dem Sklaven, wenn er die Kette zerbricht,
> Vor dem freien Menschen zittere nicht,

had become a reality.

About 2000 people succeeded in escaping the fury of these hellhounds, and hiding themselves in the adjacent forests. They passed the nights huddled together in ravines and covered places, which afforded them some shelter against a cold of 20 degrees Réaumur. During the day they cautiously roamed about in search of berries, soft bark, and decayed leaves. Unprovided with victuals, they swallowed this unnatural food with avidity, to still their craving hunger, and they sucked the frozen snow to quench their thirst. Tender children and delicate ladies fared alike with men accustomed to the hardships of a rustic life; and such was the effect of these deadly bivouacs upon the frames of even the strongest, that they all would have perished had not a preserver been near.

It seems incredible that the Austrians did nothing to stop or prevent the massacres. Their forces at Tövis, Karlsburg, and Blasendorf, were more than sufficient for the purpose, and the last and most distant of those places was not above five hours' march from the scene of devastation. Had their commanders been instructed to tolerate such enormities? Can it be that orders, direct or indirect, public or secret, had been issued to sweep Nagy Enyed and its people off from the surface of the empire? Had the Wallachians been purposely chosen for the office of executioners, as the most degraded and sanguinary race within the limits of Austria? The mere thought revolts our feelings; but what are we compelled to believe, if men like Prodan and Axinte, in fact the very promoters of the massacres, were afterwards decorated with orders of knighthood!

The report of the sack of Nagy Enyed soon spread to Thorda. Lieutenant-Colonel Czecz was still there with his 3000 Hungarians. But the same cause which had made it impossible to him to succour the unfortunate town previous to its destruction, still nailed him to his post. Bound to obey the orders of a superior *civil* authority, which did not allow him to depart, he was compelled to remain inactive, when his zeal and patriotism urged him on to protect the persecuted and punish their persecutors. If, therefore, he was ever accused of tardiness or pusillanimity, he was judged rashly. Besides, if Czecz had been guilty of but the slightest fault, Bem would not have continued his confidence in him—would not have made him a full colonel and a general only a few months later; and, it may be relied upon, the Hungarians would have hanged him as a traitor. But just at the moment when his mind was tortured by the thought that vanity or weakness should exercise such fatal effect upon the energetic conduct of military affairs, and that a man—humane himself—should, for want of resolution, prevent him from assisting the cause of humanity—precisely at that sad moment a noble heart, a strong arm, and an illustrious name, came in aid of the wretched remains of the people of Nagy Enyed.

It was Baron Wolfgang Kemenyi, the *Obergespann*, or Lord-Lieutenant of the comitat of Thorda, a lineal descendant of one of the sovereign princes of Transylvania in the seventeenth century. His brother or cousin Dionys had rendered his name pre-eminent in the parliamentary history of the country many years previous to the outbreak of the

* Schiller.

last revolution. In 1848 Baron Wolfgang, formerly an officer of hussars, joined the patriots, and took a conspicuous part in the conquest of the north of Transylvania by General Bem, whose right arm he so fully deserved to be called. After the decisive victories of the Hungarians over the Wallachians, at Bistritz and Tihuza, and their miserable rout in the defiles of Borgo, he pursued the robber-chief Urban beyond the Carpathians into the Bukowina, at the head of 400 Viennese volunteers, who only had left sufficient strength to follow him on that desperate chase. Thence he marched with Bem upon Marosh Vasarhely, the Szekler town, whence they expelled General Gedeon, and after that success Baron Kemenyi hastened to Thorda.

His heart smote him when he heard of the fate of Nagy Enyed, its people, and its college, where he also had once been a student. Treating with withering contempt the objections of fainter hearts than his own, he sallied out at the head of a small force, determined to save such of the fugitives as might be found still alive in the forests. His troop consisted of 60 men of Kress Light-horse, and some Honveds and National Guards—together about 400 men. Count Louis Toldi, Barons Francis Wesselenyi and Nicholas Sulvasi, Pereczi, the captain of Kress horse, and John Paget, an English gentleman of noble lineage, who, having married a Baroness Wesselenyi, a niece of Kemenyi, had become naturalised in Transylvania, volunteered with him on this expedition. Their first encounter was with a band of Wallachians marching towards Toroczko, with the intention of massacreing its Magyaric population. They were easily dispersed, and sent back the way they came from. Some of the runaways announced to Prodan and Axinte the approach of a Hungarian force. They hurriedly evacuated the place where Nagy Enyed had been, and when the Hungarians arrived there no Wallachian was to be seen. Once a busy town of the living, Nagy Enyed now was a silent necropolis; thousands of dead bodies—among which those of 700 women and children—lay scattered among the smouldering ruins. But to discover all those who lay hidden under piles of rubbish was impossible. In spite of the most diligent search no survivors were to be found. Crows, ravens, and dogs, feasting upon human carcases, were the only living things in that awful solitude.

To describe the rage, the despair, the frantic ejaculations of the Hungarians, would be a task beyond human power. Exploring parties were now despatched in search of the fugitives, and no echo travels so swiftly from rock to rock as the report that Baron Kemenyi was near, spread through the snowy glens where the survivors of the catastrophe were giving themselves up to despair. The mere sound of his revered name instilled fresh hopes into the minds of those hapless victims. Out of 2000 inhabitants who had escaped, about 1500 were collected; but, as may be conjectured, in a deplorable state. They crept forth from their hiding-places like skeletons, exhausted by hunger and benumbed with cold; many were unable to walk, or even to crawl, the cruel frost having deprived them for ever of the use of their limbs; and while some were lying on the ground apparently senseless, and visibly freezing to mummies, others, maddened by what they had suffered, and were still, suffering, filled the wintry solitude with heartrending cries. Hundreds were brought in on stretchers, rudely constructed of young fir-trees. Paget and Pereczi gave the most touching proofs of their humanity; but no one in the

whole troop was behind in the work of charity. The seeds thrown out into the world by the good Samaritan, were there growing on a field of snow and ice.

As the country was still swarming with Wallachians, who might be tempted to return, it became urgent to remove those unfortunate beings without delay. Seventy waggons and carts were pressed in the nearest villages, to accommodate the women, the children, and the most feeble among the men. The others were obliged to proceed on foot, the soldiers supporting those whose strength was least adequate to the fatigues of the march. The cavalry at the head, the convoy of the rescued in the middle, and the infantry in the rear, Baron Kemenyi thus retraced his steps back to Thorda. Of the dead who remained behind, some had been buried where the accidental softness of the ground allowed a grave, however shallow, to be dug; others were collected and deposited in appropriate places, the snow soon hiding them from the eyes of men and beasts of prey. When the Hungarians subsequently returned to the ruins of Nagy Enyed, they were surprised by the sight of hundreds of white hillocks dispersed over the frozen ground. They indicated the resting-places of those who had died in the fields, and whom winter had enshrouded in his winding-sheet of snow. Count Ségur relates that similar hillocks rose each night around the bivouacs of the French army retreating from Moscow.

At Fel-Wintz, Baron Kemenyi observed a body of border-riflemen and a dense crowd of Wallachians drawn up across the road to dispute his passage. They came from Marosh-Ujvar;—the borderers in obedience to strict orders to exterminate the last of the survivors, and the Wallachians attracted by the number of carts, and the prospect of dying their knives in the blood of the sick and the wounded. The commander of a detachment of the Austrian regiment Siwkowicz, a Polish troop, was invited to accompany them, but he rejected the infamous proposal with indignation and horror. The defeat which this overwhelming force suffered at the hands of its outraged enemy was as disgraceful to them as the object of their sally from Marosh-Ujvar was inhuman and dishonourable. After receiving a few volleys, and on being menaced with an attack with the bayonet, the borderers wheeled round, and retreated in disorder, the Wallachians instinctively following their example. Pereczi and his horsemen, Kemenyi and his gallant companions—in fact, whosoever had a horse under him—now fiercely dashed into the wavering mass. Here (says the noble leader of the expedition) "young Paget gained his letters of naturalisation at the point of his sabre; and, blending his native intrepidity with the fierceness of the Magyar, showed himself worthy of his own country and that of his wife."

The cry, *Fuge la padure!**—the Wallachian *sauve qui peut!*—rose on all sides, and, after partial and vain efforts to rally, this vast compound of soldiers and banditti dispersed, and took refuge in the forests. Baron Kemenyi continued his march unmolested by any enemy, and safely conducted the survivors of Nagy Enyed to Thorda. But many of them died subsequently, or became cripples for the rest of their lives.

* *Fugite ad pastura*—"Fly to the bush!"—the word *padure* (pastura) designating the forests and high pasture-grounds whither the Wallachians migrate with their cattle in the spring, to return in the autumn to their fixed dwellings.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The Great Exhibition of all Nations will be opened to the world on the same day that these pages appear. We labour, then, under some disadvantages; for although it is pretty well known what will be there—how Manchester, Bolton, Glasgow, and Carlisle will shine in cottons and in printed fabrics; Coleraine, Belfast, Dunfermline, and Leeds, in linens and damasks; Dublin and Norwich in poplins; the West Riding and Paisley in carpets and shawls; the West of England in woollen cloths; Galasheils in tartans; Witney and Rochdale in blankets; Chipping Norton and Kendal in horsecloths and rugs; Birmingham and Sheffield in hardware; Nottingham and Leicester in hosiery; Coventry in ribands; and London in furs, shoes, jewellery, tailoring, hairdressing, and other fashionable and aristocratic arts—still it is not known how many novelties these will contain in the modes of production, or how far the display will be rich and effective, and adequate to the rivalry which has been invited with foreigners.

We know that the contributions from abroad, as well as those from home, are almost as rich in raw as in manufactured materials;—that Prussia sends minerals and chemical preparations; that Nassau and Hesse also contribute most from their mineral wealth; that Sardinia sends mineral productions in great variety; Greece, marbles from Hymettus, Pentelicon, and Tripolitza; Asia Minor, emery, pozzolana, lithographic stones, meerschaum, and soapstone; that Switzerland, Saxony, Hamburgh, and other countries shine most in textile fabrics; while others are best illustrated by their specialities—as Frankfort, by its glass; Berlin, by high class works in bronze; Meissen, by its porcelain; Wurtemburg, by its clocks and musical instruments; Darmstadt and Offenbach, by their gold and silver work; Bavaria and Hanover, by carving in wood and ivory; and so on with many other towns—as Genoa, Lubeck, and other cities of the continental states, which, among equally various and select contributions, still have generally one or two articles in the produce or manufacture of which they take an especial pride.

But we do not know yet what new treasures these displays of the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal world have brought to the lap of industry and art. We do not know what new discoveries in science, or what new and ingenious mechanical inventions, have come to the aid and development of arts and manufactures; above all, we do not yet know what really effective and positive contribution to High Art will result from this great comparison of the works of all nations. That some such results will accrue to the arts of civilisation, we have not the least doubt; but their discussion must belong to an after period, when the results of the Exhibition are before us, as well as the world at large; but, in the mean time, we have felt that the great purposes of the Exhibition, its real objects and intent, have been in many instances greatly misunderstood; in other cases totally misapprehended; and that a few words upon the subject would not be misapplied.

A frequent objection, we have heard stated, has been made to the exhibition of raw materials; as if not only manufactured goods did not depend

solely upon raw materials for their produce, and not a little for their quality; and as if, after all, the raw material was not the first source of national wealth and prosperity, and art and manufactures the second. Thus, for example, Great Britain is more of a manufacturing than an agricultural country; the interests of the latter are almost swamped in those of the former; yet, without her coal mines, Great Britain would sink to the rank of a fifth-class nation in a year's time.

Objections, of a still more wholesale character, come from persons of apathetic constitutions and dull unimpressionable senses, who can see no benefit whatsoever to be derived from an Exposition of the produce, the art, and industry, of all nations—persons who go about asking the question, "What good will come from it?" as if the answer lay in a monosyllable. Such a state of mind arises from want of information upon many questions of a most elementary character—such as the part that simple substances, chemical preparations, and many little regarded materials, play in the arts and manufactures, and of how much good is to be obtained from a comparison of these elementary substances between countries and even neighbouring manufactories. Then, again, such persons, happy and indolent in the enjoyment of the good things around them; satisfied with all the multiplied conveniences, comforts, and luxuries of a high-toned civilisation, never give a thought to the debt of gratitude which they originally owe to foreigners for the greater part of these comforts and conveniences; still less do they think of the brief time—in some cases the almost ridiculously brief time —that their now civilised countrymen have been in the enjoyment of these very comforts and conveniences; and equally little do they think of that which results from this, the still greater, almost infinitely greater perfection, to which, for the like reason, the same comforts and conveniences may be brought. Persons like these have no sympathy for the arts; they are still more especially dead to all sense of High Art. Would that we could arouse them by a sketch of the state of science, art, and invention, and of the prospects of the Great Exhibition, to a better comprehension of its purposes, and a more genial sympathy with its objects. We shall then have made a good and useful introduction to what may follow—the discussion as to how far and how successfully these purposes and objects have been carried out.

To begin, then, as a starting-point, with the mineral kingdom, let us take the precious metals as an example. Some of the "pepites," or larger lumps of gold, having, by the natural course of events (by which manufactures and commerce, being the real upholders of wealth, they necessarily bring all that is rich and rare within their grasp), found their way to this country, such will no doubt be met with in the Exhibition; but it is in the application of gold and silver to the arts, and to ornamental and decorative purposes, that we must look for the most interesting subjects.

The great modern improvements in the art of coining were not introduced till the year 1788, by Boulton and Watt, and more especially by the creation of the present costly machinery at the Mint, London. Yet how far are we from having attained the high perfection in art which is so peculiarly desirable in works of this description? A series of the different silver and gold coins of Great Britain, more especially as compared with some of the best examples of numismatic art, both of

modern times and of antiquity, would be a very appropriate addition to the Exhibition.

The peculiar properties of gold and silver, their indestructibility, their ductility, their brilliancy, the polish of which they are susceptible, and the lustre they confer even on the most fragile stuffs, have always given them the first rank among the materials destined to gratify the taste, both for convenience, utility, and splendour. In the latter respect, the Exhibition should be another Field of Cloth of Gold; and in the former, although silver plate and vessels were not known in this country till the time of Wilfred—a lofty and ambitious prelate, and the Wolsey of his time (A.D. 709)—and silver knives, spoons, and cups were great luxuries in 1300; still so much perfection has been attained in modern times, and various circumstances of awakened taste, among which are deserving of notice the numerous racing cups and donation plates, have done so much towards improving, modelling, and designing, that there is little doubt that England will be able to rival in this point its more artistic neighbours. As Rundell and Bridges had their Flaxman, so the Messrs. Garrard have, at the present moment, the aid of a modeller, Mr. Cotterell, who is qualified, in certain respects, to be placed in the same rank as Benevenuto Cellini.*

The most useful of metals, iron, from its abundance,† from the circumstance of its being found frequently in connexion with coal and limestone, the mineral substances necessary to smelt it, and the skill and industry thrown into its manufacture, has been one of the chief sources of our national wealth and prosperity.

We cannot exhibit our Carron iron-works, which occupy above 100 acres of land, and employ about 1600 men, nor the wonders of the Staffordshire iron mines; we cannot exhibit our immense machines for blowing hot air—cylinders equal to the supply of forty forge-fires at the same time—nor can we exhibit our iron tunnels, crossing from mainland to island; nor our steam-boats, nor railroads, nor suspension-bridges, nor our cast-iron houses, lighthouses, and other constructions—of which, however, the iron portion of the Crystal Palace itself is no mean specimen—but we can exhibit our cutlery, equal to that of any part of the world, and we can exhibit our ironmongery, in which we have little to fear from comparison. The applications of iron are, indeed, in this country, more numerous and more varied than elsewhere, and greater taste in design is

* An example might be borrowed from the life of the great Florentine, of the advantage to be derived from studying and comparing the arts of different countries. It was from accidentally seeing some little Turkish daggers, with handles and scabbards of iron, with foliages beautifully filled up with gold, that Benevenuto was led to imitate and excel in the same art. It was from the discovery of iron rings, inlaid with gold, in antique urns filled with ashes, that he made rings of well-tempered steel, cut and inlaid with gold, which brought him in such substantial profit.

† It is a curious fact, that iron is one of the most widely diffused, as well as the most useful, of metals. There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare weighing twenty-four pounds. Upon which a clever Scotch writer observes, that such a fact is not wonderful, when it is considered that there is as much flint in the hearts of some men as would serve the firelocks of forty-two soldiers! The produce of iron in Great Britain may be estimated now as exceeding 2,000,000 of tons. The exports of iron were, in 1846, hardware and cutlery, 392,314 cwts.; iron and steel, wrought and unwrought, 433,325 tons. The declared value of these exports was above 6,000,000*l.*

being daily made manifest—the railing round the Crystal Palace will serve as an example—not, however, a peculiarly gratifying one.

Copper, of which there are upwards of fifty mines in Cornwall, is not only used in the domestic arts and very largely in coin, but also in copper-plate printing, first attempted in Germany about 1450, and in various other applications in the arts. Messrs. Perkins, of Philadelphia, invented, in 1819, a mode of engraving on soft steel, which, when hardened, will multiply copper-plates and fine impressions indefinitely. The rolling-presses for working the plates were invented in 1545, and many improvements followed. Francis Mazzouli, or Parmagiano, is the reputed inventor of the art of etching on copper, about A.D. 1532. Attention has for some years been directed to the commercial advantage of smelting copper ore by electric agency. The French were the discoverers of the process, but several Englishmen at present hold patents for working the proposed objects. France has got many extensive copper-works, the products of which were much admired at the late Paris expositions. "Nous pouvons," says Brard, "au moins placer nos manufactures sur la même ligne que celles que nos voisins se glorifient de posséder.

The compounds of copper are not only very numerous, but they are also of great importance in the arts. Among the alloys are bronze, bell-metal, brass, tutenag, tombac, Dutch gold, similor, Prince Rupert's metal, pinchbeck, and Manheim gold. Packfong, or the white copper of China, is an alloy of copper, nickel, and zinc, now extensively employed in this country under the name of German silver. Among the salts of copper are the arsenite or Scheele's green—a valuable pigment, the different verditers or carbonates, vitriols, and copperas.

Bronze, which is a compound of copper and tin, is harder and more fusible than copper. Bronze works of art are of great antiquity, having been found in Egypt and India. In the time of Homer, arms, offensive and defensive, are mostly described as being made of bronze. Bronze-casting seems to have reached its perfection in Greece about the time of Alexander the Great. The Romans never attained any great eminence in the arts of design. Their earliest statues were executed for them by Etruscan artists. Rome, however, was afterwards filled with a prodigious number of works of the best schools of Greece; and artists of that country, unable to meet with employment at home, settled there. Zenodorus executed some magnificent works in the time of Nero. The practice of gilding bronze statues does not seem to have prevailed till taste had much deteriorated. At the taking of Constantinople, some of the finest works of the ancient masters were destroyed for the mere value of the metal. Among the few works saved, are the celebrated bronze horses which now decorate the exterior of the church of St. Mark at Venice.

Passing over the intermediate age of barbarism, we arrive at the epoch of the revival of art in Italy, under the Pisani and others, about the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The celebrated bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence, by Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise, are among the more remarkable works of the time. In the succeeding century we find Guglielmo della Porta practising the art with success; and he is distinguished by Vasari for adopting a mode of casting that was considered quite original, in executing his colossal

statue of Paul III. Benevenuto Cellini also holds a distinguished rank among the artists celebrated for their skill in bronze casting. The modern practice of the French, Italian, German, and English artists does not differ materially in its principle from that of the earlier Italians. The equestrian statue of Louis XIV., demolished August 10, 1792, contained 60,000 lbs. weight of bronze. Our public statues are curiosities in their way, and reflect little credit upon the art or taste of the country. We have said so much on the subject of bronze, as such works will, in an Exposition like that of 1851, constitute a very prominent feature—more especially French and German bronzes, in which branch of art Paris alone contains 800 to 900 workshops, employing about 6000 workmen.

Brass, an alloy of copper and zinc, has, like bronze, been extensively employed from the remotest antiquity to useful and ornamental purposes. The days of brazen bulls are happily gone by, but in this country brass is still much used in certain articles of domestic use and ornament. The system generally practised for obtaining this alloy, is after a patent obtained by James Emerson, in 1781.

The French look upon brass, gun-metal, bell-metal, and other alloys, as merely varieties of bronze, and this was evidently the view entertained by antiquity. A collection of monumental brasses, although the art of making them was brought from Flanders or France, would, as representing effigies, surrounded by elegant ornaments and heraldic devices, or surmounted by Gothic canopies, form a not inappropriate collection in an exhibition of art. They constitute a very interesting portion of the monumental remains of this country, and present many curious illustrations of costume, and also in their quaint inscriptions, which are usually in Latin, and in the best specimens, in an elegant Gothic letter, of the peculiar character of the piety of our ancestors.

Bells were used in churches by order of Pope John IX., as a defence, by ringing them, against thunder and lightning, about 900. They were first cast in England by Turkeytel, Chancellor of England, under Edmund I. His successor improved the invention, and caused the first tuneable set to be put up at Croyland Abbey, 960. The ringing of bells in changes, or regular peals, is peculiar to England and Belgium; and the English boast of having brought the practice to an art. The greatest bell in England, Great Tom of Oxford, weighs 17,000 lbs., whereas St. Ivan's bell, at Moscow, weighs 127,836 lbs., and the great unsuspended bell of the Kremlin, 443,772 lbs. Its metal alone is valued, at a very low calculation, at 66,565*l*. It is not a little amusing that the French, generally so much behind us in the arts of metallurgy, boast of having first practised the art of separating the metals in bell alloy, 116 bells having been abstracted from churches and convents during the great wars to be converted into guns!

Cannon, "the last argument of kings," as Louis XIV. called them, were invented by Schwartz, the same monkish well-wisher to mankind who first introduced gunpowder to their notice. In times of flourishing peace-societies and amicable intercommunication, to be still further cemented by the Great Exhibition, such ominous-looking works of art as guns, muskets, swords, and weapons of all description—except such as come from semi-barbarous nations—would, it would be imagined, be carefully excluded; but this is not to be the case, arms being all pecu-

liarly of foreign origin—muskets first used by the Spaniards at the siege of Arras in 1414, bayonets of French origin, swords of remote antiquity, will be illustrated alike by home and continental manufacturers. A splendid collection of arms is, it is said, expected from France; and Spanish sword-blades, in circular sheaths, will, it is said, bear out the old repute of Toledo, and rival in temper the steel of Damascus and Tunis! Let it not be forgotten that we but lately heard a colonel of a cavalry regiment complaining that the English swords could not compete with those of the Sikhs.

Lead is most extensively used in the form of sheets, and pipes, and tubes, as reservoirs, or for the passage of liquids. It was used for the same purposes by the Romans. This metal will therefore play a very inferior part in the Exhibition. Its alloys, pewter, type metal, and plumber's solder; the first two, especially, are of more interest. Many of the salts of lead will also be, no doubt, exhibited, as of much importance in the arts. Such are the carbonates, the chromates, and the chlorides extensively used as pigments, and the acetate very largely employed for various purposes. England produces more lead than any other country, and the manufactories of salts of lead have served as models for those on the Continent. The art of making small shot on a large scale was also carried by Mr. Akerman, an Englishman, to France.

Tin possesses pre-eminent interest in the eyes of Englishmen. The Phœnicians traded with England for this article for more than 1000 years before the Christian era; and the English tin mines were the only ones in Europe till A.D. 1240. Tin plate making is not, however, of English origin; and notwithstanding that we export at present, on an average, 1500 tons of unwrought tin, besides manufactured tin, and tin plates of the value of about 400,000*l.*, and the heirs apparent to the crown of England—if eldest sons—enjoy the title of Dukes of Cornwall, objects of this description may possibly be esteemed too vulgar to find a place in the Exhibition. Not so, however, candlesticks, teapots, spoons, and other objects in Britannia metal, which is an alloy of tin, antimony, copper, and brass; nor the ornaments of mosaic gold, which is a bisulphuret of tin. Many of the salts of tin, or stannates, are used in the arts. The protochloride is used as a mordant in calico printing. Ornamental articles are also produced by embossing or stamping tin; but as this art is only applied to the production of cheap coffin plates, it certainly cannot be called a very attractive one. The French Exhibitions contained, however, pins and domestic utensils, manufactured from *l'etain nationel;* so perhaps we may also have some objects in a metal so truly valuable to the poorer classes. After having served for a number of years, tin plate preserves its value almost like silver plate. Tin will also appear furtively as an alloy behind many mirrors; and we must not omit to mention that the white colour of enamels is produced by the oxide of tin.

Zinc had formerly few useful applications; it was chiefly used to form those brilliant alloys used for imitation jewellery, known as pinchbeck, similor, gold of Manheim, &c.; but lately it has come much more extensively into use, and no doubt many interesting objects will be exhibited manufactured from this long-neglected metal. Not the least interesting of these will, we understand, be statuary work in zinc, well calculated for out-door exposure. The art of working zinc as is now done, is attributed

to two French manufacturers established at Liege, in Belgium. Not having the same dangerous properties as lead and copper, zinc will no doubt ultimately supersede those two metals in many applications. It was even proposed to roof houses with it, but as in burning it gives off an infinite number of incandescent little pellicles, which float about like bubbles, it was deemed to be dangerous. The alloy of zinc and copper, called *laiton* by the French, is extensively used in the manufacture of watches, philosophical instruments, pins, and all the other innumerable purposes to which brass wire is put.*

Mercury or quicksilver is chiefly used in refining gold and silver. In the arts it is used in barometers, thermometers, and in gilding and silvering. Its oxides and salts are of much importance in the arts and in medicine, and they will, no doubt, find their representatives in the Exhibition. Neither barometers nor thermometers are of English origin; as to mirrors, as constructed in modern times, they are of Venetian origin, and they were not made in England till 1673. The French excelled in this manufacture in the last century; but the English have brought their factories to great perfection of late years, and now make looking-glasses to cover, in a single plate, the walls of large rooms. It is to be hoped that the opportunity now presented of exhibiting such triumphs of skill will not be lost.

Platinum is the most precious of all metals, but the great difficulty experienced in smelting and working it, have caused it to be as yet but little used, except for forming vessels for chemical and manufacturing purposes. It is at once hard and unalterable. It never changes, no matter how long it is buried in the earth, or submerged in water; changes of temperature have no effect upon it; hence it alone ought to be used where correct measurements are wanted. Its brilliancy is never affected; hence it is used for the mirrors of telescopes and other astronomical instruments. It is the most infusible of metals; hence the points of lightning-conductors and the chemist's tongs and spoons are made of this most refractory of minerals. It does not oxidate like gold and silver, *and should alone be used in dental surgery*—a point to which much attention has been directed of late. If platinum could be more easily wrought, its consumption would be enormous. It would then be at once the most precious and the most useful of metals. It has been used for medals, and is coined in Russia. It has been made to impart a steel-like brilliancy to porcelain; and so well does it resist fire, that spongy platinum has been used to procure a light by a perpetually renewed state of incandescence. Here is a great field for national rivalry and exhibitions of real importance!

Antimony, when mixed with lead, forms types for printing. In medicine its uses are so various that it was once thought that alone, or in company with one or two associates, it was sufficient to answer all purposes. There are some other metals used in the arts, examples of which will, no doubt,

* Notwithstanding the celebrity of English pins on the Continent, those made of brass wire were brought from France in 1540, and were first used in England, it is said, by Catherine Howard, queen of Henry VIII. Before the invention of pins, both sexes used ribands, loopholes, laces with points and tags, clasps, hooks and eyes, and skewers of brass, silver, and gold. The term pin-money took its origin from certain presents made by the ancient pin-makers of Paris to the wife or children of the person with whom large bargains were concluded.

also appear, but which are not worth a lengthened notice. Such are bismuth, used to give lustre and firmness in tinning. Arsenic, used in the arts, in medicine, and to poison human beings. All legislation upon such a subject has, by the example of France, where arsenic is only sold upon a permit given by a mayor, proved useless. Packets are mislaid, forgotten, or misused. Two chances, one of which has been adopted, alone present themselves: let rats be poisoned by the red or yellow sulphuret only; or let white arsenic be sold only when coloured. Cobalt, invaluable as a colouring principle, manganese, and chromium. Out of twenty-seven known metals, there still remain twelve that have not been applied to any practical uses in the arts; but this will probably not be long the case, more especially in the instance of nickel, tellurium, molybdenum, and a few others. Nassau, we see, sends to the Exhibition articles manufactured in nickel.

There will be, no doubt, a great display of gems or precious stones. Diamonds, sapphires, beryls, rubies, emeralds, topazes, will glitter by the side of more humble agates, jaspers, amethysts, quartzes, obsidians, and other earthy materials. The Queen of Spain's diamonds will be there, and her Majesty having graciously consented to allow the world to see the far-famed "Mountain of Light," that valuable gem is to occupy a prominent place in the nave of the building—under good security. The value of such gems, as represented by gold, is sometimes enormous, but very variable. The Portugal diamond has been valued at from 224,000,000*l.* down to 400,000*l.* The Kuh-i-nur, the largest *cut* diamond in the world, has been valued by Tavernier at 468,931*l.*, but by the *Times*, stated to be worth, if calculated by the scale employed in the trade, 2,000,000*l.* sterling. Kuli Khan possessed a sapphire valued at 300,000*l.*

Gems are thus of great value to the possessor, although that value, like that of a work of art, is dormant or unproductive. Gems are indeed of little real use to the human species; and the term "precious stones" is a designation which is, in reality, far more correctly applicable to coal, to salt, and to building-stones. It is to the great coal deposits of Britain that we are mainly indebted for our great wealth and prosperity. Without coal our mines, our foundries, our manufactories, our steam-engines, on rail or at sea, could not be worked. Yet coals were not in common use till the reign of Charles I., 1652! As late as in 1273, sea-coal, as it was called, was prohibited from being used in and near London, as being prejudicial to human health. There are now nigh 3,000,000 of tons consumed annually in London alone. It is supposed that 25,000,000 of tons are consumed annually in Great Britain. Several colossal specimens of Britain's different kinds of "black diamonds" will appear at the Exhibition; but, after all, there would be more real progress in the exposition of locomotive power independent of steam.

Salt, the symbol of hospitality and of incorruption, whether derived from the ocean or from mines, is a most preci[ous] mineral. Our Saviour called his disciples "the salt of the earth." No poetic license has ever yet likened any one to a diamond or an emerald! The salt exported in 1847 amounted to 16,271,927 bushels. The mineral resources of Great Britain would not be perfectly represented without a good specimen of rock salt; and one weighing two tons has, it is said, been despatched from Northwich. Alum is also extensively used in the arts, and we would

rather see a specimen at the Exhibition than in our bread. Manufactures from asbestos have been totally neglected of late; yet napkins were made of that incombustible material in the time of Pliny, A.D. 74, and the spinning of it was practised at Venice about A.D. 1500. Light garments of asbestos would be useful on various accounts; cloth, according to Herodotus, was made of it by the Egyptians. Jet ornaments, the cheap resource of mourners, will no doubt be plentifully illustrated. In the way of building-stones, Great Britain boasts of as great and valuable a variety as any other country. From primeval granitic cromlechs, down to vases and lamps of softest alabaster, we have all the intervening varieties of stone. It were only to be wished that we knew how to turn these gifts of Providence to greater purpose. But if we have not many modern works distinguished by taste and elegance, we have many of a humble description in which we may take a just pride—many public edifices that can claim the admiration of the most fastidious, and many works which, for extent and magnificence, are objects of wonder. "The English cottage," Richardson said, now some time back, "is perhaps the happiest dwelling on the earth, and its clean hearth and general aspect and economy indicate the social order of its inmates. Even though homely, it is full of comforts, and the abode of contentment."

The *New York Weekly Herald*, speaking of the *St. Lawrence*, which brought over the contributions of the United States, said: "The frigate and her officers and her crew are, in our opinion, by far the proudest specimens of American manufacture that will be in the Fair." We are quite satisfied that the English cottages will also be among the most pleasing and gratifying things that England has to exhibit. Concerning public buildings, it would be invidious to speak. If some have been great failures—as more especially the one of which Sir Robert Peel said that it spoiled the best site in Europe—we have others, again, in which we may take a just pride. Our arcades and bazaars are not precisely what might be expected of the metropolis of the world; but the number, extent, and magnificence of our charitable institutions counterbalance many defects, and show that want of taste is, at least, made up for by many practical virtues. In a sketch, full of poetic beauty, published in the fifth volume of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, Laman Blanchard says:

"St. George's Fields" may not, at first, sound very auspiciously. And yet, if desirous of impressing a foreigner with a sense of the pre-eminent dignity and grandeur of London—though the Tower, and the Abbey, and the other sights, are marvellous fine things—perhaps it might not be so injudicious to carry him into the uncelebrated (this was in 1844) vicinity of the new Catholic church.

In that region, acre after acre of ground is covered with buildings—some magnificent, others simple, but befitting their object—erected for purposes of benevolence, dedicated to the noblest uses, maintained with unsparing liberality. Distinguished above all is Bethlehem Hospital, with its additional wings and well-kept grounds. At a distance, about equal to the space which the splendid hospital occupies, stands the Asylum for Female Orphans. Adjoining the grounds of Bethlehem is the Refuge for the Houseless; opposite stands the excellent Philanthropic Institution; at the corner, stretching from one road to another, along a frontage of considerable extent, is the beautiful new School for the Indigent Blind. Facing one wing of that elegant structure is an unassuming but useful Dispensary. At a small distance from the other wing rises the noble pile of buildings recently completed by the British and Foreign School Society; and, close by, humbler in their pretension, are St. George's School, and the Southwark Literary Institution. Within a stone's throw we reach the Magdalen Hospital; and the same space—not more—separates us from another benevolent establishment—the Freemasons' Orphan Institution.

This is indeed something to show; and, even in reference to the present condition of the streets of London, it may not be inappropriate to mention, that as late as in 1598 London was for the greater part built of wood; while, in 1820, the number of bricks which paid duty in England was 949,000,000. In 1830 the number exceeded 1,100,000,000; and in 1840 it amounted to 14,000,000,000! Stucco-work has been but very lately introduced, and is only advancing towards the perfection it has attained in Italy and France; but considering how few centuries have elapsed in rendering London what it is—considering the vast progress in handsome houses made in Belgravia, Brompton, Westbourne, Kensington, and in almost every direction around London—considering, above all things, the wealth displayed in our shops (and where is so much wealth to be seen in one continuous line as from Cumberland to Whitechapel Gate?)—we have more than enough to be satisfied with.

It was only in the erection of Blackfriars-bridge, commenced in 1760, that arches in the form of an ellipsis were substituted for semicircles; yet what facility is given to carriage traffic by Blackfriars, Waterloo, and London-bridges, to olden bridges erected with semicircular arches? Southwark-bridge, with its three immense arches of cast-iron, and Vauxhall-bridge, with its nine metallic arches, are noble works of art. Hammersmith Suspension-bridge, and Hungerford-bridge, with its central span of 676 feet, are also works of great interest. The Menai-bridge has only 560 feet between the points of suspension.

Our docks are the most extensive and finest constructions of the kind in the world. Our railroads and viaducts are among the recent wonders of the country. With a population of 27,019,558, and an extent of territory equal to 121,050 square miles, we have an extent of railway open equal to, by last returns, 6621 miles; with a population of 35,400,486, and an area of 204,708 square miles, France has not 3000 miles open. The United States did not exceed us lately in more than 6565 miles open; but, as Dr. Lardner justly remarked, such a line of communication as that which connects, or lately connected, Portsmouth (Virginia) with Weldon (North Carolina), and that which connects London and Birmingham, both receive the common name of railway, nearly in the same manner as a log cabin of a Missouri settler and the palace of Blenheim receive the common denomination of "dwelling-house." In England we have also 2800 miles of canals open. Our most stupendous aqueduct is that of the Ellesmere Canal, 1007 feet in length, and 126 feet high. We have our tunnels: that beneath the Thames, in which the French take a just pride, and the Britannia tubular-bridge, extending over two centre spans of 460 feet each, and two smaller spans of 230 feet each. Even out at sea we have our breakwaters (not equal to the one at Cherbourg) and our light-houses; among which the Eddystone and the Bell Rock, the latter 115 feet high, enjoy justly an European reputation, as being the finest structures of the kind.

Our slates, of which even billiard-tables are made, occupy, we have reason to understand, a prominent place in the Exhibition. Flag-stones, chalks, plaster-stones, lithographic-stones, mill-stones, grinding-stones, and sharpening-stones, are, in reality, of no less importance than more ornamental marbles, statuary-stones, porphyries, and serpentines. Great Britain possesses many native ornamental stones that have been much neglected: such are the magnificent red and green serpentines of Forfar-

shire; the rose and white-coloured marbles of Tiree; the variously and beautifully coloured marbles of Galway; the white statuary marbles, and the red and white marbles of Scotland; the blueish-black marble of Kilkenny, and the Purbeck, Dorset, and Derbyshire stones. Let us hope that our resources in this line will be for once properly and adequately displayed.*

When we turn from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom, we cannot but feel surprised at how short is the lapse of time since we have been in the enjoyment of many of the most common, the most useful, and the most elegant forms of vegetative life. Facts of this kind are pregnant with promises to the future; and what an answer do they present to those narrow-minded patriots who expect nothing from expositions of all nations How surprised must such persons be to be told that the mere act of gardening was scarcely known in this country three centuries and a half, or the interval of four lives, ago! Yet so it was; and up to 1503 the most common culinary vegetables were imported from Brabant. The modern mode of gardening was not, indeed, introduced till about 1700. Cabbages were introduced from Holland in 1510, Sir A. Ashley, of Dorset, having first planted them. Carrots were not introduced till 1540. Cauliflowers, the queen of vegetables, were first introduced from Cyprus in 1663, but they were not raised in sufficient abundance to be sold in market until the reign of Charles II., about 1670. Celery was first introduced to the tables of the English by the French marshal, Count Tallard, during his captivity in England in 1704. A salad was a rare treat in King Henry the Eighth's reign. When Queen Catherine wished for a salad, she despatched a messenger for lettuce to Holland and Flanders. Potatoes and tobacco were introduced nearly at the same time by Hawkins, Drake, and Raleigh. Fifty other instances might be given. We have hardly a vegetable, a fruit, or flower of our own.

Had there been great national Exhibitions centuries ago, bluff Harry's consort would not have had to send across the seas for a salad, or the Queen of Portugal to send, not sixty years ago, to England for a cauliflower! Even parsley comes from Egypt, peas from Spain, beans from Greece. The beer drinker little thinks that hops were not known in this country till 1520, when they were brought from Artois. As it was with vegetables, so also with fruits. Gooseberries were introduced in 1540; nectarines and peaches in 1562; plums in 1522; raspberries in 1700; strawberries in 1530. So also the most delightful and fragrant among the ornaments of our gardens are of foreign production. The modern taste for flowers came, it is said, from Persia to Constantinople, and was imported thence to Europe. Our present common flowers—roses, carnations, auriculas, lilies, mignonette, and pinks—were for the most part introduced in the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth. "With what goodness," says Sturm, "does God provide for our happiness and enjoyments, by making even the most remote countries contribute towards

* The Americans are understood to have contributed largely to the mineralogical department of the Exhibition. The New Jersey Exploring and Mining Company have transmitted an immense block of zinc ore, weighing eight tons. Philadelphia has transmitted specimens of native iron, copper, coal, magnesia, and chalk. Ohio has also contributed geological specimens. Tennessee, gold and other ores. Maryland, iron ore, and pig-iron and soap-stone. New York, plumbago. Alabama, various minerals. Missouri, iron ore. New Jersey, zinc, iron, and steel manufactures. Mobile, iron ore and ironworks.

them! Ought we not also to feel that we owe, then, a heavy debt of gratitude?"

The Orientals have a pretty legend concerning the geranium. They relate that Muhammad having one day washed his garment, he threw it upon a plant of the mallow for the purpose of drying; and when the garment was taken away, the mallow was found to have been transformed by contact with so sacred an object into a magnificent geranium—a plant which had never previously existed. The modern science of floriculture has effected changes quite as miraculous.

The timber trees of Great Britain are a just source of national pride:

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber and the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.

The oak, sung by all poets from the days of Lucan, is useful even to its galls or parasites. Beechen cups and bowls once received an extraordinary value from the hand of the carver. Beech is the wood of cabinet-makers and turners. Chestnut makes the best tubs. Elm is used for mill-wheels, axle-trees, and carved and ornamental works. The ash, which delights in ruins, is the "husbandman's tree," being used to make ploughs, harrows, carts, and other agricultural machines and implements. The maple is our most ornamental wood. Few of our trees, including the fir, the pine, the walnut, the lime, the poplar, the birch, alder, willow, holly, box, and others, but are of use. The extension of agriculture and increase of population have alone rendered the timber produce of the country no longer equal to the demand. It requires no less than 3000 loads, or 2000 tons, of oak trees, the produce of fifty-seven acres in a century, to build one frigate. No wonder, then, that we import annually about 800,000 loads of timber, exclusively of masts, yards, staves, lath-wood, together with 8,000,000 of deals and deal ends.

Our groceries are almost without an exception from abroad—mostly colonial products; and, with very few exceptions, the substances of vegetable origin that are used in medicine, and that have any really active virtues, are also brought from foreign countries. So great is the progress made in this country in the arts of civilisation, that our agricultural, horticultural, and botanical societies seem to have made it a home to plants of every country; and while we may refer with just pride to Kew, and other public establishments, to which it is to be hoped facilities of access will be given to foreigners during the season of the Exhibition, in no country can you see in every little suburban garden so many trees, and shrubs, and flowering plants of foreign growth, acclimatised under the same not always brilliant canopy of sky.*

* The importance of extending the cultivation of flax and hemp in this country has attracted a good deal of attention lately, and will, it is to be hoped, lead to favourable results. In Ireland, many thousand acres have long been used in growing flax; and two large mills, one in the north of England, Messrs. Quitzow, Schlessinger, and Co., and Messrs. Dargan's, near Cork, will require 5000 acres for weaving like cotton fabric. The value of the flax fibre imported for manufacturing into linen. sail-cloths, tarpaulings, rick-covers, sacking, and other materials, exceeds 5,000,000*l.* annually. And there is no doubt, judging from the rapid progress of our linen manufactures, that if the supply of the raw material could be more readily obtained at home, the consumption would be increased to a still

In the animal kingdom, a sturdy race of men, horses almost unrivalled for courage and speed, cattle and sheep of most perfect breed, will be exhibited in Windsor Park during the time of the Exposition. Foreigners will send us their furs, their wool, their silk, their cochineal, their skins, their oil, and even, we understand, their cheeses and comestibles. M. Soyer, as *chef de cuisine* in Britain, will also cook our provisions in an establishment in the same neighbourhood. An interchange of advantages like these are truly delightful to contemplate. We only regret that the opportunity of comparing the less known wines of different countries was not feasible. The foreigner will also, it is to be hoped, reap the full benefit, during his sojourn, of our fisheries; nor must he neglect the unrivalled collections of the British Museum, and of the gardens of the Zoological Society.

Passing, then, from the vast field of the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms, the sources from whence all things are produced, to the producers, to the arts of civilisation, to the progress of invention and science, and to the things produced, most of which will find their representatives at the Great Exhibition of all Nations, we cannot but stop a moment at the threshold to record, as a suggestive comparison of the past with the present, and of the prospects held out to the future, that as late as in 1736 (by the Act of 9 George II.) artificers and manufacturers were formally prohibited from leaving England, and those abroad were outlawed if they did not return within six months after the notice given them, and a fine of 100*l.*, together with imprisonment for three months, made the penalties for seducing them from these realms. What a contrast does this present to the existing age of railroads and steam-boats? And what would have been the result to Britain had other nations abused humanity and progress by similarly absurd prohibitive enactments?

The art of spinning is of the most remote antiquity, but it was then confined to a few. Augustus Cæsar, for example, usually wore no garments but such as were made by his wife, sister, or daughter. Whittaker tells us that the British females, after the introduction of spinning, so constantly employed in the gentle labours of the distaff the many hours of leisure which the want of literary amusements must have left particularly vacant to the sex in all ages, that the spindle became the symbol of the sex; and an estate devolving to the female line was formally said by

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greater extent. The progress of the linen trade, in consequence of the great improvements which have been made in machinery, has, within the last twenty years, been almost unparalleled. The exports of linen have increased since that time from 50,000,000 to 105,000,000 of yards, and its declared value from 1,700,000*l.* to upwards of 3,000,000*l.* No attempt whatever has been made on the part of our agriculturists to meet this enormous and rapid increase in the demand for the raw material; and, as a consequence, the foreign producer has been reaping a golden harvest from the monopoly which he has possessed. The imports of foreign flax have increased from 936,000 cwts. in 1831, to 1,800,000 cwts. in 1842; the value in the increased imports being not less than two millions and a half. We also import large quantities of hemp, which might, like flax, be easily and profitably grown at home. The value of the hemp annually imported is about 1,500,000*l.* We have thus a demand existing for flax and hemp, and for the supply of which we are dependent upon foreign countries, shown in round numbers by the following figures:—Flax fibre, 5,000,000*l.*; seed for crushing, 1,800,000*l.*; seed for sowing, 2,000,000*l.*; seed for oil cake, 600,000*l.*; seed for hemp, 1,500,000*l.* Making a total of 9,100,000*l*

the law to descend to the distaff. Till 1767, the spinning of cotton was performed by the hand spinning-wheel, when Hargrave, an ingenious mechanic, near Blackburn, made a spinning-jenny with eight spindles. Hargrave also erected the first carding machine with cylinders. Arkwright's machine for spinning by water was an extension of the principle of Hargrave's; but he also applied a large and small roller to expand the thread. At first he worked his machinery by horses; but, in 1771, he built a mill on the stream of the Derwent, at Cromford. Now the great motive power is, as in everything else, steam. Crompton invented the mule, which is a further and wonderful improvement, in 1779, and various other improvements have been since made. So intense is the competition, that the secret working of an almost imperceptible device, and which effects but a small saving of time, will, in a few years, make the discoverer's fortune. It is not only, then, in the light of the wealth derived to the nation by our great cotton factories—and it is calculated that they have yielded more than one thousand millions sterling to Great Britain—nor is it solely for the fineness, strength, beauty, and cheapness of the material produced, that such portions of the Exhibition as refer to this great branch of British industry must be admired. In looking at such objects, while men congratulate themselves at the advantages gained to humanity, ladies may also congratulate themselves upon the advantageous change wrought thereby in their own position, as compared with that of Lucretia and her maids spinning when Collatinus visited them from the camp; or that of Tarquin's wife making a garment for Servius Tullius; or that of the wife and daughter of Augustus Cæsar; or even of their own British matronly ancestors.

Wool was manufactured in this country at the time of the Romans; but the real origin of our now unrivalled manufacture dates from 1331, when it was introduced by John Kempe and other artisans, from Flanders. Blankets were first made in England about A.D. 1340. The art of dying woollens was also brought from the Low Countries in 1608. Before that, the English manufactures were sent white to Holland, and returned to England for sale. Two dyers of Exeter were flogged in 1628 for teaching their art in the north of England. The Dutch loom was brought into use in 1676. There are now about 250,000 hand-looms in Great Britain, and 75,000 power-looms, each being equal to three hand-looms, making twenty-two yards a day. The progress of this great branch of national industry indicates an increase of exports, between 1820 and 1840, of 2,143,796 pieces against 1,022,838 pieces; but the increased quantity exported has not been attended by an equal goodness of material, or prices have fallen abroad; for we find the declared value of 1,741,983 pieces exported in 1825, to have been 6,194,926*l.*, and of 2,143,769 pieces exported in 1840, to have been only 5,921,116*l.*! It is manifest, indeed, in most of our manufactures, that there is an increase of produce, but also a great increase of cheaper and inferior materials produced. It is to be hoped that the example of foreign competition exhibited in the Crystal Palace will do some good in this respect.

That species of woollen manufacture called baize was brought into England by some Flemish emigrants, who settled at Colchester in the reign of Charles II., about the year 1666. Worsted is one of the few manufactures that are of home invention, having been first spun at Worsted, in Norfolk. "Worsted-stocking knave" was a term of re-

proach or contempt used by Shakspeare. The art of calico-printing is of considerable antiquity; there exist specimens of Egyptian cotton dyed by figure blocks. Calico was so called from Calicut, whence it was first brought in 1771; nankeens, from Nankin, in China; muslin, from Mosul; damasks, from Damascus. That esteemed manufacture called cambric—"a fabric of fine linen, used for ruffles," as Shakspeare defines it—takes its name from the town of Cambrai. Linen is also a fabric of very remote antiquity. Pharaoh arrayed Joseph in vestures of fine linen. It was first manufactured in England by Flemish weavers, under the protection of Henry III., 1265. Before that period woollen shirts were generally worn. Bleaching, neither in itself nor its improvements, has aught of English origin. An improved system was brought over by the Dutch in 1768; but for the chemical process, the world is indebted to Bertnollet, who discovered it in 1790. The art of starching linen was also brought into England by Mrs. Dinghein, a Flemish woman, 1 Mary, 1553.

Silk was first manufactured in England in 1604, and broad silk wove from raw silk in 1620. The manufacture was brought to greater perfection by the French refugees, who settled in Spitalfields in 1688. The art of weaving tapestry was borrowed from the Saracens; and Turkish carpets, like Cashmere shawls, Arab kerchiefs, Fez cloth caps, and many other wove stuffs, still surpass in excellence of material, and in durability and colour, anything of the kind produced in Europe. The invention of tapestry hangings belongs to the Netherlands, introduced into France under Henry IV. by artists invited from Flanders. The art acquired an European celebrity, enhanced by the scarlet dyes of the Sieur Gobelin, and the clever designs of Le Brun. The most interesting piece of embroidered tapestry was the work of Matilda, of England, and is a well-known remarkable historical document. The first manufactory of tapestry in England was established at Mortlake, by Sir F. Crane, in 1619.

Such is the wear and tear of woven tissues among the numerous population of modern times—such the ever-varying fashions and demands of the day—and such the competition natural to so vast and so various a demand, that the specimens of an art, the origin of which is assigned by poets to the spider, but which the Egyptians ascribed to Isis, the Greeks to Minerva, and the Peruvians to the wife of Mango Capac, may be fully expected numerically to surpass all the other classes put together. The first contribution made to the Exhibition was, indeed, reported to have been a lady's cap; it would be highly appropriate that the last should be a gentleman's hat.

Pictures were used to express ideas before writing, and papyrus and parchment were, it is well known, invented before paper; but it is less frequently borne in mind that paper for writing and printing was not manufactured in England till 1690; before which time we paid for those articles, to France and Holland, 100,000*l.* annually. Paper-making by a machine was first suggested by Louis Robert, who sold it to the well-known Didot, the great printer. The latter brought it to England, and here, conjointly with M. Fourdrinier, he perfected the machinery. This was not till 1807, or only forty-four years ago. Yet, although England did so little in the invention of the art, it has been so skilfully applied in this country, that our paper now takes precedence over that of any other country. So it is also with printing, which may be considered the

first and greatest of all arts. A host of cities boast of the invention, but Mentz, Strasburg, and Haerlem have the best claims. The first press set up in England was that of William Caxton, in 1471. In 1642, there existed one newspaper—the *London Gazette*,—and such has been the gigantic progress of the art, that we have now about 490 registered newspapers in the United Kingdom; and the stamps issued to British newspapers, which in 1753 amounted to 7,411,757*l.*, at the last return published amounted to 56,443,977*l.* Most of the improvements in this art have been of English origin. Stereotype printing was introduced in 1735; the Stanhope press in 1806; machine-printing in 1811; steam machinery and the Columbian press in 1814; the roller in 1816; Applegarth's rollers in 1817; and the Albion press in 1819. The press, with all modern improvements, excepting Mr. Charles Whiting's additions of printing in colours, may be seen at work daily at the Polytechnic Institution, and will no doubt be made at once an object for use and example at the Great Exhibition. When the spectator stops for a moment and contemplates what an invention that does not itself date more than three-and-a-half centuries back—but the real and practical working of which, as applied to newspapers, does not date more than forty years—and he considers what has been done in that time, it may also suggest itself to him what may be expected from the same art, when the progress of the arts and sciences are fostered by such exhibitions as that of 1851?

Engraving on gems, an art of remote antiquity, engraving on wood, engraving on copper and etching on copper, lithographic engraving, engraving on glass, mezzotinto, aquatinto, chiaro-oscura, and zincography, all modern inventions, had their origin in Germany, Italy, and France.

We have before noticed the beautiful modern department of manufacture by which articles in gold, silver, and other metals are made chiefly by galvanic agency, or what is now called electro-metallurgy; we may now also notice, in connexion with engraving, the copying of coins, medals, seals, and plaster casts, as electrotypes. The process is now called voltagraphy or electrography, and it is also applied to printing calico, to copying engravings, and to gold and silver plating. The terms of electrotint and glyphography have also been applied to two methods of etching by galvanism, which have as yet been only partially brought into use. Daguerreotype pictures have also been copied in electrotype, and the voltagraphic process has been suggested not only as adapted to etching in general, but also for making the copper plate itself on which an engraving is to be executed. These are the great fields of modern research and discovery, and we shall look with a curious and a critical eye to the progress made in so promising a field at the great Exhibition of all Nations.

The important, although humble, branch of art called pottery, must not be passed over. The art, itself of remote antiquity, was first rendered in this country a very important branch of commerce by the skill and talent of Josiah Wedgewood. The Exhibition will afford a favourable opportunity for comparing our crockery with the *fayence*, or *faenza*, of the Continent, and our china, and its ornamental painting and design, with real china, Dresden china, and Sèvres porcelain, so called because it was supposed that the materials were matured under ground *pour cent années*. The resources of this country in the shape of kaolins, decom-

posing feldspars, albites, and other true china earths, or pozzolanos, have been very much neglected.

The manufacture of glass has been much impeded by the long-standing duty both on glass itself and on windows. Notwithstanding this drawback, the manufacture of glass, and in modern times of plate-glass, has assumed an important development. Glass-painting, and the two very old and beautiful arts of enamelling and encaustic painting, have also been revived, and received a marked impulse in recent times.

The application of gas to the purposes of illumination is peculiarly of English origin. Gas-lights were introduced in London exactly forty-four years ago; the gas-pipes in and round London extend now upwards of 1100 miles. The stranger can satisfy himself occularly of the various improvements that have been effected in the quality of the gas, the supply, and the construction of the burners.

The abominable treatment which an unprotected foreigner met with at one of our largest breweries, may prevent such visiting in future these great marts of industry. There are, however, in London about one hundred wholesale brewers, and all may not be alike, still immersed in barbarism as deep as their own vats. It is remarkable, however, that this business has been drawn of late into the hands chiefly of eight or ten houses of gigantic capitals. In 1840, Barclay, Perkins, and Co., brewed 361,321 barrels of porter; Truman, Hanbury, and Co., 263,235; Whitbread and Co., 218,828. Thus, while that great convivial monument of ancient hospitality, the Heidelberg tun, lies mouldering in a damp vault, quite empty, at the house of Whitbread and Co. may be seen a porter-cask sixty-five feet in diameter, twenty-five feet high, with fifty-six hoops, weighing from one to three tons each—the contents 20,000 barrels. At Meux's brewhouse two large vats suddenly burst, deluging and destroying many neighbouring houses, and drowning many persons —a miniature flood!

Scientific and mechanical inventions are so intimately allied, and these again are so closely connected with the progress of science itself, that for practical purposes they do not require separation. True that there are abstract sciences, as mathematics, various branches of natural philosophy, electric and magnetic science, geology, and others, the pursuit of which is, in this country, confined to professional men, teachers, or the wealthy *dilettante* or amateur. Abstract science, whether chemistry, natural history, astronomy, natural philosophy, geology, or geography, cannot be pursued in this country without wealth, for the existence of a predilection for such pursuits, or successful investigations, meet with no national acknowledgment. Yet the progress of art, manufacture, navigation and commerce, depend upon scientific discoveries and perfectionings; and notwithstanding the neglect shown to the parent, the offspring are of such great practical value, that, although we may not be precisely upon a par with continental nations, either in the steady and successful pursuit of science, in its wide diffusion, or in the support granted to it, yet we have no reason to be ashamed of the part taken in giving impetus to all branches of science in this country, and the upraising of many both in rank and dignity.

Thus, for example, in astronomy, if Britons did not discover the spherical form of the earth, the cause of eclipses, the precession of the equinoxes, or the laws of the motions of the planetary bodies, still the publication of "Newton's Principia" in 1687, formed an era in the science, and Bradley's

explanation of the aberration of the stars, the discoveries of Flamstead, Herschell, and Harding, and the researches of many illustrious living men, place us nearly upon a par with nations where the pursuit of science is made of national import.

Logarithms are of British origin, and we need not appeal to what has been done in recent times towards the illustration of electro-galvanic and electro-magnetic science, terrestrial magnetism, or thermo-electricity, optical science, chemical science, geology and geography. All these sciences have their practical applications, and most of them will tell some way or other in the Great Exhibition. A simple principle in mechanics will be illustrated, for example, by an enormous screw propeller of the power of 700 horses.

While the physical properties of the atmosphere have been as much studied by our countrymen as by the philosophers of any other nation, and it is to Hales, Black, and Priestly, that the world is indebted for a first knowledge of its composition; the pressure of the air was determined, and the barometer discovered, by Torricelli in 1645 (whence, possibly, so many Italian manufacturers of rude weather-glasses); the air-gun was invented by Guter of Nuremberg in 1656 ; the air-pump by Otto Guericlle, at Madeburg, in 1650; the air-pipe alone was invented by an Englishman, a Mr. Sulton, a brewer of London, about 1756. To Lord Bacon, the prophet of art, as Walpole calls him, has been attributed the first suggestion of the true theory of aeronautics; but balloons were first introduced from abroad in 1784. And who can tell what may yet be effected in the application of these aerial conveyances ? The progress of every analogous branch science speaks in favour of ultimate success. Atmospheric railways appear to be of British origin, and although many have failed, one is in actual and successful operation between Dalkey and Killiney, in the vicinity of Dublin.

Burning-glasses and concave mirrors were known to the ancients, but their power, much improved upon by Settala, Tchirnhausen, and Buffon, have been rendered wonderful by Parker and others more recently.

The camera-obscura was invented, it is believed, by the celebrated Roger Bacon, in 1797; it was improved by Baptista Porta, the writer on natural magic, about 1500. Sir Isaac Newton remodelled it. The camera-lucida was invented by Dr. Hooke, about 1674. By the recent invention of Daguerre, the pictures of the camera are rendered permanent; this last was produced in 1839, and now we have voltagraphy presenting to us a means of copying daguerreotype pictures by a kind of etching by galvanism.

In most of the practical applications of the mechanical arts we stand unrivalled; our chronometers are the best in the world; so also are our locks. Locks have been made at Wolverhampton in suits of eight, ten, or more, of exquisite workmanship, all with different keys, so that none of them can open any but its own lock, yet a master-key will open all. Thrashing-machines were invented by Menzies, of Edinburgh, in 1732; and such has been the progress made in improving agricultural implements, that there is now scarcely a thing to be done on the farm that cannot be accomplished by machinery, and that often aided by steam. There will probably be few things that will serve more to enlighten our visitors than the agricultural machines that will be exhibited in the Crystal Palace. A great hydraulic press, weighing, exclusive of the woodwork and timber which it rests upon, upwards of sixty tons, will

illustrate the practical application of a principle discovered by Archimedes upwards of 2000 years ago! In everything, machinery, as applied to the arts, attests alike the skill and ingenuity of a nation aroused by competition to almost superhuman exertions. In some of our dockyards, it is well known that blocks and other materials for our ships of war are now produced by an almost instantaneous process from rough pieces of oak—an invention of Mr. Brunel.

In our tools, our machinery, wherever indeed art is not required, we are pre-eminent; wherever art is required, we have been inferior. The watchmakers of Clerkenwell can speak as to their powers of making better watches than the French and the people of Geneva; but they are unable to compete with them in taste. The manufacturers of fancy glass articles will tell you that they can compete with the Bohemians as to quality, but not as to colour or decorative beauty. The toy trade can boast of their strong work as superior to that of Germany, but that the German toys are more attractive than ours. The lace trade feel their inferiority to that of Belgium. We cannot cast fancy ironwork like the French, or produce it so beautiful as that of Berlin. It is but just to say that certain contemporary publications, as the *Art Journal* and the *Journal of Design*, have been doing everything in their power to give an impulse to an improvement so ardently sought for by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, as the only chance by which we can hold our places in the universal competition that railways and steam-boats have brought about.*

It is undoubtedly in the manifold, numerous, and gigantic applications of steam, that we see the greatest triumphs of human skill. There are those who dispute with us the discovery of the greatest of all inventions—the steam-engine. We are satisfied that the Marquis of Worcester suggested the "way to drive up water by fire" in 1663. Denis Papin, who came to England, made many attempts to bring the steam-engine to perfection, but it is certain that the first idea of steam navigation was set forth in a patent obtained by Hulls in 1736. Watt's patent was obtained in 1765. Mr. Symington plied the first steam-boat in 1802. Blenkinsop first used steam power on a railway in 1811. Steam was applied to printing the *Times* in 1814. Locomotive steam carriages were first used at Liverpool in 1829; and the first railway was opened in 1830. There are now upwards of 6000 miles of railway opened, and more than 2000 steam-vessels belonging to the British Empire are afloat. The steam-engines in Great Britain represent a power greater than that of 1,000,000 horses, equal to that of nearly 6,000,000 of men; and being, in fact, managed by little more than 200,000 men, they add, consequently, to the power of our population 5,800,000 men. Such has been the wondrous progress made by this discovery in less than half a century.

The effect of this great discovery upon commerce and navigation has been as remarkable as in inland and international communication, and in the arts and manufactures. In 1700 the value of the exports from Great Britain to all parts of the world amounted to only 6,097,120*l.*; in 1800, to 38,120,120*l.*; in 1846, to 134,599,116*l.* The total exports, including

* Few things show the all-importance of the arts of design in manufacture than furniture. It is a common thing to say "what can high art do against solid working?" Now we formerly had a large export trade of furniture, more especially to America. It has dwindled down, France having superseded us. We produce furniture the more solid, France the more tasteful.

foreign and colonial produce were, in 1846, 150,879,986*l.* As in the same year the amount of imports into the United Kingdom was 85,281,958*l.*, the balance of trade in favour of Great Britain was 65,598,028*l.* But even this great balance has been exceeded in recent years, having amounted to upwards of 70,000,000*l.* In 1849 the aggregate value of British produce and manufactures exported to the British colonies and dependencies alone, was equal in value to 16,594,087*l.*; more than the total value of the exports to all parts of the world in 1775. Unfortunately the expenses of collecting taxes, the demands of the civil list, and the general charges of government, have always increased in the same, if not in an increasing ratio, to the producing power. Thus the public revenue, which suddenly increased under the Commonwealth, from a few hundred thousand pounds to 1,517,247*l.*, never afterwards decreased, but kept steadily augmenting till it has reached an average in Queen Victoria's time of upwards of 50,000,000*l.* sterling.

In matters of taxation, however, before we connive at the destruction of the revenue (by taking off taxes), we ought always carefully to attend to the solution of the problem, "whether it be more advantageous to the people to pay considerably and to gain in proportion, or to gain little or nothing, and be disburdened of contribution?" There has, unfortunately, sprung up a school of speculative political economists in this country who would sacrifice everything—colonies, protection of commerce and industry, and even means of defence—and would cast national security and prosperity upon the die of a theoretical state of international peace, free-trade, and self-government; the results of which would be idleness and anarchy, or war, rapine, and ruin.

As well might the luxuries of life, improved lodging and clothing, multiplied conveniences and comforts, literature and the fine arts, and all that is tasteful and improving, be given up to suit the views of the vegetarians, as the power of Great Britain be abandoned to the political fantasies of such a school of political economists. No country has ever yet produced a great and civilised race, nor does man ever seem to make any progress when feeding solely on grains, farinaceous roots, and fruits. The potato has been the bane of Ireland. Wherever food is plentiful, capital and manufactured commodities are proportionally scarce. The reason is, that if a labourer can obtain support for himself and family by two or three days' labour, and if, to furnish himself with conveniences and comforts, he must work three or four days more, he will in general think the sacrifice too great compared with the objects to be obtained, which are not strictly necessary, and prefer the luxury of idleness to the luxury of improved lodging and clothing; but if, on the other hand, the main part of the labourer's time be occupied in procuring food, habits of industry are generated, and the remaining time, which is inconsiderable compared with the commodities it will purchase, is seldom grudged.

Luxuries, in the sense here spoken of, and not in the more general and accepted sense of superfluities—for what is a luxury to one is sometimes not at all so to another—will, no doubt, abound in the Great Exhibition, of which, indeed, they may be expected to constitute the major part. Increased comforts and conveniences, and an improved taste, are everywhere the real test of civilisation. People are not generally aware how great the changes dictated by caprice and fashion, as well as by an improved taste, have been within a very brief time. A chapter on the progress of luxuries would be the most amusing pendant to the Ex-

hibition that could be readily suggested. Straw, for example, was used to make the beds in the royal chambers of England so late as the close of the fifteenth century. The floor was, at the same epoch, strewn with rushes and heather. Woollen shirts were worn until about the 38th of Henry III., 1253. Shoes were formerly worn with the points so long that they had to be tied up to the knees. "Henry VIII. wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings; for Spain very early abounded in silk." In 1560, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black knit silk stockings by her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, and she never wore cloth ones any more. Handkerchiefs, wrought and edged with gold, used to be worn in England by gentlemen in their hats, as favours from young ladies.

Among the Greeks a certain garment indicated slavery. In the reign of Honorius, about A.D. 394, the *braccari*, or breeches-makers, were expelled from Rome. A cap was also once a mark of infamy. In Italy the Jews were distinguished by a yellow cap; and in France, those who had been bankrupts were for ever after obliged to wear a green cap (a very wise precaution too). The cap is now a symbol of anarchy, under the sacred name of liberty. The hat took the place of the chaperon, or hood, at the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen. A law was enacted in 1571 that every person above seven years of age should wear, on Sundays and holidays, a cap of wool, knit, made, thickened, and dressed in England by some of the trade of cappers, under the forfeiture of three farthings for every day's neglect. It were much to be wished that a law should be enacted, declaring the modern chimney-pot hat a nuisance. Charles VII.'s hat was a handsome head-covering, lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a rich plume of feathers. A stamp duty was laid upon hats in 1784, and again in 1796; something might be done in that way in the present day to discountenance such an abomination; or they might be at once prohibited, as was done in the case of cloth buttons, 8 George I., 1721, to encourage the manufacture of metal buttons. Blue coats and gilt metal buttons would, by-the-by, be much more lively than our present sombre garments. Silk was at first of the same value with gold, weight for weight, and was thought to grow in the same manner as cotton on trees. Silk mantles were first worn by some ladies at a ball at Kenilworth Castle, in 1286. Costumes have varied with every age. The most original, and that whence, indeed, the word itself may have been derived, was that of the women of Cos, who, according to Ovid, wore garments of so beautiful and delicate a texture, that their bodies could be seen through them. This must have been the lace of the time—an exquisite invention, only half veiling the beauties it is scarce meant to conceal, and well worth the price it has often fetched —ten times that of standard gold, or forty pounds an ounce. Fans, according to Pardon, were used by females to hide their faces at church. Stowe is very severe upon fans, muffs, and false hair. As he also says of cosmetics, that rouge has always been in disrepute among the virtuous and well ordered women of England. Ear-rings have been a mark of servitude among some nations, of nobility among others. Most nations were clothed with skins and furs long before cloths were invented, yet Edward III. enacted that all such persons as could not spend 100*l.* a year, should be prohibited such finery. No such a trade as a perfumer was known in canny Scotland in 1763. Lilly, the perfumer mentioned in the "Spectator," lived at the corner of Beaufort-

buildings. We are too well aware of the tenacity with which John Bull holds by his prejudices, and of his antipathy to everything foreign (an antipathy which, it is to be hoped, the Exhibition of all Nations, and increased intercommunication, will do much to efface), to say much concerning the details of his dress, which has been somewhat improved of late by the so-called morning or lounging coat; but we cannot but agree with a distinguished writer, that the grand distinction in the aspect of the male figure is destroyed by the custom of shaving the beard, which gives an air of dignity even to an ugly countenance. By shaving the beard, and wrapping up the neck (a practice which had its origin in the infirmities of a monarch), the virility of the human appearance is limited to the external clothing. We have only just got rid of powdered hair and pigtails; we may, perhaps, some day resume the appearance of men. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry umbrellas without incurring the brand of effeminacy. As late as 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who wrote his own life, informs us, that he had "a fine silk umbrella, which he brought from Spain, but he could not get any comfort to himself to use it, the people calling out, 'Frenchman! why don't you get a coach?'" This man's sister was compelled to quit his arm one day, from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. So it is with everything new. Coffee-houses were, at first, voted nuisances—as in the case of the Rainbow, near Temple Bar—and they were suppressed by proclamation, 26 Charles II., 1657. We have now temperance hotels. Our coffee-houses are, however, a disgrace to the metropolis. We have hailed with pleasure a sprinkling of French coffee-houses and *restaurants* taking root here and there.

Carriages in the time of Queen Elizabeth were called whirlicotes. The first person who set up a coach in France was Jean de Laval de Bois Dauphin. He could not travel otherwise on account of his enormous bulk. A bill was brought into parliament (43 Elizabeth, 1601) to prevent the effeminacy of men riding in coaches. Hackney-coaches, cabriolets, and omnibuses, are of French origin. The aristocratic taste of the English improved the cab by obliging the driver to be seated outside, and in some cases even behind, the vehicle. It is to hoped that public feeling will insist upon reforming the abuses of omnibuses; the law has already touched the middle seat at the head, and omnibuses are being run which give to each person a separate seat. There can be no doubt as to their being the most patronised on any road that an enterprising company would introduce them.

One word, before we conclude, upon the Fine Arts—the most promising and most interesting feature of the Exhibition. It is to the originator of this great and noble idea of an Exposition of all Nations, an anticipation of the inevitable result of railroads and steam-packets, to force nations to one common level, and bring them, sooner or later, to one common market. It is to his Royal Highness Prince Albert that we are indebted for founding, upon a surer basis than heretofore existed, a school of High Art in this country—an art as necessary in a manufacturing country like ours as coal itself.

The institution of Schools of Design sufficiently attested that there was a something connected with our manufactures which was felt by all to be wanted. The people and the manufacturers of England felt that, with our natural advantages for cheap productions, and with our wonderful facilities of transit, we ought not only to be carriers, but the work-

shop of the world, and the reason that we were not so has been now generally felt to be the absence of the taste, skill, and genius of design by which Raffael gave immortality to the Umbrian clay, and Flaxman to the Wedgewood pottery.

The first great step taken by his Royal Highness was the institution of a commission for decorating the new houses of parliament, by throwing open to competition, and affording a ready market for the artistic talent of the country. The consequence of the great exhibitions at Westminster Hall was the calling into instant celebrity men who, however promising, would never have advanced so far upon their career of fame had they not had an opportunity of putting their powers to the greatest possible stretch. The association by his Royal Highness of the present President of the Royal Academy with himself in the labours of the commission materially assisted the great objects in view. A minor, but not an uninfluential, step was taken in decorating a summer-house by English artists, under the superintendence of Mr. Grüner. The result has been a generally increased appetite and taste for decoration. Owen Jones, with all his treasures from the Alhambra, has been brought into special and well-merited prominence. Wondrous Pugin has been called upon to add vigour to activity. Houses and even shop-windows begin to show the improvement everywhere going on. Even on the walls of the Academy, portraits have had to give place to pictures of great promise from the very men whom the cartoons of Westminster first introduced to notice.

That the decorative state of art must be useful to the manufacturer, no one can for a moment dispute; and that it is to his Royal Highness Prince Albert—brought up in the school of Cornelius and Oberbeck, artists who bring us back nearest to the great days of Italy, when Leonardi de Vinci, Lucca della Robia, Benevenuto Cellini, Raffael, and their pupils, lent their aid to the manufacturers—and to him alone, that we are indebted for its introduction into this country, must be now generally admitted.

Free trade has anticipated a result which railroads and steam-boats must inevitably have brought about sooner or later—competition with the foreigner upon more equal terms. Nothing could have been devised which should show more forethought and a more apt and well-timed genius as to how to prepare ourselves for this great result, than the bringing together, at one glance, all the articles with their raw materials; to lay before our eyes, at one view, all that industry or art or ingenuity can do, and to place these side by side, in order to ascertain in what we are strong or in what deficient; to show the wants of others, their strength, and their capabilities; to see, at a bird's-eye view, how by an united and by an interchanging process, we may add strength and development to each other.

We feel compelled, looking at it in this point of view, to admit that the author of a scheme in which there is at once something so grand and so patriotic, has shown himself in every respect worthy of the magnificent epoch of railroads and electric telegraphs, and in every way worthy to preside over the destinies of a mighty empire. It is in this point of view, as a school of useful and intellectual art, that the Great Exhibition of 1851 will be an event as marked in the annals of English history as the Olympics were to those of Greece. The extent to

which it will benefit mankind, the wonderful results it will open to all, is beyond calculation. Who can foretel how many new ideas, new applications of forms and inventions, may not suggest themselves—giving employment to thousands, and bringing millions into commercial fellowship—who can calculate upon how many new markets, or those imperfectly held by us, may not be secured by our knowing how better to adapt our skill to theirs, how to fabricate to a greater extent what they more require, or by suiting our prices to their means? How many dies, and ores, and chemicals, are only known to those immediately employed upon them? and yet, when seen by others, may be found to be the exact thing wanted to complete the texture of a metal for electrotyping, or the exact requisite to finish an invention which shall not only introduce us to new countries, but throw us into their commerce. Who can foresee what wonderful improvements may not be suggested, when all our machinery is seen classed together?—some trifling suggestion which shall prove as important to us and to universal happiness as Watts's steam-engine.

If the Exhibition of 1851 answered no other purpose than that of affording *knowledge*—that one thing would be sufficient. What is the press?—what the marvels of Printing-house-square?—but its types conveying knowledge—the truest, most practical accurate knowledge, in the smallest space, in the quickest time. And what will be the Great Exhibition of 1851 but the Great Printing-house-square of all Nations, conveying universal palpable truths in the most efficient way, in the smallest given time? How many factories—how many voyages—how many treatises on this subject or on that, must a man read through before he could hope to obtain the same amount of practical information that this one great assemblage will afford him?

Whether the Great Exhibition of 1851 will fulfil all the great things it is calculated to do, is not in the power of human mortal to foresee; whether it will alleviate distress or sooth party animosity; whether it will sow wheat where thistles grow—are grave and important questions. Whether this country, which is so peculiarly situated at the present hour, and which, to use the strong language of Cobbett, "has been crucified between Whig and Tory," will adjust herself—would be impossible even for a Peel to predict. But if there is one thing more calculated to produce wonderful results—results the best adapted to teach the blessings of peace and the advancement and progress of civilisation—it is the existing Exhibition of all Nations. Whether it is supported in a manner commensurate to the vastness of the idea, we shall see hereafter; but whether it proves a comparative failure or a national triumph, its attempt will earn a reputation so great for the illustrious prince who originated it, as to build a monument so lasting as to defy the hand of all-destroying Time; and when, in after ages, we shall be as the city of Nimrod, and other people shall discover works of art in our tombs, the periods of our modern history will be by them divided into two distinct epochs—that preceding the Great Exhibition of 1851, and that when our manufactures show the visible improvements introduced by the exertions of the most enlightened and generous philanthropist of our age and our country.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

WHAT BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO LONDON IN 1851.

Chapter XII.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. JOLLY GREEN IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[Our continuous narrative of the occurrences which took place in Mr. Poppy-head's mansion in Belgravia, on the evening of the great dinner given by the members of the Cosmopolite Club to Lord Phaeton and a distinguished party—of which, it may be remembered, our old friend, Mr. Jolly Green, was one—has been singularly interrupted by a communication from that gentleman himself. It would seem, from the private note which accompanies his correspondence, that Mr. Green claims a previous acquaintance with many of the personages who figure in our story; and he urges—with what show of reason we leave to the consideration of our readers—that this circumstance gives him a kind of prescriptive right to interfere. We had imagined that Mr. Green had other fish to fry, having heard—but we mention it only as a rumour and in the strictest confidence—that he was on the eve of marriage, and we certainly, therefore, did *not* expect that at such a moment he would have been desirous of rushing into print. But it is possible we may have been mistaken, and that Mr. Green has other views; be this, however, as it may, our regard for this ingenious gentleman, and our firm conviction that the information which he has to impart is likely to place a variety of matters connected with the Great Exhibition in a new light, have induced us to postpone for a while the historical style which we had adopted in favour of the autobiographical, and we, therefore, without further preface, allow him to speak for himself, hoping—as much for his sake as our own—that what he has to say will be received with favour by the public.—Editor *N. M. M.*]

When I last had the pleasure of pouring out my thoughts in these pages, the subject which occupied them was the threatened invasion of England by our warlike neighbours, the French. Since that period—now five months back—a successful invasion has been accomplished—not exactly after the manner predicted by a well-known gallant alarmist—but still accomplished. London is at this moment—to a certain extent—in the possession of foreigners, though what may be the consequences arising from the presence of this army of occupation I shall not, just

now, venture to predict. It has fallen to my lot, at this momentous period—as it has frequently happened before—to become mixed up with public events, and I have, consequently, been very often brought into contact with many of these invaders, both as a public man and a private individual. It is of the latter chiefly that I would speak, though it will not be expected that I should altogether refrain from the statement of facts which may wear an aspect—so to express myself—of international importance.

When I found that I had succeeded in silencing Sir Fr——s H——d and calming the apprehensions of my countrymen, I began to consider what line of conduct I should pursue that was best calculated to be of advantage to society; and it struck me that the Great Exhibition afforded me an opportunity of developing those qualities of mind which are, in a great degree, peculiar to myself, and that a faithful account of my proceedings, in connexion with the vast undertaking, might furnish both instruction and entertainment.

The first step, therefore, which I took, was to give in my unqualified adhesion to the scheme, though a club acquaintance of mine, Mr. Bugbear—who has the art of looking wiser than most men whom I happen to know—endeavoured to prevent me from doing so, by representing the possibility—with him, indeed, it was the certainty—of the danger accruing from the encouragement thus given.

"What," said Mr. Bugbear to me one morning, in a mysterious tone, and looking wiser than ever—"what, Mr. Green, is to prevent a couple of hundred thousand of these fellows"—meaning the French, of course—"from coming over with their pockets filled with fire-balls, and burning down London in the course of a single night?"

The only answer to this point-blank question was to screw up my mouth and shake my head exactly in the same manner as Mr. Bugbear; but when the fascination of that gentleman's glance was withdrawn, I began to think that, if the Custom-house officers did their duty towards foreigners as punctiliously as towards ourselves, when our persons and baggage come under their observation, it was not altogether such an easy matter to smuggle a million or two of hand-grenades without their connivance; and the terror which Mr. Bugbear would have excited—if the thing had been possible—subsided into a feeling of defiance, and operated in a way exactly the reverse of what he anticipated.

I instantly went and bought a season ticket.

Of the immediate effect of this act upon the public mind it does not become me to speak; enough, perhaps, if I mention that—ascribe it to what cause you please—there was a rise in Consols that afternoon of one-sixteenth per cent.

Having now embarked in the affair by that personal identification with it which the investment of money—no matter what the amount—invariably creates, I resolved to put my shoulder to the wheel and help it on. It was too late for me to offer my services as one of the executive committee, but I felt satisfied that when the inauguration of the Crystal Palace took place, I ought to take some share in the proceedings. I accordingly wrote to the secretary, volunteering an oration upon the memorable occasion, but learnt from his reply, which was very courteously worded, that the arrangements already made did not admit of the embellishment which I proposed. It thus became open for me to adopt an unfettered

course, and I arrived at the conclusion that if I could manage an agreeable surprise it would be the pleasantest mode of proceeding.

Inspiration is to men of genius what years of patient investigation are to others less favourably endowed. I examined the programme of the ceremonies which were to take place at the Crystal Palace on the 1st of May, and a glance at the paper assured me of one striking omission which I was convinced it was in my power to supply. In the long list of eminent persons who figured amongst the foreign acting commissioners, no mention was made of any from the Celestial Empire. The United States were represented by Mr. Riddle and Mr. Dodge, synonymous, if not symbolical appellations; the Hanse Towns, by Monsieur Piglheim; Holland, by Monsieur Goothens; Northern Germany, by Monsieur Noback; and so on, of the rest. Surely, I observed to myself, China is as fully entitled to send a representative to the Exhibition as any of these places, though she may not be so happy in the choice of a name. He-sing may not sound so pleasantly as Piggle-heim—though I am inclined to think it does—and the individual who assumes that designation can, at any rate, bear the burden of representation as well as Monsieur Noback. I see my way clearly in the matter. As there is neither commissioner nor envoy of any description from China, I will take upon myself to play the part of the Chinese ambassador. Nature has not bestowed upon me a very prominent nose, I am not immoderately tall, my feet have always been remarked for their *petitisse*, and my skill in making up is considerable.

Having mentally decided the question, I proceeded at once to carry it practically into effect. Mr. Shylock, the *costumier*, is an old ally of mine when I occasionally wear the buskin of the amateur; Mr. Curlew, the *coiffeur*, has adorned me with more than one effective *chevelure*. I had interviews with these men of art, and the matter was soon arranged. Mr. Shylock had fortunately speculated when the Chinese Exhibition was broken up, and became the possessor, amongst other things, of a superb Mandarin's dress, which I incontinently purchased; Mr. Curlew manufactured a *queue* a yard long, and supplied me with an invaluable black dye for my hair, and another—a yellow one—for my complexion—neither of which I have been able yet effectually to remove; and the three peacock's feathers I procured from Mr. Rainbow's aviary in the New-road. Although a practised linguist, as far as the principal languages of Europe extend, I have not much acquaintance with Chinese; but I reflected that this was a matter of no consequence, as nobody would have understood me if I had spoken the purest Bohea, or imparted to my accents the real Twankay flavour. I resolved to rely upon my expressive pantomime, and the result proved that I resolved wisely.

Everybody remembers—indeed, it will be strange if they ever forget—the 1st of May, 1851. For my own part, the memory of that day is ineffaceable. I do not know exactly at what hour the suburban or country lark gets out of his bed, but I, who assimilated myself to a London one, left mine, I may say, before I got into it. To allow the dyes to bite well in, as Mr. Curlew remarked, I shut myself up at home on the 30th of April, and passed that day in staining my face and hair; nay, so fearful was I of rubbing off my complexion on my pillow, that I sat up the whole of the night, relieving the tedium of my vigil by rehearsing a few histrionic attitudes and expressive gesticulations. I derived considerable

assistance in my efforts from the perusal of Mr. Phil. Fudge's celebrated description of what is necessary for enacting a Mandarin to the life, and by the time the day dawned I was perfectly master of the "nine grins," and able to throw a summerset with the most active Mandarin that ever cut a caper.

Mr. Curlew was in attendance at an early hour, and declared himself delighted with what he called the "naturalness" of my appearance, after he had toned down with walnut-juice a slight tendency to orange in the colour of my face and hands. My hair had taken the dye admirably, and glowed with that rich purple hue which is so distinctive of the Orientals. He combed it well back, and tied it in a very tight thick knot behind, into which he artfully inserted the long snaky tail and affixed the three peacock's feathers which streamed down my back. A long corking pin sufficed to steady on my head a large many-cornered black velvet cap ornamented with gold bullion; my yellow silken trousers and azure petticoat-robe—the whole paraphernalia of my dress, in fact—were carefully adjusted, and Mr. Curlew finally pronounced his professional as well as personal satisfaction.

"I 'ave dressed many an edd, Mr. Green," said he, with the pronunciation of a cockney but the energy of an enthusiast; "many an edd, Mr. Green, 'ave I dressed, but I never met with one so heasy to 'andle as your'n. Taking you, sir, from top to bottom, everything suits you to a T!"

"Green tea," said I, wittily; and I thought Mr. Curlew would have choked with laughter.

I was, myself, quite satisfied with my appearance, though not altogether with my sensations, for my cheeks felt rather rigid with the dye, and the roots of my hair tingled a good deal, besides which it was tied so tightly that I experienced some difficulty in shutting my eyes. Luckily, however, there was no occasion for closing them, and I consoled myself for any little inconvenience I might suffer by reflecting that there would be few people at the ceremony that day more wide awake than I was.

But, at the very last moment, Mr. Curlew discovered that one remarkable feature was wanting to complete my costume. I had forgotten my finger-nails, and as there was not time to grow them—though the Prisoner of Chillon, if I remember rightly, grew his "in a single night,"—I was obliged to have recourse to a very ingenious expedient. It happens fortunately for me that, in my literary labours, I always use Hudson's Bay quills, and from a bundle of these I selected ten of the largest and stoutest, which Mr. Curlew split and shaped of the requisite form; a little glue fixed them firmly on the tips of my fingers and thumbs, and though I every now and then came into contact with some object that set my teeth dreadfully on edge, I could not but congratulate myself on having made this formidable but necessary addition to my appearance.

As it was not my purpose, after all these preparations, to go to the Exhibition incognito, and as the morning was sufficiently fine to encourage the display, I selected an open carriage, taking the precaution, at the same time, of providing my footman, in case of rain, with a large red umbrella which I brought home with me the last time I was in Germany. As the "Regenschirm" had a brass handle and point which shone very bright, and produced rather an imposing effect, I was not sorry for the shower which obliged Prodgers to open it; and I flatter myself that few

members of the diplomatic body created a greater sensation out of doors than the Chinese Ambassador, or were more loudly cheered by the people.

I had purposely dispensed with attendants in costume, and was completely "alone in my glory" when I entered the northern transept and mingled with the gay multitude. I immediately became the object of universal admiration, and as I merely replied to any observation that was made to me by a low bow or significant gesture, it was impossible for the most detective amongst the police, even Sergeant Lynx himself—to say nothing of the wily diplomatists who eyed me—to come to any other conclusion than that I was the real Mandarin, He-sing. That personage, luckily for me and for the world, was at that very moment confined to his bed on board the junk in the river, in consequence of a surfeit he had got from dining too heartily on a fresh importation of edible bird's-nests, the bulk of which, intended for the Exhibition, was greatly diminished by his meal.

It was rather amusing to hear the comments which were made by those around me, none of whom had the slightest idea that I understood a word of English. "Fine man!"—"Intelligent countenance!"—"Noble bearing!"—"Imposing manner!" reached my ears on every side, to such an extent that, but for Mr. Curlew's cosmetic—accustomed as I am to public adulation—I fear my blushes would have betrayed me. Some idiots there were amongst the crowd who indulged in a few pointless jokes, and once or twice I heard the word "Guy" made use of; but as these remarks were evidently levelled at the Chinese nation, I took no notice of them, and merely expressed my scorn by a still more dignified demeanour.

It is impossible for me to say how long I might have continued to attract more attention than all the other objects combined which ornamented the Crystal Palace, when the cheers of the people and the booming of the royal salute announced that the Queen had reached the building, and, eager for novelty, the fickle multitude directed their gaze towards her Majesty. I forgave it, however; for if there is one sentiment in my bosom stronger than another, it is my unbounded devotion to my Sovereign. I pass over the ceremonial of the address, the archbishop's benediction, and the chorus, to arrive at one of the most interesting features in the proceedings of the day. It was with some difficulty that I prevented myself from bursting out into a grand *solo* when the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music made a pause, but when their voices ceased entirely, I could restrain my feelings no longer. Regardless at that moment of etiquette, I forced my way through the crowd of envoys and exons, barons and beefeaters, and rushing towards the chair of state, threw myself on my face at full length at the feet of the Queen. It was now that I profited by my long practice before the looking-glass on the previous night. Before her Majesty or the court had time to recover from their surprise, I gently raised my body on my outstretched palms, and looking full in the face of my Sovereign, smiled in the most agreeable manner that my position would admit of, and then performed the *ko-tou;* a ceremony which, I need scarcely inform the reader, consists in knocking the head against the floor nine times in succession, as hard as it can be done, and executing a smile or grin, as the case may be, between each thump. It is no easy matter to preserve one's *sang-froid* upon such an occasion, especially when the experiment is made for the first time in public; but I retained sufficient presence of mind to be aware that her Majesty was greatly moved by my intense loyalty, though, to hide her real sensations,

she took refuge in a burst of hysterical laughter. When I saw this, as I rose from the floor to perform a final graceful *salaam*, I had again to put a strong curb on my emotions, for I felt on the point of exclaiming that, instead of the Mandarin He-sing, her Majesty beheld before her no less a personage than Jolly Green himself. Had I done so, I should, of course, have been knighted on the spot, and in all probability by the trusty weapon of the hero of a hundred fights, who stood at the Queen's right hand, and who I should fancy, from the expression of his countenance, "envied me my feelings," as Sterne did those of the dead ass on the road-side at Nampont. But I struggled successfully against the temptation to make myself known, and withdrew to the diplomatic circle, where I once more became the object of its *empressement.*

Nor of these alone, for the Lord Chamberlain almost immediately came up and informed me it was the Queen's wish that I should join the procession then about to be formed. He spoke in English, but, fearing that I might not understand him, added a number of grimaces to signify his meaning. It was well for me that I heard every syllable he said, or I might have supposed, from his imperfect style of acting, that he was ordering me to leave the building, so little do they understand in England the real art of pantomime. I dare say I was the only person present, out of the thousands assembled beneath that "blazing arch"—as a friend of mine calls it—who could have done what I did. But rare adventures always call forth the men to achieve them.

Of the order of the procession I need not speak, further than to say that I brought up the rear of the diplomatic corps and enjoyed the distinction of walking alone, directly in front of my noble and gallant friends—if they will permit me to call them so—the two illustrious field-marshals who respectively preside over the Horse Guards and the Ordnance. Wherever we came the cheering was the loudest, and I may be allowed to observe that—though I have frequently said so before—*that* was "the proudest day of my life." I only regretted that I had not provided myself with a bagful of medals, bearing my own features in high relief on one side, and an appropriate inscription on the other, to distribute amongst the crowd.

As I passed along amongst a sea of familiar faces—Bugbear was amongst the number, frightened out of his fright by his wife, who *would* have a season ticket—I was in momentary expectation of being recognised, but except Mr. Curlew, who got in on the strength of being an exhibitor of a pair of expanding whiskers, I am now convinced that no one penetrated my disguise. He, good fellow, had sworn secrecy, and as I had promised him a twenty-pound note to say nothing about it till all was over, I felt safe on that score, though a hairdresser's garrulity is a ticklish thing to rely upon. But life itself very often hangs only on a thread, and Fate, like the sword of state, is frequently suspended by a hair!

But, with the policy which marks all my actions, I decided upon not giving away a chance—for secrets sometimes escape in the strangest manner—and as soon as the procession had finally made the *tour* of the building, and her Majesty had formally declared that the Exhibition was opened, I quietly effected my retreat, and Prodgers being in waiting, my carriage was quickly got up, and I left the Crystal Palace, the Queen going one way and I the other, and the acclamations of the people being divided between us.

I afterwards read in the *Globe* that her Majesty presented herself, with

her family, at the window of Buckingham Palace. Had I known of this fact in time, I should certainly have gone out into my own balcony, though I have no family—*at present!* But I may have, and before many years have passed over my head, if all goes right that I have since been encouraged to hope in the Crystal Palace. I shall presently reveal a little more on that subject; in the mean time, I pause for a moment at the recollection of the tumultuous state of my feelings on the evening of the 1st of May, and of the splitting headache which accompanied them in consequence of the thoroughly earnest way in which I performed the *ko-tou,* which left a lump on my forehead as big as "a chaney-orange."

Chapter XIII.

HOW MR. GREEN CONTRIVED TO FALL DESPERATELY IN LOVE.

Fatigued with my exertions, I went to bed that evening at a very early hour, slept soundly, and awoke next morning quite refreshed. Having taken the precaution to apply to my forehead some brown paper steeped in vinegar, which I wore all night under my nightcap, I found that the bump of loyalty was much reduced, though it still continued painful. All my attempts, however, were fruitless to clear my naturally fair complexion from the Chinese tint imparted to it by Mr. Curlew's wash; neither could I effect any change for the better in the colour of my hair, which I was grieved to think bore a closer resemblance to rusty iron than to its natural golden auburn. This was vexatious; but there was no remedy for it save patience, perseverance, Rowland's Kalydor, and *Eau de Lob,* with which my mind and my toilet-table were well supplied. If I could have kept house it would not so much have signified, but, as the Exhibition was now open, that was impossible, and nothing remained for me but to put the best face I could on the matter. I decided, therefore, upon not going near any of my general acquaintance, and, out of doors or within the walls of the Crystal Palace, I trusted upon passing in the crowd.

I was anxious to see what the morning papers said of my share in the grand ceremony of inauguration, and it was very gratifying to me to find that one and all were loud in my praise. I was amused also to think that even their acuteness had been baffled by the inimitable style of my acting, which they declared was like nothing that had ever been seen before. I cut out the various notices, and pasted them into a blank book, bound in red morocco, and having my arms splendidly emblazoned outside, which I keep for the purpose of preserving a record of my actions, and which I shall either make an heirloom in my family or bequeath to the British Museum. I then provided myself with a little ready cash, and set off for the Crystal Palace, wearing a broad-leaved brown sombrero, and burying my face in my pocket-handkerchief, like one who suffers from a violent cold, in order to conceal the effects of the Chinese dyes from the inquisitive gaze of the people in my own immediate neighbourhood.

When I got into Hyde Park I breathed more freely, and lost no time in making my way to the place of admission, though—such is the force of habit—my footsteps led me in the first instance to the Ambassadors' entrance. While I was adding my autograph to the number of illus-

trious names already inscribed, the official who handed me the pen scrutinised my person very closely, and, as he returned my ticket, observed: "I think I shall know *you* again, Mr. Green;" a compliment which I acknowledged by shaking the honest fellow heartily by the hand. I then entered the nave, and began to look about me.

As I had scarcely examined anything on the previous day but the number of pretty faces which were ranged in double rows along the course of the procession—(I fear, by-the-by, that I must have made more havoc amongst their owners than was quite prudent)—I now turned my attention to the principal objects in the central aisle, on which I shall offer a few brief remarks.

Sculpture has always been a passion of mine, and I have carried my love for the art so far as frequently to sit to the most eminent artists of the day, solely for the purpose of rendering them familiar with nature in her manliest proportions. It will, no doubt, have struck most people that the Laocöons, Gladiators, and Apollos of the present time, are far superior to those of antiquity, but the cause of this improvement has never, so far as I know, been hinted at. The world may now, however, give a tolerably shrewd guess at the reason. I have sometimes regretted, for the sake of art, that I was not born of the opposite sex; but then, again, there would have been a blank left amongst the representatives of Adam, and, after all, we are the nobler of the two, and some of us quite as fascinating. It was wisely said by an Irish philosopher that a man cannot, like a bird, inhabit two places at once; nor have I ever heard of anybody but Madame Sand and Mrs. Bloomer, the lady-editor of the *Seneca Lily*, who aspired to feminine attractions and indulged, at the same time, in a short dress and trousers.

The eastern nave abounds in statues. The first that caught my eye was that of a Greek slave, dancing, or rather pirouetting on her pedestal, in much the same way as the sculptured ladies who are lacing their stays and looking over their shoulders in some of the shop windows near Leicester-square. It is entirely a matter of taste, but, I must confess, I prefer the partially draped figures of the latter to the cold nudity of marble: the bloom on their cheeks, the sparkle in their dark eyes, the languishing *pose* of their heads, their delicately-tinted arms and necks, and well-arranged *coiffures*, exactly imitating nature, are not only much more real, but develop a great deal more art than can possibly be attained by the simple adherence to form alone; and, if Mr. Powers's statue were well dressed and becomingly rouged, she would, in my opinion, look all the better for it. Mr. Powers's countrymen, however, notwithstanding their fondness for dressing the legs of their tables in frilled trousers, seem quite content to let her remain just as the sculptor left her—probably because of their national *penchant* for everything that looks like chiselling—and so great is their satisfaction, that they plant themselves all day opposite the statue, and never trouble their heads about anything else in the Exhibition except it be to give an admiring glance now and then at some of their own "notions," amongst which some gigantic pairs of boots and catawampous pianofortes appear the most predominant.

I was next attracted by the figure in bronze of a warrior in a helmet, coat of mail, and plated armour, who wears a fierce-looking beard and moustache, and has a pair of long peaked feet with which, for my own part, I should be very sorry to be kicked. I imagined at first that it was the Emperor Charlemagne, that monarch having been celebrated for the

length of his foot, which none of his contemporaries could take the measure of; but, on a closer inspection, I perceived on the pedestal the words, "Georgius Rex." I then comprehended that it was a statue of the late King George IV., most likely in the identical costume which he wore when, at the head of a charge of cavalry, he won the battle of Salamanca. I never before was aware that there was any authority for this glorious exploit other than the King's own statement, which he was in the habit of making to his private friends when the champagne punch at the Pavilion had thrown down the barriers of his habitual caution; but this inscription and the warlike array of the royal soldier at once set the question at rest. I raised my hat to him, and passed on.

The Bavarian Lion caused me some astonishment, for I was ignorant until then that there were any lions in Bavaria, and certainly never expected to have seen one so enormously large as this. But in these surprises we find the great value of the Exhibition, which brings to our notice facts of which we could have formed no previous conception.

Some people have doubted the existence of those masculine ladies, the Amazons, so celebrated in Goldsmith's "History of Greece," though if they had pushed their inquiries further, and taken up that author's geography, they would have discovered that the Amazons inhabit a large river on the coast of South America, to which they have actually given their name. I had imagined, from the circumstance just mentioned, that they had fishes' tails, like the mermaids, but there is a group in the nave which goes far to prove the contrary. Here we behold one of these female warriors sitting astride on horseback (like the Welsh women when they go to market) and contending in mortal conflict with a tiger, and both parties seem so much in earnest in the matter, that there can be no doubt the sculptor must have seen them at it exactly in the way in which the fight is represented. It is a terrible illustration of the horrors of war, but by an ingenious device the artist has suggested a happy termination to the unnatural strife, for on the pedestal is inscribed in bold characters the word "KISS,"—as much as to say, "You had better kiss and be friends."

The wounded Achilles also suggests a fine moral. "The arrow," as my friend Yorick says, "has entered his heel;" from which we learn that every one has his weak point. There are some people of my acquaintance whose weakness lies in the opposite extremity.

The equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon is associated with the most agreeable images! He was the inventor of the delicious *potage* which bears his name, and if there were any doubt of its strengthening properties, the size of Godfrey, his muscular conformation, and that of his horse, with whom probably he shared his mess, would at once entirely dissipate it. I look upon this group as one of the finest compliments ever paid to the culinary art.

A little further on is another group of figures on which I gazed with great interest, not unmingled with some curiosity, for though my knowledge of the classics is tolerably extensive, I could not at first recollect what was the subject. The group consists of four persons, all of them naked: a man is seated on a block of stone, with his head bent down and his gloomy eyes cast upon the earth; on his left hand is a female figure, with her hair in great disorder, burying her face on the man's knee; on the other side are two children looking up at their father; on the ground

lies a heavy club. While I was endeavouring to recal the subject to my memory, I overheard a gentleman, who was pointing it out to his wife, say something about "Paradise Lost," and it immediately flashed upon my mind that the group must be intended for the poet Milton with his wife and family. It is well known that the great bard was never on the best terms with his spouse, and the sculptor's artful introduction of the club is intended as a symbol of their domestic discord; indeed, it is pretty evident that he has just been giving her a good thrashing, for Mrs. Milton is crying her eyes out, and her two daughters look very much frightened. I was rather puzzled about the entire absence of clothing, until I remembered Milton's extreme poverty, which was so great, that he actually sold the poem of "Paradise Lost" to Edmund Curll, the bookseller, for a five-pound note. Under such circumstances, his credit with his tailor, and that of Mrs. Milton with her mantua-maker, must have been very low.

A group of two Milanese young ladies, engaged in the pleasant sport of angling, gave me some pleasure; but I apprehend that no English girl could repair to the trout-stream attired as these are, when the may-fly is on the water. An easterly wind, and such scanty drapery, to say nothing of their heads and feet being bare, would rather astonish the fair disciples of Izaak Walton. But the climate of Italy makes all the difference.

At this period of my inspection I paused, to look round upon the galleries on either side of the nave, and observing the word "FRANCE" inscribed in various places, an association whose influence I can never resist, caused me at once to turn my footsteps in that direction. After casting my eyes casually at a few things, I came to a compartment filled with lace and muslin, and all sorts of feminine handiwork, and here I made a full stop; not on account of such frivolous objects as these—of that the public, who know the manliness of my character, may be assured —but for a far more cogent reason. There sat beside one of the cases about as pretty a girl as ever I chanced to behold—a nice, plump little thing, with eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls, hair as black as coal, and cheeks as crimson as poppies. She wore a dress of apple-green silk, and a smart pink bonnet; her flesh-coloured gloves fitted her small hands like wax, and one little tip of a bronze-coloured boot that peeped from beneath the edge of her robe was, like Schiller's charming heroine, a perfect Mignon. On the whole she reminded me very forcibly of Cleopatra, who, I should say, must have been just such another.

There could be no doubt that she was a Parisian. I had seen too much of that kind of article to be mistaken; and the moment she caught my eye I resolved to speak to her, and began, mentally, to brush up my French. I also, physically, brushed up my hair, as I bowed and advanced to where she sat, with my sombrero in my hand.

"Jolies choses ici, Ma'mselle," said I, with that Parisian turn of expression which distinguishes my manner of speaking French from that of most people.

"Vous êtes bien bon, Monsieur," was the young lady's smiling reply.

"What's the meaning of this?" said I to myself. "I praised the things here, and she returns me a personal compliment. Surely she's not smitten already!"

Then, addressing her again, I energetically remarked:

"Vous êtes plus belle que toutes ces jolies choses."

The originality of the idea appeared to surprise her.

"Mais comment, Monsieur?" she exclaimed, the bright colour glowing in her cheeks, like claret in a Bohemian wine glass.

I was, for a moment, at a loss for an answer; but recovering my presence of mind, I rejoined:

"J'aime très beaucoup les jolies choses."

"A la bonne heure," said the young lady, in the quick, sharp tone of the Parisians. She was evidently very much pleased.

Having broken ground so successfully, I went on:

"J'ai été dans Paris," I observed, that she might see I was a man of the world, and a traveller.

"Eh bien, Monsieur?" she asked, as if she was desirous of knowing something more about me.

"Je suis d'opinion, que je vous ai vu dans les rues."

"C'est possible, Monsieur; j'habite Paris."

Here was an important admission, which I instantly followed up.

"Quelle rue est votre maison dedans?" I inquired.

Again the young lady blushed, and was, I suppose, on the point of telling me what I wanted to know, when the expression of her countenance suddenly changed, and she exclaimed, "Ah! voilà mon père!"

I turned my head and saw two elderly persons approaching, and penetrating the feminine artifice to which she had had recourse, I made a sign to her to imply that I could be as discreet as she was. It was really quite gratifying to see how ductile she was in my hands, for her features, in reply to my wink, immediately wore an air of the most perfect indifference, and the acutest of fathers would have failed to discover the tender nature of the sentiment that already subsisted between us.

As the two strangers drew near I feigned to be deeply engaged in examining some embroidered muslin in one of the cases, though a sidelong glance enabled me to note their appearance with tolerable accuracy. One of them was a very large, heavy man, with a bulbous kind of face, the colour of beetroot; the other, who seemed to be of nearly the same age, had a spare, active figure, a parchment face, and small, restless black eyes, that turned upon a thousand different objects in a moment. With my usual rapid appreciation of character, I at once decided that the latter was either a politician or a charlatan—perhaps both; and the former, probably, one of those ruthless demagogues who, under an aspect of benevolence, are at this moment secretly ravaging the continent of Europe. I inwardly resolved to be extremely wary in my conduct, and betray neither my political sentiments nor my personal feelings.

The individuals whom I have described came close up to where I was standing and made a pause, and by the few hasty words in which the young lady expressed—or, I should say, affected to express—her pleasure at their arrival, I discovered that the politician was the one whom she called father, and that the ruthless demagogue was her uncle—ties of nature which a Frenchwoman always makes the most of in conversation. I suspected, however, that this avowed relationship was only a blind to throw me off my guard, and it struck me as much more likely that the girl was a mere tool in their hands—perhaps a ward in chancery. This last idea put me on my mettle. We have lately seen that wards in chancery may be rescued from the hands of designing men, and become

vivid examples of domestic felicity. When I felt this new impulse stirring within my bosom, it seemed to me as if destiny had ordained that my heart should always be bestowed on a female of that country where first I learnt to love; and as the thought darted through my brain I dropped a mental tear on the faded form and blighted affections of the too susceptible Angelique de Vaudet.

While I was meditating upon my future line of conduct, I took up a card which was lying on the counter beside me, and mechanically read the address upon it. It was that of a Monsieur Adolphe Coquelicot, who was there described as a "fabricant de lingeries, nouveantés et trousseaux de dames," &c., and the place where this person held out was stated to be "A la Corbeille de Mariage, Rue St. Martin, No. 48, à Paris, au coin de la Rue Oux Ours."

"Coquelicot!" said I, aloud, in a dreamy, absent manner—"Co quelicot!"

"Oui, Monsieur," said the quick-eyed politician, catching up the words before they had barely been uttered—"Coquelicot!—c'est mon nom, Monsieur; qu'est-ce qu'il y a pour votre service?"

This was but a flimsy disguise to conceal his real character and avocation; but I suffered the imposture to pass without comment.

"J'étais admirant," I answered; "l'extraordinaire beauté de"—here I threw an imperceptible glance at the ward in chancery—"de cet aiguille-ouvrage;" and I pointed at the same time to a very splendid cambric handkerchief, with a deep border of embroidery round it, which was displayed upon a purple velvet cushion in a separate glass case.

The *soi-disant* Monsieur Coquelicot put on an air of great delight, and eagerly replied:

"Vous avez bien raison, Monsieur; il n'y a rien à l'Exposition qui soit comparable à ce mouchoir là."

It was a pretty handkerchief, there could be no doubt of it, but, to keep up the character of a tradesman, the wily politician expatiated upon its beauties a little too much. If I had been disposed to give him the credit of meaning all he said, I should have been led to suppose that he thought the jewellery, the bronzes, the silks and satins, the china, the tapestry, and all the other precious objects in the Exhibition, were not to be named in the same day with it. I know that every French artisan or manufacturer always entertains this idea of the special piece of work on which he has occupied himself—if it be only a toothpick or a pair of wooden shoes—but for this Monsieur Coquelicot to try and deceive me as to what was his real condition, after I had studied his physiognomy, was a little too good!

The silence of his companion—the alleged uncle, but truly undermining conspirator—was equally significant. As to the interesting ward in chancery, she played the part of an *ingénue* to perfection, though I now and then observed an arch smile stealing over her lovely features after I had made some striking remark in her native language, which showed her that I understood the game her *quasi*-relatives were playing.

When I imagined that enough had been said about the "exquisite fabrication"—for in those words I translated the expression "une fabrique exquise," though I gave them another application—I turned the conversation to the Great Exhibition itself, asking the strangers what they thought of it, how long they had been in London, how they liked the

place, and whether they had been present at the ceremony of the day before?

To my surprise I found that it was two or three months since they left Paris, that they were living in Nassau-street, near Leicester-square—(how they pronounced the last word I leave people to guess)—and, as their spokesman said, that they had made "some advances on the English."

"We can all of us spike somebody," was the graphic way in which he announced their relative proficiencies in the British tongue. "I spike a littel more as my broder,—my daughter spike many beyond me."

Whatever he intended to convey, the literal meaning of his words found a true acceptation in my bosom, which was pierced through and through by the bright eyes of the charming Clotilde, such being the name her putative father gave her.

Replying further to my question I learnt that they had availed themselves of some peculiar privileges granted to the French exhibitors, and had greatly enjoyed the fête to which I had alluded.

"Quoi frappait vous plus?" I inquired, turning to Ma'mselle Clotilde. "Non pas le Chinese ambassadeur?"

"Ah, le vilain, petit magot," she replied, laughing outright; "oui, oui, c'était bien lui, il était vraiment impayable. Je trouve, Monsieur, qu'il vous ressemble un peu. Il était à peu près de votre taille!"

How astonishing, thought I, is feminine penetration, particularly when it is heightened by personal feeling. It was not, however, my cue to let my secret escape so easily, so I drew myself up to my full height—a way I have when I mean to be impressive—and answered:

"I am some inches taller than the Mandarin."

"Ah,—perhaps, you may not be so littel quite," replied Ma'mselle Clotilde, making an experiment in English, but failing to observe my drift in addressing her in the same, unless it was that her imperfect knowledge of our language caused her to qualify what she had intended to express.

For fear of any more mistakes, I continued the conversation in French, and that with such fluency and purity of accent as to lead Monsieur Coquelicot, *père*, to ask me what part of France I came from,—a compliment seldom, I should say, if ever, paid to an Englishman before. I was so gratified by this, though I afterwards recognised a political motive in the tribute thus paid to my abilities, that I insensibly warmed towards the two Messieurs Coquelicot, and said it would give me great pleasure if I could be of any service to them; indeed, I added, bowing to Ma'mselle Clotilde, if they would waive ceremony, and favour me with their company at the Symposium that afternoon, I should be most happy to introduce them to the *batterie de cuisine* of their celebrated countryman, the Chef *par excellence.*

There was a pause for an instant, during which the sharp eye of Monsieur Adolphe Coquelicot travelled rapidly over the faces of his daughter and brother, to read their expression. Ma'mselle Clotilde cast down her maddening orbs, and played with her parasol, but the demagogue, using his tongue for the first time, thus tersely expressed himself:

"Eh b'en—oui, mon frère—God dam! Howdedoo, Sar!"

The naïveté of the remark tickled me exceedingly, and we all laughed in concert. I then took leave of my new acquaintance, promising to return in an hour; in the mean time I crossed over to the Symposium, order a first-rate dinner for four.

Chapter XIV.

MR. GREEN AND HIS FRIENDS DINE IN THE BARONIAL HALL AT THE SYMPOSIUM.

As it is my practice, whenever I give a dinner, to do the thing correctly, I resolved, instead of appealing to the bill of fare, to have an interview with the Regenerator of Gastronomy himself. On entering the "Vatican"—as the Symposium is now called, in compliment to Cardinal W—sem—n and the tendencies of the neighbourhood—I, therefore, gave my card to one of the pages who stand in the hall, the backs of whose jackets are embroidered in silver of so fanciful a pattern as to have earned for each of these youths the *sobriquet* of "Scissors," and after a few minutes' delay the young gentleman returned, and informed me that the Regenerator would "give me an audience"—I use his own words—"in the Temple of Phœbus."

I accordingly followed the page up-stairs, remarking on my way the graceful arabesques which cover the walls, and which young "Scissors" told me were copies, by a clever English artist, from the original frescoes of Raffaelle in the Pontifical Palace. The loquacious boy need scarcely have troubled himself to be so communicative, for the moment I cast my critical eye on the paintings I at once recognised the hand of the great Venetian master, whose severe colouring, mellow outline, massive handling, and vigorous *chiaro 'scuro*, it was impossible for such a *connoisseur* as I to mistake. A lively fancy has, it is true, led the copyist to modernise the costume and general characteristics of the processional groups, but this departure from the original may be permitted when, as in this instance, the spectator has the pleasure of beholding grotesque likenesses of so many of the leading personages of the present day.

On reaching the second landing-place, we passed into a broad gallery running across the mansion, at the southern extremity of which the "Temple of Phœbus" is situated. At the door of the temple "Scissors" paused and stood on one side, motioning me to enter, which I did.

The Regenerator was seated in a magnificent *fauteuil* of the Louis Quatorze period, before a rich mosaic table, the work, I should imagine, from the evident antiquity of its form, of Moses himself, or, at the least, of his pupil Aaron. He wore on his head a black cloth cap or bonnet of peculiar shape, turned up with crimson; a gorgeous *robe de chambre* of pale blue silk, profusely ornamented with tulips, roses, hollyhocks, and sunflowers, *au naturel*, and lined with yellow plush, flowed round his person; a black velvet waistcoat, embroidered with scarlet, protected his ample chest; his lower limbs were encased in very wide black trousers; and on his feet were a pair of red slippers, turned up at the toes, and covered with gold spangles, which harmonised well with the rest of his costume. He had, indeed, quite the air of The Great Mogul, as we see that potentate represented on Mr. De la Rue's playing-cards in the Crystal Palace; and the illusion was rendered more perfect by the imperial breadth of his features, which were cast in the true Tartarian mould, or, as the Regenerator might himself have expressed it, quite *à la Tartare*.

It was not without emotion that I gazed on the ruddy lineaments of

this great man, nor observed without interest the traces of the scorching fire before which he has so gallantly fought the battles of gastronomy.

At the moment I entered he was busily engaged in writing down some *heureuse pensée* which had just visited him, and this gave me the opportunity of examining his person, and the Temple whose high-priest he was. The latter was a circular chamber with only one window in it, looking out upon the Pré d'Orsay;—it was furnished with gold and crimson drapery, and in the centre of the festooned ceiling, forming a boss, was a portrait of the Sun, which bore a very close resemblance to the celebrated one in Moore's almanack, and was, I should say, a very capital likeness.

The Regenerator's pen moved rapidly over the paper for several minutes; at length he raised his head, and saw me standing before him: his eye glanced at the card which "Scissors" had left on the edge of the table, and with intuitive tact he comprehended that I was the personage whom it announced.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jolly Green," said he, slightly raising his Phrygianesque bonnet, and then replacing it on his head,—"I beg your pardon, but I was at this moment so completely absorbed in composing an *Epigramme d'Agneau au Palais de Cristal*, that I did not observe your approach. It is a *plat*, Mr. Green, which will confer immortality on that edifice, and I feel happy in completing the work which Monsieur Paxton so well began. There, Mr. Green," he continued, pointing to the jovial countenance of the monarch of day on the ceiling—"there is *le Dieu de mon inspiration*. Without the Sun to smile on my labours, I could not invent, any more than I could cook without heat. You know that I have done away with fire,—there is no longer any necessity for *that*;—but the heat which fire used to give, I now derive from gas. It will not be long, perhaps, before gas also may be superseded by some more powerful agency. For water we have substituted steam,—for fire, as I have already observed, gas,—and I do not see any reason why both should not yield to electricity. I who have, like Cæsar, already crossed the Rubicon, and unfurled the banner of gastronomy to nations steeped to the lips in cannibalism, I shall probably be the first to venture in this new field of science. It will be a grand discovery, and an immense economy when I shall compel the eels to cook themselves by their own electricity: *a matelotte d'anguilles à la galvanique*, or *filets de volaille sautés à la Wheatstone*, or *patés de foies de canard à la telegraphe electrique*, will perhaps be amongst the monuments of my genuis which I shall bequeath to posterity. Ah, Mr. Green, the *consommateur* may gratify his palate with my excellent dishes, but it is only I, myself, the inventor, who can taste the real sublimity of my own conceptions."

As it happened that I was desirous of being included in the former category, I thought it was time to express my wishes on that point, and therefore cut short the Regenerator's harangue, which threatened to be interminable, by asking him if he could that afternoon give me one of his very best dinners on a small scale—for a quiet little *partie quarrée*—including three gentlemen and one lady.

"A *partie quarrée*," replied the Regenerator, with a sigh, "is but a limited field of action for daring enterprise like mine; but there is a lady in the case, and that must be my consolation. The gastronomic art has been more advanced by feminine appreciation than the world in general supposes. Without the patronage of the first of her sex, what would

have been the fate of my *ressolettes à la Reine Victoria?* Who, if the amiable Duchess had not smiled on them, would have heard of my *petits patês de limaçons de Japon à la Sutherland?* Such delicacies must have been strangled in their birth. Yes, Mr. Jolly Green, you may be content—I will meet your desire. I will even *lancer* my latest discovery; you shall enjoy the youngest child of my meditations, the *epigramme d'agneau à la Palais de Cristal.*"

"As the rest of the party are at this moment in the Crystal Palace," I observed, jocosely, "such a dish will be very appropriate. You could not," I added, hesitating slightly, for there was some delicacy in touching on the theme—you couldn't—could you—get up a—a—*plat* of something *à la—à la Clotilde?*"

The Regenerator looked full in my face, and smiled.

"Clotilde! un nom Français! The lady, then, is French."

I did not deny it.

The Regenerator threw himself back in his *fauteuil,* and mused for a brief space, with his eyes fixed on the glowing features of the god of day.

"I have it," he suddenly exclaimed. "Nous aurons *des Meringues d'amour framboisées à la Clotilde*—something sweet and *croquante.*"

"And could you do anything for—for me?" I asked, encouraged by his success.

"Let me consider;—yes—*tête de veau en surprise à la Jolly Green,* will make an admirable *plat.*"

I could have wished he had chosen the head of some other animal, for I was aware that "veau" meant "calf;" but as persons who cultivate any special calling are generally very strongly attached to their own ideas, I allowed his suggestion to pass without amendment, reflecting that, after all, it was something to have given one's name to a new dish. The Greek Emperor Lucullus did no more!

The main part of the dinner I left to the Regenerator's own taste; and respecting the locality, it was settled that we should have a table in one corner of the Baronial Hall. Having arranged this matter to my satisfaction, I returned to the Exhibition, and soon found my new friends at the fashionable place of rendezvous beside the Crystal Fountain.

I am not prepared to say whether it arose from a desire to draw me out, or simply for the pleasure of listening to the eloquent flow of my rhetoric—for the Politician soon discovered that I had the gift of oratory—but it was made a feature in our alliance that we should only speak English, it being the desire of the foreigners to improve themselves in our language; improvement in theirs on my part—Monsieur Adolphe Coquelicot politely added—being quite out of the question.

The party were anxious, besides, to place themselves under my guidance and really learn something of the contents of the building, and I had the pleasure of escorting them over a great part of it, though not quite in the way I wished, for Ma'mselle Clotilde modestly took the arm of her putative father instead of mine, which I gallantly offered. I, therefore, was obliged to content myself with walking by her side, Monsieur Martin,—as the *soi-disant* elder brother was called,—hovering on the opposite flank. I must reserve for a future occasion the description of what we noticed in our progress, as well as refrain from detailing the ridiculous mistakes made by my male companions, which I was frequently called upon to correct, though, indeed, I could scarcely do so for laughter. My mirth, however,

passed off with the foreigners for exuberance of spirits, and, cunning as they were, they did not detect its real source.

After a promenade of a couple of hours, in the course of which, I hope I need not say, I made immense progress in the affections of a certain lady, we adjourned to the Symposium, whither we were preceded and followed by enormous crowds of hungry people all bent on the same errand.

True to his word, the Regenerator had caused our places to be kept at the upper end of the Baronial Hall, from whence we obtained a fine *coup d'œil* of the interior. It was an exhilarating sight to behold so many persons engaged in the animated warfare of the knife and fork, to hear the loud explosions of the champagne-corks, and witness the rapid evolutions of the *garçons* and *marmitons* as they whisked to and fro with an earnestness of purpose and contempt of danger that vividly recalled to memory the feudal banquets of the olden time, when Paladin and Vavasour quaffed the blood-red wine through their closed visors, and swore tremendously at the swans and peacocks which were served up to them with all their feathers on.

It is a great question with me whether Don Quixote de la Mancha, Syr Bevis Marks, Guy Fawkes of Warwick, or Tristam Shandy of the Round Table, ever made play with more determined purpose than the two gentlemen who rejoiced in the names of Coquelicot. Neither did the fair Clotilde neglect the Regenerator's appetising viands. The *tête de veau en surprise, à la myself*, was pronounced first-rate by Monsieur Martin, whose genius, when he was not engaged in plotting the overthrow of dynasties, had a very decided *penchant* for good dinners; and the rosy lips of Ma'mselle Clotilde did not disdain to smile upon the Meringues, though she expressed extreme astonishment at the strange coincidence which had associated her name with raspberries and love. It is scarcely in my power, skilled as I am in the science of the cuisine, to say what we did or did not have at this very excellent dinner, which beat anything I ever sat down to in Paris, even at my favourite "*Trois Frères.*" How Monsieur Martin threw himself, as it were, into the arms of gastronomy—how the little Macedonian ducklings—those ducklings which Alexander the Great was so fond of, and which caused the death of Clitus,—disappeared beneath his clutch,—how the *Filets de Turbot à la Sontag* made him sing out in their praise, employing for that purpose the singular phrase of "devil's good," which he applied to everything he admired,—and what havoc he made amongst the plover's eggs and the *merontons* of lobster *à la Malbrouk*,—the type of the British Grenadiers set to a popular French tune,—these are things which I forbear to record, lest it might be thought that I am prone to exaggeration. There is nothing more encouraging to a host than to see that his guests have good appetites and enjoy what is set before them; the effect is contagious, and the dinner goes off with double *éclat.*

Though restricted to a certain extent, by my newly-awakened passion, from eating quite so much as the Messieurs Coquelicot, I set them an example, I am happy to say, in the sister art of drinking; and if ever I was eloquent, if ever I was fascinating, I think it must have been upon this occasion. The bright eyes of Ma'mselle Clotilde sparkled like the Clicquot champagne in her glass as she shared in my outpourings, and though *frappée* by the sentiments I expressed, there was nothing like ice in her behaviour towards me. On the contrary, I have seldom seen a young

lady laugh more heartily or appear more thoroughly to appreciate the good things I uttered.

Up to a certain point in the dinner Monsieur Coquelicot, the politician, had, in sporting language, run neck-and-neck with Monsieur Coquelicot, the demagogue, but on the entry of a superb *Omelette soufflée à la Kensington turnpike*—one of the Regenerator's latest and most classical novelties,—the former made a pause, and, instead of diving as his brother and I did into the smoking contents of the egg-volcano, the former suddenly made a dead pause. The moment I observed this I resolutely cut short an exquisite joke which I was then making, and fearing that something had disagreed with him, asked him what was the matter! Instead of replying at once he put his finger on his lips and leant back in his chair, at the same time shaking his head,—as much as to say, take no notice of me. I was, however, too much concerned at what I supposed was a sudden attack of illness, and repeated my question. He then spoke, but in a low tone of voice, saying in English:

"Talk away, nevare mind me;—I am listen to some-sing what strike my ears."

I thought that what he heard must be something indeed extraordinary, which could make a man, and that man a Frenchman, refuse to do justice to an *omelette soufflée*, and though I did as he requested, by resuming the conversation with Ma'mselle Clotilde, I kept my eagle eye upon his movements, and endeavoured to ascertain who he was listening to.

I have already observed, that the table at which we were sitting was placed in one corner of the large Baronial Hall;—the seat which I occupied as the dinner-giver was at the upper end, so that I had a complete view of the whole area; Ma'mselle Clotilde sat on my left hand, Monsieur Martin on my right, and opposite me, with his back to the general company, sat Monsieur Adolphe Coquelicot.

At the table immediately adjoining was another party of four persons, all men, and evidently foreigners; for though a beard like a magpie's-nest is no longer the distinctive feature of a Frenchman's face, that ornament having lately gone out of fashion in Paris, there could be no doubt, from the general style of these individuals, that they came from the land of the frog, or the countries adjacent. Their conversation was earnest but not loud, though from the general noise which prevailed, it is probable that they did not speak in so absolute a *soprano* as they imagined.

The better to concentrate his attention, and account also for the attitude he had taken, Monsieur Coquelicot closed his eyes and feigned to be asleep, though every now and then he half opened them, and their intelligent twinkle revealed to my comprehensive mind that he had partly made himself master of the subject which our neighbours were so eagerly discussing. From time to time I stole a glance at the strangers, and the more frequently I looked, the more I became convinced that the faces of two out of their number were not unfamiliar to me. At one moment a dim recollection came over me of the table d'hôte at the Boule d'Or in Paris, the place where I put up in the first instance when I paid my first visit to that city; at another, an uncomfortable sensation, which recalled my adventure in the Forêt de Montmorency, took possession of my faculties, and visions of Monsieur Paradis and his associates flitted across my brain; but nothing was marked with sufficient clearness to enable me

positively to say that I actually recognised either individual. Still, I had my suspicions, and these suspicions were increased by what Monsieur Adolphe Coquelicot afterwards communicated.

*After about a quarter of an hour had been passed by the Politician in the manner I have described, the strangers made a move; their bill was brought, and one of the party took out a long red silk purse, apparently well filled, and acted as paymaster; they then rose from the table and threaded their way through the Baronial Hall, disappearing by a door which led into the Pré d'Orsay, at the further extremity. As soon as they were gone, the Politician leant forward in his chair, and in a low voice, as if he was still under the apprehension of being overheard, pronounced the word "Voleurs!"

Ma'mselle Clotilde turned as pale as ashes when she heard this,—and I feared—or rather hoped—that she was going to faint in my arms, but she recovered herself, and Monsieur Coquelicot went on. He now spoke French, but I give his meaning.

"I could not," he said, "hear all these gentlemen were talking about, but quite enough to satisfy me of the kind of people they are. They used a good deal of Paris slang, so that the meaning of some of their expressions escaped me; but it was this very *argot* which first caught my attention, and induced me to listen to them. Unless I am greatly mistaken," he continued, lowering his voice to a mere whisper, "they have been laying down a plan for robbing the Crystal Palace. They are not common thieves, but fly at high game, and my firm belief is that they mean to carry off the Koh-i-noor! I will tell you more presently, but let us keep them in view as long as we can."

The audacity of this scheme was perfectly overpowering; but as I am not one who succumb to anything short of an earthquake, I pledged my best energies to assist in the endeavour to unmask these daring confederates. I very soon found that a personal motive was at hand to lend me an additional stimulus, for when I felt for my purse to pay the bill I discovered that it was gone! It was a long red silk one, exactly like that which I had seen one of the strangers draw from his pocket; in short, it was, I now felt certain, the very same! How or when my pocket had been picked I could not, for the life of me, conjecture; but there was the fact in all its naked ugliness. And ugly enough it might have proved if I had not happened to have a ten-pound note in the *porte-monnaie*, which I always carry in the breast-pocket of my coat.

I made very light of the loss, though there was something over twenty pounds in the purse, for I was determined the Frenchmen should not suppose that a Briton could be disturbed by such an occurrence. I paid the bill without looking at it, gave a sovereign to the waiter, and making a low bow to Ma'mselle Clotilde, offered her my arm.

She did not refuse it *this time!*

[Before we relate the particulars of Monsieur Coquelicot's discovery, we must interrupt Mr. Green's narrative, to resume, in the next chapter, the account of the *soirée* at the "Cosmopolite Club," at which that gentleman assisted. Like the "Jay" in the advertisement now going the round of the papers, he shall speak again "when it suits 'our' convenience."—Ed. *N. M. M.*]

Chapter XV.

THE SOIREE AT THE COSMOPOLITE.

Mr. Poppyhead's mansion had originally been fitted up with great taste and splendour, but, as we have already seen, the prevailing character of the furniture and decorations partook more of an ecclesiastical than of a secular nature. In converting the house into a club the Vicomte de Pigarreau discarded scarcely anything, contenting himself with some slight alterations and a few necessary additions. Thus the Glastonbury chairs and *prie-Dieu* were wheeled into remote corners, and their places supplied by compact little Pembroke tables, better suited to the Vicomte's ideas of amusement: such, for instance, as a pleasant *partie-quarrée* at whist, or a social *tête-à-tête* at *écarté*. The small gallery which occupied the further extremity of the inner drawing-room, and which Mr. Poppyhead used fondly to call his "Galilee," the Vicomte converted into an orchestra for a select number of musicians; he hung the chamber-organ in the same apartment with a gorgeous drapery, and made use of the lower part as a magnificent *buffet*, whereon he placed a splendid show of family (electro) plate; and instead of the richly-veined and highly-polished oval tables which stood about the principal drawing-room, he substitued an oblong one, covered with the finest green cloth, hieroglyphically marked with certain lines and letters, which suggested to the initiated the not very improbable idea that any number of persons so disposed might entertain themselves there with the fascinating game of *rouge-et-noir*. Mr. Poppyhead had been accustomed to indulge in "croupes" and "croziers;" the Vicomte's version of the former took the shape of *croupiers*, and the place of the latter he supplied by certain instruments which bore a much closer resemblance to rakes; instead of illuminated missals, some half a dozen packs of cards now decked the board; and, to sum up the whole, the calm, conventual chambers of the Puseyite put on the glaring, unblushing aspect of a thorough-going *maison de jeu*.

In one particular only was there any similarity between the past and the present. Mr. Poppyhead had been fond of seclusion, and suffered his portals to expand but to few; the Vicomte de Pigarreau was quite as rigid with respect to those whom he admitted, and the *penetralia* of the mansion were to the full as securely guarded. The object of Mr. Poppyhead had been to preserve his tranquillity undisturbed by keeping off intruders,—that of the Vicomte the same, by keeping out the police.

To do this effectually, the Vicomte had hired for his retainers a chosen band of worthies whose antecedents had made them familiar with the countenances of those guardians of authority—detective as well as protective; the sleepy hall-porter no longer slumbered in his "miserere," but was replaced by an active, quick-eyed individual, *qui sentait de loin son agent de police;* and in the room of the respectable Blithers, a very efficient member of the swell mob acted the part of major-domo and groom of the chambers. In short, the house was perfectly *montée*, and very well calculated to answer all the purposes for which it was intended.

The fashionable party who had honoured the Cosmopolites with their presence at dinner, were of this opinion, as they entered the upper rooms, now glittering with a blaze of light. Few amongst them but were in a condition to taste without reserve the forbidden fruit which was there

displayed; the wine they had drunk, the lively and agreeable tone of the conversation, the *recherché* character of the banquet, and the *éblouissement* and mystery of the whole affair, all tended towards the consummation which the members of the Cosmopolite so devoutly wished.

The Vicomte de Pigarreau was not one who suffered anything to spoil by delay. He was a man who always took the ball at the hop, and, therefore, lost no time in distributing his forces. Herr Würfelspieler paired off with Sir George Woodcock, to try a little chicken-hazard; Monsieur Loupgarou, who had made himself very agreeable, during dinner, to Mr. Jolly Green, by talking over Paris and all its attractions, invited that knowing gentleman to take a hand at *écarté;* and, that he might not lack encouragement, M. de Crottenville, Monsieur Coupegorge, and Major O'Reilly, resolved to back him, while Monsieur Colin Tampon, Senhor Lobo, Mr. Cincinnatus W. Sloaker, and his *fidus Achates*, Goahead T. Smith, put down their money beside that of Monsieur Loupgarou. A couple of whist tables were made up a follows: at the first, the Baron van der Cuyck and the Reverend Mr. Wadbrook had the good fortune to sit opposite to the Marquis of Never-die and Mr. Augustus Shamrock. At the second, by an equally fortunate coincidence, Mynheer van Schobbejak and Colonel Blazer became partners, with Colonel Sidrophel and Lord Phaeton as their opponents. The rest of the company, white sheep as well as black, assembled at the *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* tables; the Vicomte de Pigarreau presiding at the former, with the Herzog von Donnerblitz as his principal assistant, and Count von Sneezum and Mr. Spokes as croupiers; while the Marquis del Birbante, whose genius developed itself chiefly in manual dexterity, took care of the *roulette* table—and of those who set their fortunes on the whirling ball.

Let us fancy the play begun, and then observe the players.

The mild, insinuating voice of the Viscount is first heard:

"Faites votre jeu, Messieurs!" he says, in accents that quickly find golden echoes; "faites votre jeu!" A quick glance, without the slightest turn of the head, ascertains that the punters are all down on their favourite colours. "Le jeu est fait" is then the word, and the dealing begins; every eye now turned on the cards as they are spread on the table. "Un—deux—cinq"—and so on, until the goal is reached, and then comes the same steady, metallic tone—not to be moved from its inflexibility by any fluctuation: "Rouge gagne et la couleur——" There is no necessity for saying what happens to "the colour"—by which "black" is always understood;—the players understand the significant pause without another syllable; the tremulous fingers and the stiff rake gather up the gold on either side; old hands, like the Earl of Handicap and Captain Sweepstakes, prick their cards to note the run on "red" or "black;" The O'Daisy, who has what he calls "the Divel's luck and his own," makes up his mind for a martingale that is to break the bank; and Sir Hercules Barrytone, Mr. Belial Fitz-Isaac, Lord Dolphin, and the rest, shift their colour, or back it, as the humour guides them. Again the croupier's question is asked and answered,—again the cards are dealt, —again the words of fate are uttered,—the martingale isn't successful, the "double or quits" has failed, the pull of the table is too strong for the many, a few are unluckily winning, the greater part will have lost before

the evening closes, and lucky they whose first dose of gambling sickens them of ever playing again!

Is there any chance for Mr. Meadows Reynard or Lord Spritsail, who have planted themselves at *roulette?* Not much, even if the cells were all of equal size, and the ball able fairly to lodge in any one indifferently. The "pull" is against them, too, to say nothing of what slight-of-hand may effect, when so accomplished a juggler as the Marquis del Birbante acts as the high-priest of Fortune, and has for his associates gentlemen like X. Y. Z., the Polish Count, and Don Lopez, the Spanish Grandee, who have such winning ways, and distract the attention of the players so agreeably by their entertaining conversation, just at the right moment. The eyes of Argus are no fable, but they are certainly not to be found in the heads of the sporting squire or the yachting nobleman.

What are they doing at the whist tables, between which Messrs. Crankshaw and Balders are continually moving to and fro, with their eyes less upon the players than upon the distant mirrors which reflect their game? Messrs. Crankshaw and Balders kindly suggest a little lemonade to Lord Phaeton, who complains of heat, and very weak whisky-punch to Mr. Augustus Shamrock, who says he is thirsty—an assertion that must be true, for he has been drinking all the evening. *Their* movements are, of course, not watched by the Reverend Arthur Wadbrook, by the Baron van der Cuyck, by Colonel Blazer, or by Mynheer van Schobbejak, who, even if they saw the fingers of Messrs. Crankshaw and Balders idly twisting their watch-keys, playing with their waistcoat-buttons, or rubbing their chins or noses, could find no peculiar significance in harmless acts like these. They would be shocked beyond measure if they thought you could suppose, even for a moment, that they knew that a watch-key was the symbol of the ace of trumps in an adversary's hand, or that a button unfastened implied the nature of the strongest suit; and they would be very justly shocked, for there is nothing so distressing as to be suspected when you know you are—*not* innocent! Lord Phaeton's knowledge of whist was like his knowledge of law, physics, or divinity—so deep you never could get to the bottom of it. His theory of the game was so brilliant that it dazzled himself, and perfectly bewildered his partner, Colonel Sidrophel; and it was only this excess of light, and a little unavoidable bad luck—for the cards won't always do what they ought—that made him lose every rubber at the precise moment when he thought himself sure of winning.

The Belgian Baron and the British Divine, at the other table, would have had little trouble in dealing with Mr. Augustus Shamrock, or any two like him, but they found it impossible, they afterwards said, to play on the square with such an unsatisfactory individual as the Marquis of Never-die. That singular old person, who was much less like a man than a monkey, had his eyes everywhere, remembered every card, penetrated every secret, and could cheat as well as his opponents; for which reason, though he was not of the guild, the confederates thought it wiser not to attempt indiscriminate phlebotomy, for, as the Reverend Arthur Wadbrook sententiously observed, "the art of extracting blood from a mummy is amongst the secrets which have *not* been transmitted to us by the Egyptians."

Does Sir George Woodcock fare better with the dice than his friends

who are playing with the "painted devils," or trying to follow the gyrations of the brazen ball? It seems so at first, and he is in high spirits. "Seven's the main, eleven's the nick!" How lucky! He does nothing but win! Nothing? Yes,—after a certain—a very certain—interval, he loses; but then he wins again, and this encourages him to heavier stakes. How very odd! He can't win a single main. His luck must have taken a sudden turn. There can be no doubt of it, and Herr Würfelspieler has it all his own way now; indeed, he had from the beginning, but Sir George Woodcock belongs to a short-sighted family; his own mother was a genuine *becasse!*

There is, of course, one exception to the general fate of the visitors to "The Cosmopolite!" Mr. Jolly Green's skill at *écarté* is a great deal too much for any single opponent. Monsieur Loupgarou has evidently no chance with him.

"Le Raw!" cries Mr. Green, marking the king and winning a *vole.*

In the second hand he has the game, and Monsieur Loupgarou, discomfited, gives up his seat to Monsieur Colin Tampon,—while a large amount of coin changes hands, though perhaps not owners.

The Swiss, accustomed to fight for his pay, holds out a little longer than his predecessor; he gets the trick in the first hand, has the king and the cards in the third, and in the fifth the antagonists are "four all;" Monsieur Colin Tampon proposes—he might as well appeal to an income-tax collector;—Mr. Jolly Green knows a trick worth two of that, as he triumphantly remarks to Major O'Reilly, who calls him "my boy," and says in a pig's-whisper that he is "letten 'um in for't!" Mr. Green refuses, and Monsieur Colin Tampon eats the dirt of the vanquished.

Cincinnatus W. Sloaker, whose face is as the face of a 'coon, too spry for anything on this side of creation, succeeds to the vacant chair. He is "chawed up" by Mr. Green before he can look round him. "There never was sech a player," says Mr. Sloaker, "sence cards was made of pasteboard. I expect, Mr. Green," he continues, "that you won't come much short of the Mississippi when she bursts her bound'ries and goes clean through the le-vee."

Mr. Green thinks so too, and makes up his mind to back his opinion, but there is a manifest disinclination to take him up, after he has successively wheeled out Senhor Lobo, the Portuguese Jew, and Mr. Goahead T. Smith, who "never," he declares, "had his hickory whittled away so Almighty fine."

There is a pause in the game. Nothing can exceed the exultation of Mr. Green or the downcast looks of those whom he has defeated. Major O'Reilly sarcastically recommends the latter to try a little Roman punch before they come on again; Monsieur de Crottenville recommends champagne, as being quicker in its operation; and Monsieur Coupegorge, who also has won fabulous sums by backing Mr. Green, savagely prescribes brandy.

The richly-liveried attendants, who have never ceased to circulate through the rooms with ices and liqueurs since first the play began, appear with salvers laden with the generous juices suggested. Mr. Green pledges his foes in sparkling "Clicquot;" some of the losers cautiously sip the punch they seem to swallow freely; and the Americans suck *their* liquor slowly through the everlastin' straw. All are now primed; fresh cards are brought; Monsieur Loupgarou tries another

fall; and Mr. Green, who "knows what he is about," looks, as the French say, "sublime;" which means, if properly translated into English, "rather drunk."

Suppose we let him speak for himself.

"My deal,—here goes, hey, Major! Markey le Raw! five to four I win the game. Done in pounds, Mr. Cin-cin-nin-na-tus—there's my flimsey. How came I to lose the trick, I wonder! Propose? No go this time, Jewy Musseer. *Atout!* that's a trump, is it? Another! Got the cards, have you? I refused, did I? Well, that's only three. Oncore Le Raw, Musseer? Je coop—two tricks,—hey, what! lose the game? Sackernomdedoo! thought I had it dead. How was that, Major?"

"I'll never give me advice again," replies the Major; "folly yer owne luck, Mr. Green, you'll do yet."

Mr. Green does follow it, and conjugates the verb "to do"—passively. There is a hole made in the golden pile which he had heaped from the spoils of his enemies. By a curious fatality the pile decreases even more rapidly than it was made, and the process—more "Clicquot," topped occasionally with a little brandy—by which Mr. Green endeavours to "see his way" clearer, answers no better than The O'Daisy's martingale at *rouge-et-noir*. All he now sees is, that the money he had won has passed into the hands of Monsieur Loupgarou, and, such is the force of attraction, about thirty sovereigns and seven five-pound notes which were his own when he began are his no longer. He is "cleaned out," and he says so; on which Monsieur Loupgarou smiles and offers him a card and a gold pencil-case that he may inscribe on it the magical letters I O U, with any combination of the Arabic numerals after it that he pleases—in case of continued ill-luck. Had Mr. Green been alone in the *salon* it is very probable he might have accepted this obliging proposition, but, fortunately for him, Sir Hercules Barrytone, who had put down his money more from *habitude* than any other motive, observes his condition, and good-naturedly comes to the rescue.

The party break up, and, as is commonly the case, every man says he is a loser. Perhaps the heaviest sufferer in the room is Monsieur Coupe-gorge, whose losses, to judge by his frantic oaths and exclamations, must have been terrific. He it was who most steadfastly supported Mr. Jolly Green, and this is the result! There surely can be no other reason for his rage! It cannot be that he inwardly resents the interference of Sir Hercules!

By twos and threes the visitors issue from the portals of "The Cosmopolite," some sobered by the events of the evening, some rather the other way. It is to be hoped that they will none of them be moved to assault the police on their way home, for it is not every man who has his whiskers respected in the House of Correction, or is fortunate enough, while there, to be fondly fed with plovers' eggs by his affectionate relatives.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK II.

Chapter XVI.

HESTER ENTERS A NEW FIELD OF EMPLOYMENT.—THE AVOWAL OF LOVE.

Hester was alone in her room, pondering on past events. During the time she had been painting, nearly all the money previously saved by her had been expended. Ill success as an artist, and her late terrible misfortune, caused her inexpressible grief, and for the time crushed her spirit. Moreover, she began to doubt her ability to produce pictures sufficiently meritorious to command a sale, so as to be a source of remuneration. Fame she did not covet; the possession of the sum of money necessary to effect the liberation of her father being all her heart desired. Her brushes and her palette, then, were thrown aside; she would paint no more. In a word, Hester abandoned the idea of prosecuting an art which, circumstanced as she was, held out no hope.

A tap at her door disturbed the train of her thoughts, and the blind woman, Mrs. Flemming, crept into the room.

"I have heard of the great wickedness of some persons unknown," she began, "who have destroyed your painting; but I am not come to speak of that; I bring a message from my son."

"From Mr. Flemming?" said Hester, in a tone of surprise.

"If you would let him have the honour of stepping up for five minutes, he thinks he could inform you of something, or advise something, which might be to your advantage."

"Certainly he may come, Mrs. Flemming. You will accompany him."

When the hunchback entered the room, with his slender spindle legs, long arms, and stooping head, the hunch being seen like a small hill behind it, the object he presented might be pitiable; yet, unlike some misshapen unfortunates or monsters, his appearance did not excite disgust or fear. Gazing only at his countenance, you were interested by its highly intellectual expression, while the quiet melancholy which softened every feature touched the heart. His thin face now glowed, and his eyes were lit up, but his limbs trembled; and, as he looked at Hester, the agitation he betrayed every moment increased.

The blind woman stood by the side of her son, proud of her offspring—the child of deformity, but of genius. Hester had only one chair; she drew it to Mrs. Flemming, and the latter seated herself.

"Now, Mark, tell the lady what you think about the music."

The hunchback, being thus brought face to face with her he secretly adored, suffered some moments to elapse before he could summon courage to address her. At length he spoke:

"I am not ignorant, Miss Somerset, of the great design you cherish with respect to your father. Would we were able to assist you; but I can only offer my poor advice. I am told you play the piano, and that

you understand music well. Why, then, devote your time to the thankless, unprofitable employment of drawing?—an employment by which one gains a living and twenty starve."

"But I have no piano now; mine was sold with my father's furniture, and I have not sufficient money to buy another."

"No matter; obtain the few necessary music-books, and you can give lessons to young ladies in families supplied with instruments."

"Yes," said the blind woman; "there is nothing easier or more common than for teachers to attend at the parents' houses. Much money may be made that way, depend on it."

Hester was thoughtful, but she did not long hesitate in expressing her opinion. Gifted with an ardent and hopeful spirit, she was one easily to be filled with bright dreams. In truth, Flemming's scheme seemed to her a very happy one, and she thanked him for his suggestions, and would immediately use her best endeavours to profit by his advice.

The next day an advertisement appeared in one of the morning papers, setting forth Hester's intention of teaching the rudiments of music in private families, her terms being unusually moderate. This appeal was not attended with much success. Two pupils, however, were gained; and the beauty of Hester, her gentle manners, and her fine natural talents, were soon appreciated. The parents of the two children she taught recommended her to others, and thus she progressed, the circle of her labours gradually enlarging, and her gains consequently increasing.

We see her, then, after her usual call at the Fleet Prison—for never yet had she passed one day without visiting her father—hurrying forth to the different houses where she gave music lessons. Her step was light, and her heart was happy. She pleased, for with her the art of pleasing was a natural, and not an acquired talent. Her pupils might be dull, but her patience triumphed over their stolidity; some of the mothers might be coarse and overbearing, but Hester's humility, and unvarying good-humour, disarmed and conciliated even them.

Three months from the commencement of this career, Hester, for the first time, proceeded to a certain old and substantial-looking house in the Strand—it was a savings bank. The indefatigable daughter of the imprisoned man deposited there, towards her great design, the sum of thirty pounds!

But we must now relate an incident which much affected her peace of mind, and subsequently led to a scene that well might terrify a young girl, alone and unprotected in the great world of London. Mark Flemming, the hunchback, heard of Hester's success, and rejoiced at it. The unfortunate and apparently hopeless passion which he had conceived for her, had by no means lessened in its intensity. Still his love was of the most timid and reserved description. His actions might have betrayed his secret, but his lips were mute. The hour, however, was coming which must decide his fate, for he felt it impossible to maintain silence much longer. He struggled day after day to imprison the whirlwind in his heart, until that heart was bursting.

Nature! with all thy cunning skill, and harmonious adaptation of part to part through creation's range, dost thou not sometimes commit melancholy errors? How else should we find a spirit like Flemming's imprisoned in such a body? His deformity was not the result of an accident, for so he had come into the world. Listless had Flemming

grown in prosecuting his musical studies; his violin, once so worshipped, his second self, was cast aside, or only played on when necessity compelled; his new passion usurped the place of all other affections of the mind and heart.

The hunchback was standing in his room, being too restless and feverish to sit, for he had come to a resolution that day of addressing Hester. She was absent, giving one of her music lessons, but he expected her every minute. His mother was asleep in her accustomed corner, a circumstance which favoured his design. Flemming, anxious not to disturb her, crept to and fro on tiptoe. The poor young man had dressed himself for the occasion with great attention and care; his long locks had been combed, his linen changed, and his threadbare coat scrupulously brushed. What mad fancy entered his soul? what mocking demon whispered in his ear, that woman could love, could accept a being like him?

Flemming gazed from his window into the squalid street, but Hester was not to be seen. Oh! that she would hasten and relieve his suspense! for, having now formed his resolve, the torture of that uncertainty was terrible to endure. A quarter of an hour passed—a few minutes more—still his eyes were riveted on the pavement below. His restlessness and agitation increased. Suddenly he stepped back from the window; he perceived her at last. Hester was come.

She was sitting in her chair; her hat lay on the floor, and her shawl had fallen behind her; except this, her dress was not disarranged; but her hair, having escaped from its comb, fell in wavelike and glittering masses, rather than ringlets, down her shoulders. She looked inexpressibly beautiful, yet neither blushing timidity nor anger was apparent in her face; it bore only the stamp of sorrow. Her cheek was pale, and the long fringe of the lids, as her eyes were cast on the floor, sustained tears, which, one by one, fell into her lap. She did not move or speak, for the thoughts which oppressed her heart admitted not of utterance.

Flemming remained at a short distance: his attitude half stooping, half kneeling, betokened supplication. His thin hands were clasped before him; the colour on his usually ashy cheek fluctuated every moment; and his breathing was hard and hurried. His secret, then, had been revealed; he had declared his love for Hester—the passion which half paralysed his faculties, and daily and hourly consumed him. He felt by no means confident of success, yet, in spite of all he knew, in spite of the consciousness of the blight and curse fallen on his miserable body, the poor hunchback was not entirely without hope.

"You are alarmed—you shrink from me," said Flemming, stealing an ardent glance at Hester. "I am aware that to an ordinary woman I must be an object of contempt, perhaps of loathing; but the belief that you possess a high soul, endowed with genius, has emboldened me to address you. Oh! regard me not as I appear! Let our love be of the immortal spirit! let our union be an union of souls!"

Alas! Hester was still flesh and blood, and had not conquered the instincts of humanity. She had not become an idealist, capable of living out of matter, or soaring above it. Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were still associated with things of earth, and her whole nature was tremblingly alive to the beautiful.

"You do not speak?" pursued Flemming. "Perhaps you consider my station in life below your own; and it is, I am conscious of it, notwithstanding all the circumstances of distress which now surround you."

"No," answered Hester, softly. "What have I to do with pride? my father and myself cannot be reduced more low."

Flemming's eyes brightened, for he felt encouraged, and drawing a step nearer, he spoke rapidly, and with vehemence,

"If to watch around you, to obey your slightest command, to love you respectfully but ardently, to be a protector while a submissive slave, to join my efforts with your own in raising that money which shall set your father at liberty, to appreciate your high mental gifts as well as your beauty, to centre all my hopes, my joys, my life, in your own welfare and happiness, and to consider even fame and the world's applause second to your love,—if all this may entitle me to your attention, your regard, hear me! I beseech you, hear me!"

The arms of Flemming were raised imploringly, and, as he knelt on the floor, his head was thrown backward; his features at the moment looked strikingly fine, but behind was the disfiguring hump on the summit of his crooked back. Could the young fair flower, the bright-eyed Peri, the Psyche without her butterfly wings, be linked to a being like this? Our human feelings recoil at such an union. We overlook the soul which animates the formless clod. We cannot help our sensations; we obey but the laws of our nature.

Hester, who had long struggled to repress what she felt, spoke at length, but with mildness, carefully abstaining from every allusion that might pain the unfortunate man.

"I am very young, Mr. Flemming, very unprotected, and possess little experience of the world. Situated as I am, and labouring for my father, I cannot accept—it is utterly impossible for me to accept—that is, I mean I cannot listen to your proposals."

"Well, I may hope—some future time—— You do not decidedly reject me."

"It would be wrong in me to lead you astray. I feel it my duty to speak plainly. I admire your genius, your noble mind, and your filial affection in supporting your blind mother. I will esteem you as a friend—as a brother——"

While she spoke these words, Flemming's agitation was pitiable to witness: his projecting breast heaved with rapid convulsions, his muscles worked, and over the swollen veins of his forehead spread a moisture which gradually gathered into beads.

"A friend—a brother!" he gasped. "Go on!"

"But never can I regard you in any other light."

"Then I hear my fate! Heaven support me! the dream is over!"

He moved back a few steps, and leaned on the table. As he stooped his head on his long arms his face was unseen. That attitude, although it gave more grotesqueness to his misshapen frame, indicated the last degree of suffering and prostration of soul.

Hester could not see him thus miserable and broken down without being sensibly affected. Her young heart bled, and the very fact of his hideous deformity operated as an appeal to her commiseration. Drawing her chair towards him, she placed him gently into it, for he yielded passively to her guidance.

"Mr Flemming," said Hester, in her low, silvery accents, "be calm. I am utterly unworthy of this regard—this grief. You must not be angry with me; I have said only what duty compels, and the respect I have for you renders necessary."

"Duty, respect!" said Flemming, bitterly; "these are words I would not have you utter; yet why should I find fault with them? Love, hopeless or happy, you have never known, and if it must bring torture like mine, may you ever be a stranger to it!"

Hester was silently meditating. Her absent manner betokened that her thoughts wandered away from the unhappy man before her, and the room in which she stood. Flemming observed her averted countenance and her thoughtfully-fixed eyes. He addressed her by her name, and she turned abruptly.

"You said I had never loved," whispered Hester, her voice quivering with emotion.

"Because one so young as you, so beautiful and pure as you, would never have met with a fitting object." The hunchback suddenly raised his hands:—"Dotard! presumptuous wretch that I am! and did I, in my madness, dream that *I* was a 'fitting' object? I, on whom rest the curse of Nature and the ban of God. Could a seraph of light like thee love a demon? a foul hideous thing whom a veil should enwrap, whom the earth should cover?"

A peal of laughter, the spirit's bitter mockery, rang through the room. Hester shuddered.

"But I will be calm, dear Miss Somerset; I will not distress you. I will bow to my destiny. I will endure my lot. But tell me, have you indeed met with one whom you can regard with those feelings you can never entertain for me?"

"Yes," said Hester, frankly; "and this, beyond any other circumstance, should explain why I cannot listen to the addresses of another; your upright mind must allow that falsehood is a black crime."

"It is," observed Flemming, mournfully.

"From childhood I have been pledged to one who is now——"

"Do not hesitate. Think not in my misery I shall utter maledictions. My prayer will be, 'Heaven bless you and bless him!'"

"One who is now in a distant country—the East Indies."

"A great officer, perhaps?"

"No; he is a poor lad, a peasant's son, self-taught—without money and without friends."

Flemming was eagerly attentive, but evidently surprised.

"As you cherish an intense love for music, so did he conceive a passion for military life."

"You hear from him frequently?"

"No; he is ignorant of the calamity that has befallen my father, and if he writes, his letters do not reach us now."

"Then he may have died of one of the diseases of the climate—he may have been killed in battle."

"God grant otherwise!" exclaimed Hester, her quiet, sorrowful face growing more pale.

"Or," suggested Flemming, "he may have altogether forsaken you."

"That is probable, very probable," answered Hester, her eyes filling with tears.

"Should this be true, can you not, in turn, renounce him?"

The girl's features became animated, her hands were clasped, and her eyes raised.

"Renounce him! woman's heart does not so soon forget; we cannot so readily obliterate impressions of early years. Never, even though he desert me, can I be false to him—never can I cease to cherish his memory."

The ardour evinced by Hester carried a conviction to the heart of Flemming that she spoke the truth. The knowledge that her affections were placed on another did not cool his own passion, but it gave to his feelings a harshness and a bitterness they did not before possess; he was neither tranquillised nor satisfied, but in his bosom the evil principle began to war with the good; and this struggle was doomed thenceforth to divide his being, now prompting him to acts of generosity, and now leading him to crime.

Flemming did not take a formal leave of Hester, or endeavour to excite her sympathy by dwelling on his own hopelessness and suffering. Pride assisted him now in smothering all that burned within, and he quitted her presence, apparently resigned to inevitable circumstances, and the defeat of his pretensions.

The heart of Hester rejoiced at the mastery which Flemming seemed to have gained over himself. She beheld the sunlight restored to the surface of the smooth stream, yet her eye could not penetrate into the dark and troubled waters beneath.

TO A LADY NEARLY BLIND.

BY CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY.

O, LADY! darkly through this darksome world
Although thou wanderest, God can give thee light;
But should thy day "suffer eclipse," unfurled
May still to thee be visions heavenly bright,
Which by the spiritual eye are seen—
Visions so dazzling, that full well I ween,
If by thy night such glory could be bought,
Thou wouldst not give earth's chequer'd scene a thought;
But rather deem this thine infirmity,
Sent to make manifest a work of love,
And wean thy soul from frail mortality.
Yet, could *my* prayers the "drop serene" remove,
Or draw God's grace unto *thy* spirit down,
What light and joy would burst upon my own.

MARIA ERNACH'S FIRST AND LAST PILGRIMAGE.

By the Author of "Seven Years in the Wedded Life of a Roman Catholic."

THE LAST PILGRIMAGE.

I.

One strange anxious desire filled Maria Ernach's soul; one strong irrepressible wish was ever present to her; it fevered her mind and body when awake, it destroyed her rest in sleep, and coloured her dreams—the desire to go again to Mariazell. Months had passed, yet the singular mystery which overshadowed the untimely end of him she had so loved, was in nowise removed; all clue to the murderer was yet wanting, but it seemed to Maria that if she were once again upon the spot, this mystery must be cleared away. Added to this, was the no less earnest, though somewhat more romantic, wish to stand by the grassy mound beneath which he reposed, to weep over him, and strew flowers on his grave, that should his spirit, as she fervently believed, be hovering near, he might at least see that she was true to him in death as in life. She said little; but as the time for the annual pilgrimage to Mariazell again drew near, her restless anxiety for the journey was such, that it almost amounted to a species of insanity.

The Signor Romelli pursued his visits to the cottage as of yore, but for six good months after Francis Clairfait's death he spoke not a word of love to Maria. His behaviour, kind and affectionate, was more like that of a brother, and his attentions, in which appeared nothing that the most sensitive mind could take alarm at, contributed, if anything could, to soothe her. But gradually and cautiously the character of them changed, and at length he spoke openly of love. Maria shuddered as she listened. She entered into no explanation; she alluded not to the past or future, but simply gave him an unqualified denial, and a prohibition to speak of such matters to her. Romelli relapsed into his old caution, but just before the return of the pilgrimage the real nature of his attentions again began to manifest itself; and Maria, in her wild anxiety with regard to other matters, now passed them by unheeded and unchecked. Like last year, Madame Ernach was loud and vehement in her opposition to Maria's joining the pilgrims, but her present objection had chiefly reference to her daughter's health, which was now very delicate. Maria heard the ever-recurring arguments that were urged against the journey, but she listened not, heeded not; had a very angel from heaven appeared in her path, like unto Balaam of old, she would scarcely have turned aside.

"Such obstinacy!" grumbled the vexed old lady to herself, as, the eve of the pilgrimage having come round, she found Maria still firmly bent upon the journey—"such dreadful obstinacy! I never saw two persons so much alike as she and her father."

Meanwhile Maria, having made her preparations for the morrow alone and in silence, walked out of the house as the sun was setting, and rested herself upon a rustic seat at some little distance. It was a favourite spot with her at this hour, for she had many an evening sat there with Francis Clairfait. Strange that she should now be fond of indulging in a consolation, which at its best could be but a mournful one.

As she lingered there brooding over the past, some one stole gently up and seated himself beside her. It was the Signor Romelli; and Maria, vexed at the interruption to her thoughts which his coming occasioned, rose, after a few indifferent words of greeting, to return to the cottage.

"You are eager for home, Maria," observed the Italian, gloomily; "yet the evening is not so far advanced."

"My mother is alone," she replied; "and I have also one or two household matters to complete. I shall be away, most probably, for some days."

"It quite distresses me, Maria, to find you persist in going this year. Your health is not equal to it. You must indeed relinquish it, late as it is."

"I will hear no arguments on this subject," she interrupted; "it would be but waste of time. I am not the heedless girl I was last summer, when a word would have turned me either way—a mere child, swayed by every breath of wind."

"I do not see that you can be much else now, if you speak of years," laughed Romelli. "Only twelve moons have passed over your head since."

"But an age in heart. It was spring-time with me then; it is autumn now."

"And your summer?" he rejoined, in a bantering tone.

"I have had none—I shall have none," she answered, hollowly. "Good night, signor," she resumed, once more rising and offering her hand. "I will say farewell to you now, unless you mean to call again at the cottage."

"I came hither to speak to you, Maria," he said, detaining her on the seat. "God knows I have waited long enough, and the passion in my breast has become so great from repression, that it will no longer be contained within bounds."

And, crowding word upon word, the very truth and earnestness of his matter imparting to him eloquence, Jacopo Romelli poured forth his confession, urging Maria, in impassioned terms, to consent to their union.

She sat quite calm and collected, listening without emotion to all this torrent and energy; and then, simply telling him that she had answered him upon this subject months before, and that the same answer would apply again, attempted to move away.

"Not until you give me some hope," exclaimed Romelli, the sting of her coldness piercing to his very heart. "Let it be ever so distant, say that in time you will be mine—in time."

"It would be no kindness to you to say that which is untrue," she answered.

"*No kindness*—hear her!" he exclaimed, lifting his head to heaven. "To listen to such words from her lips I have prayed and wept; I, a strong man and careless, who recked, for aught she knew, as little of weeping as of prayer. And she says it would be no kindness!"

"Signor Romelli, you mistake me—I know not if it be wilfully or otherwise. How can I speak of a hope that will never be realised? And for marriage—I shall never marry, either you or another."

"Hope—hope—give me hope, Maria—let it be ever so far off—but, give me hope!"

"I give you none, now, or for hereafter."

"Maria Ernach," he whispered, "have you heard how the Italians love?—and the wildest passion that ever sat in the breast of one cannot more than equal that which I have borne in silence for you. I am not an old man; I have, probably speaking, many years before me; and you deliberately consign those years to despair. I would lay down my life for you; I would wait on you night and day. Why should this coldness be visited upon me in return?"

"Now, then, listen to me," she exclaimed. "I will repose in you a confidence that has never yet been breathed to human ear. You describe your love for me: know that such love, ay, even greater, I felt for Francis Clairfait. I had long suspected, *hoped*, that he loved me; but that night which we passed at Mariazell was the first time I knew it beyond all doubt. He told me of his passion—he knew it was returned: ere this, but for that night's fatal ending, it would have been known to the world. Speak not to me of love, Jacopo; it lies buried in Francis Clairfait's grave."

The Italian, while she spoke, had become deadly pale, and bit his lips almost to wounding; but he answered her immediately.

"It may be true what you say; but those recollections will pass away, and in time you will love another—one who will care for you and watch over you more tenderly, perhaps, than he would have done."

"Never!" she exclaimed, vehemently; "to love twice is impossible; and were I ever dragged or cajoled to the altar, I should deem it but an act of sacrilege to his memory, and regard him the more for the grievous wrong."

"Is it even so?—and you shrink not from telling me?"

"Forgive, forgive me!" she said, laying her hand upon his, "and believe that I am not insensible to the preference you have evinced for me, or ungrateful for it, but my affections are buried with the dead. Oh, how I loved—how I love Francis Clairfait!"

She pressed her hands before her eyes in anguish, and the dark shade passed again over the Italian's features. He answered, in a low tone,

"I will never give up the hope of possessing you, Maria, while life is left to us."

"Be silent," she answered; "you are excited now, and do not weigh your words. If you wish our acquaintance to continue, you must drop the subject, now and always. Upon this point I am resolute. Another relapse to it, such as I have heard to-night, and I interdict all communication between us. Let us forget from this moment that it was ever introduced."

"You are unjust, Maria—cruel and unjust. Why did you not check my rising passion at the onset? From the earliest moment of our introduction, you saw that I admired you, and does such admiration never ripen into love? Why did you not repress it? A firm word, a repelling glance *then*, and it would have been done. But, instead of this, you encouraged it—you know you did. It may have been that I was Clairfait's rival for your favour, implied if not acknowledged. And you led me on—you led us both on—a look of encouragement to one, a look of encouragement to the other—*it was so*, Maria; whether from coquetry, or vanity, or that you did not know your own mind, I care not—but it was so."

"Ay," she answered, "and I have bitterly repented. I was fond of coquetry; I was filled with vanity; you and others told me I was beautiful, and I looked for the homage of many admirers as my due. I did but as others have done before me, the young and attractive, and saw not, in my vain thoughtlessness, the wrong I was committing. That, and many other things, have come home to me since. I should never have seen them in their true aspect but for the death of Francis Clairfait; since then, in all, save years, I have become old. Forgive me all, Jacopo."

"Yet you refuse me reparation, Maria!"

"I told you the subject must end," she said, rising. "You have already had my final answer, and to repeat it is painful to me."

He arose sullenly, and walked with her. Their first few steps were taken in silence.

"And so you go this toilsome journey to fling flowers over his grave!" he broke forth, abruptly.

"No—not that."

"Oh, no, I understand—not that! to weep over it; to gaze on it. Truly I would be in Clairfait's place," he continued, sneeringly, "to have half such affection lavished upon me."

"Something whispers me," she said, bursting into tears, "that I shall not go in vain. Thanks be to Heaven, my faith in this is perfect. The compassionate Virgin was never yet deaf to anguish so great as mine—to prayers so heartfelt: I know they will be answered."

"Answered!" exclaimed Romelli, in amazement; "why, you do not suppose they can bring the dead back to life?"

"No. But I may discover his murderer."

"Oh, Maria, Maria! this is absurd in the extreme!"

"Is that you, signor?" called out the old lady Ernach, from the house as they came up, where she occupied her favourite place close to the open window.

"Do you want anything?" was the Italian's reply.

"What in the world have you been talking over up there? The affairs of the state, one would say, at a rough guess. I watched you both until it grew too dark for my eyesight. Madame Brennan said she would lay her three daughters' costumes against Maria's that you were making love. But I told her better. I know what love-making is as well as most people, and I never saw it made yet with the vehemence and gesticulation you have been using to-night. No, no, my good lady Brennan; let me alone for penetration: I can see as far through a millstone as you can."

"Your eyes are none of the youngest, either," replied the Italian, whose irascibility was on this night easily excited.

"Neither will yours be, sir, when you have lived to my age," retorted the lady. "If they see as well as mine, and look as young, in ten years' time, I'll eat them. And you, Maria, must sit moping your time away from home. I thought you would never come back. You might find me dead some day before you return, and much you would care!"

"Dear mother," replied the passive girl, "I did not know you were ill, otherwise I would not have gone out."

"Of course you knew nothing about it—you never do. And the swimming in the head that I have had all day!"

"Has it been worse to-night than usual?"

"Yes, it has. If you had been at home, as you ought to have been, I don't know that I should not have sent for the doctor."

"Shall I go now?" exclaimed Maria, anxious to atone.

"I will call if you like, madame," said Romelli; "it is late, and more fitting for me to be abroad than Maria. What shall I say?"

"Nothing at all. You need not trouble yourself, signor. I will see how I am to-morrow."

"Dear, dear mother," exclaimed Maria, in agitation—but a slight thing served to agitate her now—"let some one go for him. You know how positive his instructions were, that if the symptoms ever became violent, we were to send for him without delay."

"Is the child out of her senses?" screamed madame. "One would think I was going to die. Who said the symptoms were violent? Because the heat has caused an oppression in my head, you are to let your imagination run away like this, Maria! The mystery is, how you younger ones escape brain fever, broiling yourselves out in the sun as you do. I am sure the weather gets hotter every year: it was nothing to this when I was a child."

"Shall I get you some medicine from the chemist's?" asked Romelli.

"The most advisable thing you can do, signor, is to take yourself away and get to bed. If you fetched a whole pharmacy of physic, and a dozen doctors behind it, I would neither take the one nor consult the other to-night," continued the inconsistent dame. "But you may step down to-morrow, signor, if you are at leisure, and see how I get on. I may be glad of some one to converse with, and Maria, I suppose, will be absent on this gadding bout?"

II.

Hot and brilliant rose the sun on the day of the pilgrimage, and once more, as on the previous year, was St. Stephen's crammed with devotees. The priests, with their rich tones, chanted the solemn mass, whilst many a hundred knee was bent before them.

The service concluded, and the pilgrims were filing out of the cathedral, when a relation's hand was laid upon the arm of Maria Ernach, who walked about the middle of the procession.

"Quick, quick, Maria! or you may be too late to see your mother alive!"

Aghast and pale, she turned a look of inquiry at the speaker, and learnt that Madame Ernach had been stricken with apoplexy, and was then lying between life and death. With a despairing cry, Maria darted forth, and leaving the pilgrims to perform their journey without her, was soon at the bedside of her mother.

"Once, Maria," began Signor Romelli, as on the fourth day from the above he sat with Maria watching the turns of Madame Ernach's illness, "a remark was made in this house by—but you remember; it is somewhat more than a year ago—that one who professed to see the finger of the saints in every bargain they may make, or think they may perform, was but a priest-ridden whiner."

"And recollect the circumstances in relation to which he spoke," she interrupted, whilst a flush passed over her pale face. "A deed of bitter injustice, nay, a series of deeds, had become known to Vienna, and the chief actor in them, in lieu of being reviled, as he merited, was raised to

a high pinnacle in the land. *You* defended his conduct, and said a divine influence might be traced through all he had done, and at last led him to his reward."

"And Clairfait answered me. But let that pass. I merely wished to draw your remembrance to the words. What think you now of the interference of the saints?"

She looked up, as if waiting for an explanation.

"Depend upon it," he continued, "this journey that you were so set upon, was not to be. You would have said the night before the pilgrimage, and I believe did say, that neither Heaven nor earth should keep you away; yet, if ever the Virgin interfered in an earthly event, it has been in this."

Maria covered her face with her hands, to hide the despair that was seated there. "Another year," she murmured to herself—"another year of suspense and waiting such as the last has been. I thought that would never pass; but now, twelve long months are added to it. May God support me through them!"

III.

At the expiration of three months from the time of the attack, Madame Ernach's health was so far restored as to admit of her removing to a distant place, for change of air. Maria accompanied her, the Signor Romelli constituting himself their escort; and ere another moon was on its wane, Vienna was startled by the news that Maria had become the Italian's wife!

It may have been some four or five weeks afterwards that a group of Viennese stood conversing close to the residence of Madame Ernach, who, with her daughter and son-in-law, was that evening expected home.

"I have no patience with it!" exclaimed Madame Brennan. "Could any one have believed that the old lady, who has just had one foot in the grave and the other out, would hurry on the marriage in that style? Why could not Maria have had it solemnised in her native place, as any decent-minded young lady would. Depriving one of the sight of the wedding-dresses!"

"And cheating us out of our fair share of bridal cake!" chimed in another indignant voice.

"And my daughters, who were to have been her bridesmaids," continued Madame Brennan, turning her heated face towards the assemblage; "it was an absolute promise to Gertrude, years ago! I should not wonder," continued the excited matron, "if we hear that she went to church without any!"

"Well, well," uttered the Frau von Ringhen, "of what moment is it who were her bridesmaids, or whether she had none, when it is said she cares little about the bridegroom? Is that true or not, Madame Brennan?"

"True as the sun. *Her* choice, unless people used their eyes badly, fell upon that lost heretic, Francis Clairfait."

"Ay," added Gertrude, "and I do believe the signor has followed her up as much out of spite as of love—spite that he was not her first choice."

"Gertrude would have liked the signor's choice to fall upon her," laughed Carolina Ernach, ill-naturedly.

"*I* have liked him!" cried Gertrude, the startling earnestness of her manner testifying to its truth; "I would not have had anything to do with the Signor Romélli—in that way—for all Austria. I never was for five minutes in his company but he made me quake in my shoes. He is a mysterious man, that Italian."

"And it is a mysterious match, to my mind," replied the Frau von Ringhen. Marriages which are made up so covertly and hastily have always a wheel within the wheel, if we could but detect it."

"Look again at her having no home provided, but coming home, as of old, to her mother's. If appearances may be trusted, he lacks not the means amply to provide her with one."

"Hist, hist!" uttered Hulda Ernach, as a post carriage drove up from the distance, and two ladies, its inmates, bowed to the collection of gossips, who suddenly put themselves in motion, as if they were taking a quiet evening walk.

"Holy Mother! did you see her?" uttered Madame Brennan. "As much like a bride as I am like a camel."

"No more smile on her face than there is on a stone image," went on Gertrude. "And her eyes—did you ever see such?"

"What of her eyes?" cried Hulda. "There are no tears in them."

"No," answered the Frau von Ringhen, "but there's something worse —misery, if I ever saw it."

"And where can the husband Romelli be?" screamed Carolina. "If ever I marry, my husband had better leave *me* to come home alone!"

IV.

THE time passed, to some dragging its weary length along, to others like a dream, and the period for the pilgrimage to Mariazell was again close at hand. Maria Ernach, now Maria Romelli, was seated in her mother's home, the only one she had as yet been suffered to know. There was much that was singular in the union, as had once been remarked by the Frau von Ringhen. Romelli did not live with his wife. He had continued to occupy his former apartments, though his visits to the cottage were frequent. He was in general absent from both places in the daytime; Maria never knew where, and probably did not care to inquire; and sometimes his absence would extend to several days together.

She was seated now, busily employed upon a white garment, which to those versed in such matters told its own tale, being formed after the fashion of the Viennese pilgrim-costume. Maria looked haggard and careworn, very, very little like the blooming girl who had gone thither with Francis Clairfait two years before. Her state of health also was not such as to contribute to her personal beauty, for she was likely to become a mother.

Madame Ernach had stepped out to a friend's for a dish of gossip, so Maria worked on without interruption, when the entrance of her husband aroused her. He bent his eyes angrily upon the dress.

"So you are still at that worthless employment!"

She did not answer.

"What if I were to lay my embargo upon it altogether?"

"Peace, peace, Jacopo; be generous, or at least just."

"Just! generous! what has either qualification to do with the impious errand you are bent upon?"

"I *am* bent upon it," she answered; "you have long known me to be so."

"Is it not maddening to have a wife whose thoughts, instead of being given to a living husband, are concentrated upon a dead lover?"

"Jacopo, you are my husband, and I will be to you a good and faithful wife. Let me perform the pilgrimage in peace, and this anxious desire, which I tell you has eaten into my very heart, will be over. If not successful in clearing up the mystery that envelopes his fate, I shall have the consolation of knowing that the effort has been made, and dwell on it no more but as a remembrance."

"Care you not that this impious concern should bring down vengeance upon you!" cried the Italian, passionately, "thus to cherish the remembrance of a heretic!"

"Patience and endurance!" she murmured, clasping her hands in anguish. "Yet he is my husband!"

"Shame upon you to think so about him! I will tell it to the world; this very night shall they know it. *You* a good and faithful wife!"

"Ay," she exclaimed, passionately, "tell them how I loved him; tell them how I knelt to you in all the agony of despair but the night before we were united, when I told you that death would be preferable to marriage with you; and that I knelt in vain. Tell them you knew beforehand that I could never love you; that I besought you in pity to spare me, if not wholly, at least until after this year's pilgrimage, when my mind would be at rest. Tell them that you promised to accompany me, and aid me in my inquiries. Tell them that with your deceitful persuasions and hidden power, which I have never yet fathomed, you won my mother over to your interests, and that she, who had never meaningly spoken to me a harsh word, threatened me with the curse of the Church if I refused to marry you. Tell them that ungenerous as you were then, ungenerous you are now. Go! tell it them! tell it all!"

"What on earth is the matter now?" exclaimed Madame Ernach, entering the room, accompanied by her neighbour the Dame Bravantor, and the Frau Von Ringhen, the three having hesitated for an instant at the door, astonished at the unusual noise. "One would think, Signor Romelli, that you wanted to kill your wife. I did not give her to you for that, you know; and let me tell you, that if I had thought you would have ever offered her an unkind word, you might have gone to the country's end before you should have had her."

"Why is Maria so headstrong, then?" returned the Italian. "What good can it possibly do her to make this pilgrimage?"

"It is not a question of what good it can do her to go, but of what harm it may do if we keep her away," retorted Madame Ernach, who, of course, took Maria's part since, as strenuously as she had espoused that of Romelli before, the marriage. "I think it is wrong for her to encounter the fatigue; but she says she knows she can bear it, and as her heart is so set upon it, why ——"

"Ridiculous!" broke in the Italian, impatiently. "If her heart were set upon having a sail in a tub down the Danube, would it be any reason for our permitting her to attempt it?"

"I have had five children," interrupted Madame Ernach, "and four of them—may the saints be resting their innocent souls—were taken in early infancy to a better world: Maria, there, was the last. And permit

me to assure you, signor, that by the time as many are about you, you will have learnt that Maria, when in her present state of health, must not be contradicted."

A murmur of applause from Madame Bravantor and the lady of Ringhen reached Romelli's ear, proving to him how ineffectual would be any attempt at dissent.

"Not that this journey would be advisable," added Madame Bravantor, "if her mind were not so bent upon it. My opinion is, that the fatigue must inevitably be productive of mischief."

"Not more than contradiction would be," interrupted the mother. "I wish I could go myself; but she, dutiful girl that she is, will supplicate the Virgin for me, that I may be spared all such frightful attacks as the one I last year with difficulty recovered from."

"She thinks a deal more of whining over Francis Clairfait's grave than of praying for you," exclaimed the excited Romelli; whilst Maria remained, as from the period of their entrancé, pale and impassive.

"Stuff!" contemptuously ejaculated madame. "Because there was some childish sweethearting between them—which nobody knew better than yourself, signor—is Maria to think but of him? I would not have cared for the handsomest man that ever wore a moustache six moons after he had disappeared, whether in his grave, or to the Indies, or any other out-of-the-way place. And do you suppose Maria is different?"

"Why does she harp so upon finding out the murderer of a heretic?"

"What matter if she does? She is none the nearer doing it. I am sure it would be a great satisfaction to our curiosities if anything should come up."

"He died by his own hand," hissed the Italian; whilst his unhappy wife, as she heard the words, crossed her hands upon her bosom in prayer.

V.

Again Maria Romelli, née Ernach, knelt before God in the crowded cathedral at Vienna. The morning—as it generally had been—was bright and sunny, and the pilgrims waited with impatience the conclusion of the services they were assisting at, to commence their journey.

Romelli was with her. Little had it been his intention to make the pilgrimage, but the entreaties of Madame Ernach, the implied taunts of a whole conclave of busy friends, or a change in his own mind, had induced him to go. The devotees were in high humour, and joked and talked, those amongst them who had light hearts, more profanely than Maria now liked to hear. Two years previously she had joked so herself.

At length, for the second time in her life, Maria bent before the shrine in the gloomy church at Mariazell, chanting the Ave Maria. Oh! how different were the sensations of her bosom from those which had filled it when she first sang it there! With incredible strength, astonishing to the beholders, she had surmounted the toils of the pilgrimage. An unnatural excitement and expectation had buoyed her up, without which she could never have reached her destination; and this excitement had not yet passed.

And now she stood alone over the grave of Francis Clairfait, weeping in insuppressible agony. But at a little distance, two years before, she had sat with him, listening to his vows of love, dizzy with the intensity

of present bliss, and full of hope for the future. An unseen hand had dashed away this happiness at one fell swoop, torn him from her, and hurled him into the next world, uncalled for and unprepared.

"What hast thou, my daughter?" demanded a priest, who, passing by the spot, was attracted by her evident emotion. "Art thou a sufferer in mind or in body, or both? What service can I render thee?"

Maria rose, and would have spoken, for she recognised the monk who had been an ear-witness to the scuffle between Francis and his assailant, but the hysterical sobs which struggled in her throat burst forth with renewed violence.

At that moment the Signor Romelli, who in all probability had been seeking his wife, broke in upon them, and addressing her in harsh and loud language, would have dragged her from the grave.

"THE MURDERER!" shrieked the priest, as he listened, and laid a heavy hand upon his arm. "Behold him!—secure him!—the murderer of Francis Clairfait!"

"Dotard!" screamed Romelli, "be still. What mean you?"

"As the Holy God in heaven is my Judge, you are the murderer of the young man who lies here! I should know your voice amid a thousand. For these two years have I listened for it. I heard the struggle between you on that fatal night."

"Raver! madman!" panted Romelli, as he strove to free himself from the grasp of the holy man; but he contrived to retain his hold.

"Help! help!" he shouted, to the distant crowd of pilgrims; "him we have sought so long is here at last! Help to secure him until the officers of justice can arrive."

The words of the priest were not distinguished by them, but his struggle with Romelli was seen. The latter watched the crowd set off towards him, eager for his capture; yet he seemed to regard their approach with singular indifference, and shook off the priest. But his wife threw herself before him, and entwined her arms around his body, in such a manner that he could not free himself.

"Away, Maria, away!" he whispered. "Do you see this excited crowd approaching? Would you deliver me up to death?"

"Death! Then the priest is not mad!"

"Loose me, I say!"

"Who murdered Francis Clairfait?" she repeated, in the same whispered tone, which was inaudible to the priest.

"I did," he answered; his countenance, as he gazed on her, assuming its dreadfully sinister expression, and his white teeth glistening from between his pale and parted lips.

"And your motives?" she gasped.

"They were various. *You* gave rise to the most powerful; you who had led me on to love. Such love! his was but child's fancy to it."

"You followed us from Vienna for the purpose of taking his life?"

"Not so. I followed you at the top speed of the fleetest horse; but not to kill. That emanated afterwards from him."

"Shame upon you for uttering it!" she exclaimed; but her words were slowly uttered, for a faintness was stealing over her.

"It did. I heard it all: I lay behind you on that night! His whispered vows of love, his mockery of me, and—oh! terrible sin!—his unholy intention, openly expressed, to wean you from your religion.

Murder, you would call it! It was an act of justice demanded by Heaven."

Maria had fallen upon the grass, powerless, when the crowd, shouting and indignant, came rushing up.

"It is the murderer of the unhappy pilgrim who was destroyed two years ago, and interred in this spot, in his sin," explained the priest, laying his hands once more upon Romelli. "I told you then I should know his voice again, and I call upon you now to secure him."

A hundred hands were stretched forth, when Romelli, with a gesture of haughtiness, waved them away. At the same moment he raised his long hair—the hair which had hitherto been looked upon as his own—and removed it, and threw aside one or two of his outer garments, when he stood out to view a secret agent of the Jesuits, and a priest high in its order.

The monk drew back in an attitude of humility; the pilgrims fell to the ground upon their knees; for they saw the peculiar cross upon the black garment, and knew that he who wore it was possessed of irresistible power over them.

"Be not hasty to judge in future," exclaimed Romelli to the priest, with condescending affability; "your present error shall be overlooked. And to you, my children," he added, turning to the pilgrims, "I would explain—albeit it becometh not the Church to put forth her reasons—that the miserable being you would have avenged was one accursed of God and the Holy See; whose blasphemies against the Church, even unto the very night he died, were such as to render his removal an act of merit and of necessity."

The pilgrims became convinced that a very saint was before them, and that he who lay buried beneath was a brand, *not* snatched from the burning; whilst Jacopo Romelli, in his saintly character, invoked aloud upon their heads the Virgin Mary's blessing.

Maria was borne to one of the inns at Mariazell, and after some hours of pain—it may have been eighteen or twenty—the death-wail of a prematurely-born infant was heard within the chamber. The spirit of its unhappy mother was about to follow it.

"Whose wife am I?" she exclaimed to Jacopo Romelli, who, on the report reaching him that she was dying, entered the chamber, commanding every one else to leave it.

You are not a wife—you never have been one," he replied. "The ceremony was but performed in consideration of your scruples. Should you survive, you must expiate the sin by penance and rigorous living. I will procure you admission to one of the most rigid of our convents."

"And *your* sin?" she faintly rejoined, a sarcastic expression, even in that last hour, lighting her features; "how is yours to be expiated?"

"I received my dispensation beforehand," he answered, with a complaisant smile. "I deemed it necessary, for the salvation of your soul, to hold unbounded influence over you, that you might be weaned from the heresy instilled into you by Francis Clairfait."

"Go to my mother," she cried, every indignant feeling within her aroused to agony; "tell her who it was she was cajoled to bestow her daughter upon—that the teachers of our faith, those we look up to as something divine, hoodwink us to the last, and perpetrate every crime under the name of religion. Go! show her all you have done, and its worthy motives."

"No," replied Romelli, calmly; "my mission in Vienna is over. The work I went there to perform, and in which I have been untiringly employed, has been so far perfected that it may now be left to less experienced hands; whilst I proceed to far-off countries, the accredited agent of the Holy See."

There was no answer, and the Jesuit, looking closer, perceived that a change for the worse had arisen to her countenance.

"Confess to me, Maria," he exclaimed, soothingly, his heart returning, with the certainty of losing her, to its once wild affection. "I will administer to you the last sacraments. There is no time to be lost."

"Never!" she answered, excitement giving a momentary strength to her voice, rarely heard at the approach of death. "I hurl back such religion at you! A faith that can sanction the acts you have been guilty of, is but a blasphemous mockery. In this, my last and great extremity, I take to my heart the creed of my dear father and of Francis Clairfait. I will trust, as they did, in my Redeemer. Away! away! Leave my last moments to commune with Him in peace."

"Maria! cease this madness, or you will be buried in the heretic's grave."

"As you will," she feebly answered. "I shall not be the less raised at the last day by my Saviour. He suffered, in His great love, for all sinners who trust in Him. Ay," she faintly continued, a placid smile illuminating her features, on which the shades of death were gathering—"ay, even for me, though I die a heretic."

THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

OH! a sacred thing is the wayside spring,
That runneth so clear and bright,
That floweth along, a gladsome thing,
Nor stayeth by day or night;
Where the thirsty reaper laves his brow
When the harvest time is nigh,
And the herdsman leads his kine to bow
Where its waters sparkling lie.

Wert thou a gem in the mystic clime
Of some hidden cave of earth?
Was not the sun of the bright spring time
Shining upon thy birth?
For in winter thou flowest as clear and free
As beneath the summer sky—
A king, if one upon earth may be,
Of immortality!

A blessing be on thee, wayside spring,
That givest health to all—
To the flowers that spring—the leaves that cling,
Where thy crystal waters fall:
Thy pebbly grit makes glad the spot
When summer flowers are fled;
Fount of the greensward, that dieth not
In thy clear and pearly bed!

CONQUEST OF SPAIN BY THE MOORS.*

At the period when the followers of the Arabian prophet, flushed with victory and religious ardour, were advancing in irresistible masses along the Atlas, from the Nile to the ocean; at the time that the Khalif Walid Abu'l Abbas was ascending the throne of Damascus, and Muza master of Mughribu-l-ausat, "the middle western region," and Mughribu-l-Aksa, "the extreme west," as the Arabs designated ancient Mauretania and Numidia—our Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis—the Goths were wasting their feeble remnant of power in internal dissensions. Raised to the throne in the year 700, Witiza having drawn upon himself the resentment of a whole nation by his numerous acts of tyranny, he was expelled ten years afterwards, and Roderick, chief of the discontents, was elected in his stead. But no sooner had he attained to power than Roderick committed the same excesses; and, given up to pleasure, he soon caused even the capricious tyrant whose place he had taken to be regretted. The sons of Witiza, backed by their uncle Oppas, Archbishop of Seville, and still more so by public discontent, were laying the seeds of open rebellion in the south of Spain.

Mauretania being conquered and pacified, the Berbers subjected or converted, the Wali Muza wrote to the Khalif, asking permission to carry the sword of faith into the peninsula of Andalusia, *Jazirah al Andalus*, a name given by the Arabs to Spain and Portugal, as we speak of the Peninsular War in our own times, and which M. Louis Viardot ridiculously enough translates "the island of Andalusia." The Arabs were not so ignorant. Muza described the land of his ambition in glowing colours. "It is," he said, "a Syria, in the beauty of its sky and soil; a Yaman, in softness of climate; an India, in its flowers and its perfumes; an Egypt, in its fruits; a China, in its precious metals." The Khalif did not hesitate in granting leave to conquer such a land of promise.

Not only were the Arabs propitiated by the faction of the Witiza, but the port of debarkation, Ceuta, was delivered up to them by the Count Julian. The reason of this treachery is explained by a legend which has little more than the romance of the thing to recommend it. It was the custom of the Gothic kings to bring up the children of their chief officers at court, by way of hostages. Among those thus educated at the court of Roderick was Florinda, whose charms inspired the profligate king with a violent passion. Forgetting the respect due to his eminent vassal, Roderick abused the advantages of his position, and hence the outraged father was led to appeal to the Arabs for revenge. The name of La Cava, given by Spanish tradition to the daughter of Julian, and of Alifa to her maid, would indicate the Arabian origin of the legend.

From Ceuta, Tarif Aban Malak passed over first at the head of five hundred horsemen, landing without resistance at the spot where rose up in after times the town of Tarifa. In the spring of the following year, 711, another distinguished Arab chieftain, Tarik Aban Zyad, crossed the Bab al Zakak, "the narrow gate," as they designated the straits, and landed on the green peninsula, *Al Jazirah al Hadrah*, the name of which is still preserved in that of the town which rose up close by—Algesiras.

* Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne, &c., par Louis Viardot. 2 tomes.

Theodomir, whom the Arabs call Tadmir, offered some slight but ineffectual opposition to the descent of the Arabs. Tarik, surrounded by numbers, destroyed his vessels, as Cortez did on a similar occasion when landing in Mexico, and took refuge on the rock which has ever since borne his name, *Jibal Tarik* (Gibraltar). The opposing Goths were soon dispersed, and the Arabs advanced thence to the westward as far as the Wadi, or river Anas (whence Guadiana), and the Phœnician town of Sidonia.

Roderick, fully aroused by this time to a sense of his danger, collected troops from all parts of the vast Gothic empire, and placing himself at their head, he went forth to give the enemy battle. The two armies met on the borders of the Wad al Lethe, now Guadalété, not far from Xeres. We shall give an account of the battle, as related by Conde, from the Arabian historians :

Roderick appeared before Sidonia, at the head of an army of 80,000 men, among whom were all the nobles of the kingdom. Tarik did not allow himself to be intimidated by the sight of this numerous army, which appeared like a troubled sea; for although the Mussulmen were much inferior in number, they were much superior in arms, in skill, and in valour. The first and hind ranks of the Christians were armed with cuirasses of iron and leather; others were without such armour, but were armed with lances, swords, and shields, and the light troops with bows, and arrows, and slings, and some, again, with iron-knobbed clubs, battle-axes, and scythes. The Arab chiefs called together their followers, more especially the cavalry, which was dispersed in the country, under their distinctive banners, and being all assembled, Tarik disposed them in squadrons, and addressed them, to inspire them with confidence in their struggle with the Christians. The two armies met in the fields watered by the Wad al Lethe, on a Sunday, the second day of the moon of Ramazan. The earth shuddered and trembled under their feet; the air resounded with the noise of drums and shrill and warlike trumpets (anafils), and the fearful shouting of both armies. They attacked one another with equal bravery, although very unequal in numbers, for there were four Christians against every Mussulman. The battle began at break of day, and was maintained with equal bravery on both sides, and the slaughter lasted, without any advantage being derived to one side or the other, till night put a stop to the horrors of the scene. The two armies passed the night on the field of battle, waiting with the utmost impatience for break of day to recommence the fearful struggle. Day came, and with it the battle was resumed with equal fury on both sides, and the furnace of fight remained lit up from daybreak till dark.

The third day of this bloody combat, Tarik saw that the Mussulmen were beginning to lose courage, and to give way before the Christians. So, holding in his horse, and rising in his stirrups, he called out, "O! Mussulmen, conquerors of the Mughrib, where are you going? where will an inconsiderate flight lead you? You have the sea behind, the enemy before you; no resource remains to you but in your valour and the help of God. Do, brave followers, as you see me do." And so saying, he rushed forward on his powerful steed, and overthrowing all who were in his way to the right or left, he got as far as the Christian banners, where, recognising King Roderick, who was seated in a war-chariot, ornamented with ivory, and drawn by robust white mules, and who himself wore a mantle of purple, embroidered with gold, and had on his head a diadem of pearls, he attacked him, and pierced him with his lance. The miserable Roderick fell dead; for God killed him by the hand of Tarik, and came to the aid of the Mussulmen. The latter, following the example of their general, cut the Christians to pieces, they having disbanded at the death of their king, and fled in a panic. The Arabs pursued them with their cavalry, and the sword of the Mussulman was glutted with blood on every side. So many perished, that God alone, who created them, knows the number: the soil around remained for many long years afterwards covered with bones.

It were almost needless to say that the account given in the Spanish chronicles of this battle differs considerably from that of the Arabs.

They not only make it last three days, but for a whole week; they make Tarik's army amount to thirty or forty thousand men, almost all cavalry; and, according to them, Roderick was not slain either by Tarik or any other Arab. He is said to have escaped the massacre, and to have fled into Portugal or Gallicia, where he took refuge in a convent, repented of his sins, and died in the odour of sanctity. His name has remained among the most celebrated in the legends of chivalry and popular romance.

The value of Conde's Arabic authorities has been much impaired in recent times by Professor Shakspear's translation of Al Makkari's history of the same epoch; and still more so by the labours of Gayangos, who collated the MSS. of Al Makkari in the British Museum, with others in the same collection and in the Bodleian Library, as well as with that in the Gottingen Library, and which had been translated by Lembke in the first volume of his Spanish history. It has also been shown that Conde was a passable but not an accomplished Arabic scholar, and many mistakes and contradictions occur in his text; but these detractions from the merit and authenticity of his labours do not affect such passages as we here quote, and which the reader may look upon as legendary as much as historical, if he so chooses. The very mystery in which events and occurrences of the dark yet chivalrous epoch of the Gothic empire are inevitably wrapped up, imparts to them a peculiar interest; and it remains a good deal with the reader, by comparing authorities, and by a judicious balancing of evidence in his own mind, to distinguish the real from the unreal. The account given by Conde's Arab authorities of the battle of Guadalété affords a good example of what we mean. The description of Roderick's war chariot of ivory, of his mules to match, and of his head-dress of pearls—more in esteem among the Orientals than the Goths—show at once that the picture was drawn to suit the idea which the Arabs would form to themselves of what the King of the Goths should be, rather than what he was; and the calmness with which he awaited the lance of his Muhammadan opponent is tempered to that strong religious feeling which saw in everything a direct interference of the Deity in their favour.

The battle of Guadalété decided the fate of the Gothic monarchy. It perished with the king; and the Spaniards, struck with terror and deprived of a head, no longer opposed aught but partial and fruitless acts of resistance to the arms of the Mussulmen. Muza, who, according to certain Arabian chronicles, had despatched the head of Roderick, embalmed in camphor, to the Khalif, with the account of the great battle, "more terrible than the day of the last judgment," grew jealous at this striking success of his lieutenant, wrote to him to await his arrival before proceeding to further conquests, and hastened to take his departure for the coast of Andalusia at the head of 18,000 cavalry. But Tarik, backed by Count Julian, resolved upon taking advantage of his success; and, to this effect, he divided his army into three divisions; one of which, under Muguaz al Rumi, a renegade, took possession of Cordova; another overran Malaga, Elvira, and Ecija; the third, led by Tarik in person, carried Jaen (Gienna), in a central line; and the three divisions reuniting, appeared before Toledo, the then capital of the Gothic empire, and a strong and populous city; but such was the panic caused by the rapid movements of the Arabs, that it yielded without a blow,

and was treated in the same magnanimous spirit that Omar had shown at Jerusalem, Amru at Alexandria, and Muza at Ceuta and Tangiers.

Muza, in the mean time, following a direction different from that pursued by the first invaders, had taken possession of the city of Hispalis, of which the Arabs made Asbilia, and the Spaniards Seville. Merida, whither the Queen Egilone had taken refuge with a few noble Goths, alone offered any resistance to the conqueror of Mughrib:

The siege*appeared long to Arab impatience, and was bravely opposed. The besiegers, chiefly horsemen, had no machines by which they could overthrow bastions. Although Muza, after many daily and bloody skirmishes, had succeeded in drawing the most gallant defenders of the place into an ambuscade, he still found it necessary to send for Abd al Assiz (his son, whom he had left in command of Morocco), and who came to him at the head of a small body of horsemen and of Berber archers. Without hope of succour, with their provisions failing, and threatened with insurrection on the part of the poorer inhabitants, the leaders of the besieged, seeing this reserve arrive, made up their minds to submit. Their envoys, the Arabian historians relate, found Muza in his tent, with a long white beard, his features wrinkled with age and fatigue. He received them kindly; but wishing, he said, to consult his officers, he deferred proposing conditions till the morrow. During the night, Muza trimmed his beard, dyed it black, and plastered his face, so that in the morning the envoys could scarcely recognise the old man of the evening before. "Can you," said they to their fellow-citizens, when they returned to the city, "fight any longer against men who grow young at their will? We saw the king old yesterday and young to-day." Notwithstanding the obstinate resistance of Merida, Muza granted the same generous terms of capitulation as Tarik had done to Toledo.

From Merida the Wali advanced to Talavera, where his lieutenant, Tarik, awaited to pay his obeisance, but not till he had subjected the whole of Castille. The jealousy of the Wali was not long in manifesting itself. No sooner had he arrived at Toledo than he repaired to the alcasar (al kasr, the castle) to claim a precious table, which has since received the denomination of al-maïda, or the table, *par excellence.* It was said to be of emerald, and not less than sixty-three feet in length. It was also said to be the famous table of Solomon, brought into Spain when the temple of Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar.*

Tarik brought the table, but as it wanted a foot Muza took advantage of this frivolous pretext to load his general with abuse, to deprive him of his command, and throw him into prison,—nay, it is said, even, to have the conqueror of Guadelété bastinadoed, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends in arms. But the most peremptory orders of the Khalif, who did not wish to leave in inactivity "one of the best swords of Islam," soon obliged the Wali to consent to a public reconciliation, which was received by the whole army with shouts of joy.

Theodomir attempted for some time a king of guerilla warfare against the Arabs, but he was at length attacked near Lorca, and his followers were beat and dispersed. The legends relate that, wishing after this discomfiture to capitulate upon good terms, he took refuge in the little stronghold of Orihuela (Orcelis), the walls of which he lined with women wearing military helmets, and their hair tied under the chin in imitation of the beards of warriors. Abd al Assiz, seeing so numerous a garrison,

* According to M. Reinaud ("Monuments Arabes, Persans, et Turcs"), it was more likely the table which adorned the triumph of Titus, and which subsequently fell into the hands of the Vandals of Africa. It is generally supposed to have been of malachite.

prepared to besiege the place, but the same night Theodomir himself repaired to the tent of the Wali's son, under the guise of an envoy from Theodomir. The Arab chief granted him at once the terms which he begged for, and so pleased was he with the courage, presence of mind, and noble confidence of the Gothic chieftain, that he left him the command of seven towns forming the province of Murcia, called by the Arabs Land of Tadmir, with the condition only of paying a small annual tribute in money and goods.

The subjugation of what remained of the peninsula was rather a military promenade than a war of conquest. Tarik carried the sword in one direction, Abd al Assiz in another, and Muza in a third. The latter is even said to have made an inroad into France to Narbonne, from whence he brought back several "silver idols"—that is to say, statues of saints. In two years, 712 to 714, the Arabs made themselves masters of the whole of the Peninsula.

The whole of Spain and Portugal subjected, Muza had nothing left but to quarrel with his lieutenant about the division of spoils, and so far were these scandalous scenes carried, that the Khalif found it necessary to summon both before him at Damascus. Tarik set off at once, and, in order to justify himself in the presence of the Vicar of God, he enumerated his victories and pleaded poverty. "Better than the testimony of Mussulmen," he said, "even the Christians will tell you if I was cruel, if I was cowardly, if I was greedy."

Muza, who had gathered up on his way the treasures deposited at Toledo, Cordova, and Seville, and who led in his train four hundred noble Goths as hostages, did not arrive in Syria till some time afterwards. He appeared before the Khalif with his rival, and the emerald table, the first cause of their quarrel, once more appeared between them. By presenting at that moment the missing foot, which he had purposely abstracted as a trophy, Tarik proved to the Khalif that it was he, and not Muza, who had captured this renowned table, destined as a present for the Khalif. Sulayman, brother and successor of Walid I., who had died in the interval, had the old Muza outrageously bastinadoed, fined him in the enormous sum of one hundred thousand portions of gold, and exiled him in Mecca, where the conqueror of Morocco and Spain perished soon afterwards of grief, upon hearing of the tragical end of all his sons: an illustrious and sad example of the ingratitude of kings.

Abd al Assiz, after establishing his court at Toledo, as Amir of Africa and Spain, had wedded with great pomp, as much by policy as affection, his prisoner, the widow of the last King of the Goths, whom the Spaniards call Egilone, and the Arabs Ayala, with the surname of Umm-al-Issam, or the mother of precious necklaces. Sulayman, jealous of the power of Muza's sons, two others of whom ruled in Western Africa, took advantage of this marriage to assert that Abd al Assiz had been won over to the faith of the Christians by his wife; and he commissioned five bravos to Africa, to deprive Muza's two sons of their lives; and five others into Spain, who assassinated the unfortunate husband of Egilone when at morning prayer in the mosque of his country house.

Ayub ban Habib al Lakmy, cousin of Abd al Assiz, assumed the interim command, and removed the seat of government to Cordova, in order to be in a more central situation, and yet within easy reach of Africa; a

feeling which appears to have contributed in no small degree, with a few occasional exceptions, to keep the seat of Moorish government south of the Sierra Morena. The similarity of climate and vegetation of the southern and Mediterranean provinces of Spain with countries to which they were most accustomed, must have also had much influence in determining the chosen sites for residence, and most favoured seats of government, with the Arabs and Moors.

Ayub's successor, Al Hayur, carried his arms into the southern provinces of France—a system of devastation which was also continued by the fourth Amir, Al Samah. This latter chieftain, called Zama in the old French chronicles, laid siege to Toulouse, and would infallibly have taken that city had it not been for Eudes or Odon, Duke of Aquitania, who came to its relief with an army far outnumbering the small band of Mussulmen. The Amir nevertheless did not refuse the combat. "Do not fear this multitude," he said to his followers; "if God is with us, who will be against us?" How often has the God of Battles been invoked in behalf of injustice, of aggression, and of conquest! The Mussulman fought with desperate valour, but Al Samah having been slain in the *mêlée*, the Arabs retired slowly, and in good order, to Narbonne, where Abd al Rhaman, "the servant of the most merciful," commonly written Abderame, kept the Christians of Gothic Gaul in subjection, and even suppressed the insurrection which had broken out in the mountains at the news of the disasters of Toulouse.

Ambisah, fifth amir, carried his conquests beyond Lyons to Autun. The Arabs, curiously enough, called the first-named city after its Latin appellation, Lugdunum, Lundun, or as Viardot writes it, Loundoun, the pronunciation being precisely the same as London. The Amir was, however, slain on this adventurous expedition, and his successors satisfied themselves in levying tribute, and persecuting the divers inhabitants of the Peninsula—Romans, Goths, Iberians, and Jews. The ninth Amir in succession was punished by the Khalif for his tyrannical exactions, and made to ride on an ass, bare-headed, his hands tied, through those cities which had suffered most from his rapacity.

Abd al Rhaman, the brave old chieftain of Narbonne, next succeeded to the supreme command in Spain, and he set about making extensive preparations for the subjugation of the whole of Gaul. For the first time, however, since the conquest of the Peninsula, a rebel made his appearance among the Arabs themselves. Abd al Rhaman had been succeeded in the government of Gothic Gaul by one Abu Nazah, whom the French called Munuza, and who had wedded a beautiful young Christian, called Lampegie, daughter of the Duke of Aquitania. Abu Nazah, partly for love of his wife, partly in jealousy of Abd al Rhaman, sided with his father-in-law. The stern Mussulman marched against his recreant countryman, surrounded him at a place called by the Arabs Al Bab, "the gate," supposed to be Puycerda; and the unfortunate victim of love, endeavouring to fly with his wife, perished amid the rocks of the Pyrennees, Lampegie remaining as a prisoner to the Amir. "By Allah!" exclaimed the latter, when he first contemplated his fair prize, "never was so precious a chase made in these mountains;" and he hastened to send off the wretched daughter of Aquitania's duke to the harem of the Khalif.

Nor was the duke himself much more fortunate. Abd al Rhaman carried everything before him. The disaster of Toulouse was revenged by the sack of the city. The Duke Eudes and his followers were almost exterminated before the walls of Bordeaux, which city shared the fate of Toulouse, and the irresistible Mussulman advanced almost unopposed by Poitiers to Tours, where, by delivering up the famous basilica of Saint Martin to the flames, he proposed to himself to expel for ever Christianity from its chief sanctuary or stronghold—the temple of idolatry, as the austere worshippers of One God called it.

Happily for France and for the Christian world, there was at this time one man alive capable not only of competing with Muhammadan prowess and fanaticism, but endowed with vigour, talent, and gallantry sufficient to drive them back to beyond the Iberian mountains. This was the renowned Karl, or Charles Martel, who, under the title of Mayor of the Palace, had in reality ruled the Francs under three different phantom kings—Clotaire IV., Chilperic II., and Thiérry II. Charles Martel, called from the banks of the Rhine, where he was engaged in subjecting some German tribes, by this pressing danger, hastened to convoke the warriors of all the different states which had been united under the sceptre of Clovis. Abd al Rhaman withdrew after the sack of Tours (disputed by the Frank chroniclers) before the gathering cloud, and hastened to assemble his squadrons dispersed over the country to oppose his redoubtable opponent. Nor did Kaldus, as the Arabs called the renowned Karl, permit his opponents to be long in suspense. About the middle of October, 732, he presented himself before them, at the head of his warlike band, not far from the town of Poitiers:

The fate of the world was about to be decided. The barbarians of Austrasia scarcely suspected what destinies were about to be confided to their swords; and yet a confused feeling of the grandeur of the struggle they were about to engage in seemed to be generally prevalent. The Mussulmen also on their side hesitated for the first time. For seven long days the East and the West contemplated one another with hatred and fear. The two armies, or rather the two worlds, mutually inspired astonishment at the difference of their physiognomies, their arms, their costumes, and their tactics. The Franks viewed with surprise these brown men, with white turbans, white mantles, round shields, thin sharp swords, long Moorish darts (zagaye), cantering about upon their fiery steeds amidst clouds of dust. The Mussulman shaiks, on their sides, galloped backwards and forwards before the Gallo-Teutonic lines, to contemplate those giant Northmen, with their long fair hair, their glittering helmets, their cloaks of buffalo-skin, their long swords, and their enormous battle-axes. At length, on the seventh day, the Arabs and the Moors issued forth from their tents, took up their position on the plain in battle order, and, after the morning prayer, Abd al Rhaman gave the signal of combat.

Confident in his fortune as much as in his faith, the Amir of the Mussulmen hoped for another battle of Guadalété. He calculated upon another struggle—another of those decisive combats upon which the fate of states are made to depend—in favour of Islamism. But the Arabs were no longer those poor warriors, at once abstemious and enthusiastic, who had conquered at Xeres by their impetuosity and ardour. Always brave, always proud, but embarrassed by immense treasure, they could no longer put into execution with their usual suddenness those rapid cavalry movements, those irresistible charges, which made victory almost as swift as their gallop; and the Franks, on the other hand, formed in close rank, received those charges as immoveably as hummocks of ice. ("*Glacialiter manent adstricti*," says Isidore de Beja.)

The Aquitanians also effected a diversion towards evening, by attacking the Mussulman camp loaded with treasure; and a large body of Arabs having been

withdrawn from the field of battle, to meet this unexpected onslaught in the rear, the movement brought disorder into the ranks, and, notwithstanding many prodigies of valour, the Muhammadan army was at length broken, dispersed, and nearly exterminated by adversaries no less brave than themselves, not less steady, much more numerous also, and who were fighting in their own country *pro aris et focis*. Abd al Rhaman perished on the field of combat, and the feeble remnant of his army that escaped from slaughter made its way back to Narbonne, which Charles Martel endeavoured ineffectually to carry by assault. He ravaged the neighbouring country, whose barons, all Christian as they were, made common cause with the Arabs, to preserve themselves from the ferocity of the Franks.

This signal victory saved France, and possibly the whole Christian world. If the banner of Islamism, conqueror of the Greeks as well as of the Iberians, and already threatening Constantinople, had waved from the towers of Paris, it would have been difficult to have found at that moment in Central Europe a power sufficiently strong to oppose itself successfully to the double torrent of Orientals pouring along the two channels of the Rhine and the Danube to unite in the heart of Germany. Then the religion of Muhammad would have been the Catholic, the universal religion. "One might," says M. Louis Viardot, "establish upon such a supposition an interesting controversy; ask oneself, for example, if the substitution of one form of worship for another would necessarily have altered the destiny of the modern world, and if the genius of Europe would have been more constrained and limited in its development by a religion sprung from Arabia than by one sprung from Palestine. When we remember Jean Huss, Galileo and the Inquisition, we are permitted to doubt if this would have been the case, and to believe that Europe would no more have been found wanting in progress under the law of Muhammad than under that of Jesus." We may, however, without any sectarian bigotry, express our dissent with these views of a liberal and not unenlightened writer. Several of the leading features of Islamism, as the principle of fatality, the admission of only one book—the Kuran—the debasement of the sex, the repudiation of the arts, and others, are more opposed to civilisation than even the Inquisition and many other practices and tenets of priestcraft and popery—institutions superimposed by the West upon the Christianity that emanated from the East. But these features of Islamism appear in modern times to be less inexorable than popery—for the Turk is admitting works of science and literature largely; he is beginning to appreciate and patronise the fine arts; he entertains some general ideas concerning prejudice and intolerance; and he has been taught even to esteem the sex—so it is difficult even in the present day to say what Islamism may not have become had it been modified by European instincts and development.

THE MINER'S TALE.

FOUNDED ON A TRADITION CURRENT AMONG THE MINERS OF CAERNARVONSHIRE.

A WEARY man was Griffith Owen; sick at heart and sore of foot. Long seemed the mountain way, and heavy the load of glittering trinkets and rustic finery in the ponderous pack. Many a steep mile had Griffith, the sturdy pedlar, plodded since the sunrise; at many an inn had he in vain displayed his tempting wares; many a cottage had he fruitlessly visited. The times were bad, for war, like the Arab wind of death, had swept over England, and the angel of destruction had visited alike noble's tower and peasant's hut, nor had stayed his hand even at the "lintel dashed with blood."

Hard times they were when the flames of civil war glowed over the land; brother fought against brother, and armies more terrible than those of the stranger,

> Like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,
> Stormed o'er the war-convulsed earth.

Hard times for the peasant, for what the Cavalier trooper spared, the Ironside bore off; and the mountaineer, who to-day might be playing the humble but generous host to some Royalist officers in his poor home, was to-morrow, perhaps, on his way, as a branded malignant, to a bloody grave in the courtyard of the nearest fortress.

What broad pieces had village lovers now to waste on pedlars' gewgaws, when half their hard-earned earnings went to swell the forced loan of some parliamentary commissioner, who had all the power of an Eastern despot without his attempering mercy? What heart had pale-cheeked maidens for gaudy love-knots and gay tirings, when they were cowering by their father's hearth, spinning by firelight in the barred-up cottage, listening to some panic-stricken messenger from the nearest town, or, mayhap, stealing out in the twilight to drive home the now almost wild sheep from the rock-strewn mountain side?

The Royalist cause, at the time of the great civil war of which we now write, was at its lowest ebb. Monk, the fiery wielder of the dead giant's sword, had overawed with it those who already longed for the restoration. Those beautiful valleys of Caernarvonshire, of which I write, had rung long since with the crack of fire-arms; long since had those mountains, on which Owen gazed now as he had when an infant, gave back the echoes of death as if with the reverberations of a spirit's voice, and with them, sounds no less terrible, the execrations and the maddened cries of struggling men. The old towers built by great chiefs, whose names were still current in the country side, in the song and legend of the mountaineer and the dalesman, had fallen, too, under the iron hand of Cromwell—last relics, glass statues of an expired feudalism, shattered by the genius of democratic fanaticism—their fall, like the last throbs of a strong man dying, had shaken the land as with an earthquake. Castles, which the peasant who lived near them had been accustomed to consider as eternal as the mountains, those tombstones of former worlds which towered above them—they passed from the scene like the clouds with which their turrets

had so long held dark communion with him. The old rock nests had been pulled down and the birds had flown, and the proud descendants of the Cambrian kings—once the glory of the valleys beneath—were wanderers now, ay, and even beggars in a foreign land.

An unnatural lull had followed the storm thunders, for in these distant and lonely valleys of Merionethshire, where our scene lies, the stray broad sheet of the day had not reached for weeks. But when some passing traveller brought word to the anxious listeners at the village inn, that Monk was ruling with a rod of iron, that plots were hatched but to be discovered, that the Royalists crept to their hiding-places like birds of night at the approach of day, at which news the Royalist shrugged his shoulders, bit his lips, swore an oath or two in his sleeve, and preserved a very prudent silence, while the Puritan smiled grimly, and uttered, with due twang and emphasis, some text adapted to the occasion.

How could Owen, then, sell his gay treasures in times like these, when the sour fathers of village maidens thought silken ringlets hooks of the great tempter, and ribands that adorned them, snares of Apollyon himself?

It was almost evening—a summer evening—when our friend the pedlar turned from the great road that leads from the eagle-towered city of Caernarvon into the heart of Merionethshire, and trudged away over a steep mountain-path in the direction of Drws y Coed, "the door of the wood," a pass formed by the great granite roots of Snowdon, that stretch forth like the feelers of some giant monster frozen to stone—a spot which, as its name and the legends appertaining thereto indicate, was once covered by dense forests, the haunt of the boar, the deer, and the wolf, where the Welsh kings hunted animals scarce less savage than themselves. In the western sky, "night's great pageant" was commencing; in the horizon, was streaming up a red light as of some burning town, the fainter reflection of which, fainter and calmer as of a dawn before its time, lit the peaks of the eastern mountains, suffusing them with a rosy light, as if the internal fire of a volcano was shining through its stony casket, rendered transparent by some spirit of a bygone religion that still haunted its summit.

On strode manfully the pedlar, encumbered as he was with his heavy pack, clambering over jutting masses of rock, and keeping his eye fixed on the ground to trace out the ill-defined path which led from one hamlet to another; but one mile led but to another steeper than the last, and still no village in sight. In vain he gazed below on the lakes, as if to see if any cottage was mirrored in those clear depths which now glowed in the purple light, reflecting those transitory splendours so unearthly and so sublime. Wending at last to a small defile, hemmed in by rocks which seemed to forbid an exit, the weary man, with an expression of impatience, threw his pack on the ground, and his pedlar's staff beside it, and first leaning against a mass of lichened rock, he finally seated himself upon it, and gradually yielding unconditionally to the overpowering influence of fatigue that overcame him, he threw himself at full length upon the ground, resting his head upon the load that had so grievously galled his shoulder; and while he thus tarries, reader, let us sketch our friend Griffith more minutely. A broad-leafed hat shadowed a good-looking face, whose regular features bore an expression at once of shrewdness and generosity; neglect, eccentricity, or the wish of

disguise, not unlikely in those troublous time, had led him to nourish a beard of formidable length, which mingling with the hair of the upper lip, gave the wearer so wild and perhaps so savage an appearance, that a passer-by, forgetful of the conventual form of dress, might have imagined him a British chief resting after the toils of the chase. "Strange," he muttered half aloud, as he lay with his eyes closed, "that a mountaineer should lose his way in a spot as familiar to him as the chambers of his father's house; but my thoughts have been lately wandering far from hence, and Alps and Apennines are blended with Snowdon and Plinlimmon in my recollections. God help me! would I were well housed, for the night draws on, and my bones are as yet too well cased to fear the mountain-hawk. A shame on these aching limbs! will toil never season them?" he said with a sigh, as he raised himself, and was about to shoulder his pack and resume his toilsome walk. A sharp, deep, rolling sound of thunder burst suddenly from the very rock against which he had but the moment before been leaning, while a thick vapour and a strong sulphurous smell filled the air. The pedlar looked back as if he had heard God speaking from the clouds, while the mountain-top overhead gave back its last faint ray, as if reflecting the glare of some red storm. The pedlar's eye wandered as the vapour passed away over the storm-tinted rocks from whence the sound had come, and saw that, from a deep narrow rent in the nearest, a thin curl of smoke was still wreathing into the noiseless air. What madness has seized the pedlar? Again with the speed of thought he flings down his pack, and rushing to the aperture gazes in with glaring eyes, as if he would pierce the very secrets of its stony heart. Hurrah! Owen Griffith is a made man. Adieu, pack and staff! adieu for ever!

"God be thanked!" he cried, as he fell on his knees on the hard mountain side, and raised his hand in earnest adoration to the setting sun, that sank like a flaming world in the horizon. "God be thanked!" he cried, "and the *knockers* that are his ministers in the deep places of the earth, if this is, as I augur right, a rich vein of copper, then come King or Protector, Griffith Owen will again rear the roof-tree of his father's house."

Then, rising from his knees, half mad with joy at good fortune so providential and unexpected, he gave a bound in the air, whirled his staff round his head, hit the rocks a blow of friendly recognition that would have felled a mammoth, and which sounded hollow, like an invocation for the hidden spirit of the mine; whistled "Tri ban gwyr Morgannwg," a national ditty, in the shrillest possible key; and then, clapping his pack hastily on his back, ran down the rarely-trodden and stony path with more of the speed of a hounded Indian than a decent Christian, much less a foot-sore pedlar.

Going down a mountain is easier work than going up, and no hair-splitter will deny that jaded horse and weary traveller brush up their speed when home is in view. A sudden turn of the path brought him into a well-known path, which striking into brought him, in the darkening gloom of night, to his native village of Llanllyfni, from whence, some ten years since, as a wealthy young farmer, he had set forth, with his father's benediction and the family musket, to bear a pike in the cause of his prisoned king. With the cautious step of a spy he re-entered his native village, which lay nestling at the mountain's foot, its roofs looking gloomy

in the darkness of a clouded and almost starless night. As he entered the street, an old hound, that he remembered well, slank by with a surly growl. No children gambolled there as of yore. All was changed and solemn. No light flashed from the cottage panes, and the greater part of the windows were cautiously barred, while in others the gleam of a scanty peat fire scarcely lit up the small and diminished circle round the hearth.

The village was as silent as if a plague had withered it—as silent as he remembered it when, as an urchin, he stared at the funeral of some old *sachem* of the district. A cross which had stood where the two roads that intersect the village met was gone, or, worse than total destruction, its shattered shaft told of the storm of fanaticism that had smitten it. Who had done that? Could it be old *Stand-fast-in-the-Faith*, the Puritan baker, who said a grace of half an hour over a stale herring?

Ah! here is the inn! Griffith rubbed his eyes. Was the mountain, the thunder-clap, all a vision? Was he Griffith, or no? Where is the sign of the Rose and Crown gone? Where is the roaring fire that once lit up the windows of the hostelrie, even on a summer night? Where are the revel songs that once poured forth from the doorway, blent with the sound of squeaking fiddle and twanging harp, to scare the passing spirits of the night? Is the Rose and Crown, too, closed? No, there is a dull hum, as of gossip, from the inner room, as from the half-opened door looks forth Cicely Jones, the once buxom daughter of a merry, knavish landlord, whose ale was as good as his honesty was bad, and who, at least, with admirable consistency worthy of all praise, cheated rich and poor alike. Cicely. But, oh! how changed! with paler and sharper features, deadened eye, more sober garb and primmer head-tire, than of yore.

"Cicely!" he would have exclaimed, forgetful for a moment of the lapse of years and his pedlar's disguise; but the words died away in a faint rattle in his throat.

"Why standest thou there, good man?" said the transformed Cicely, with a shrill and sanctimonious voice. "Thou lookest like one of those ungodly hawkers of silly wares that haunt the country, and taint the land—one not fit to enter, for thy looks are profane, and thy calling is ungodly."

"I want but food and a night's lodging," said the pedlar, gaily, in a feigned voice, "and to-morrow I go on my way, my pretty maid; in God's name let me in."

"No idle using of God's name, sirrah," said Cicely, with an ill-suppressed smile of satisfaction at the compliment of the stranger, as with a somewhat milder manner she ushered the wandering man into the large kitchen of the *quondam* Rose and Crown.

The old kitchen, indeed; but what a change! Where was Jenkins's harp that once stood in the comfortable nook, and over whose strings the hands of the old minstrel of the village used to wander nightly, as if over the threads of some magic loom. There were the flitches hanging still from the smoke-dried rafters over head, like great mellow fruit, ready to fall—fruitage of the kitchen Hesperides—which it was so delightful to look at, looming through a smoke cloud. Where was the withered sprig of mistletoe—happy tradition of Pagan times—that was wont to hang there from one merry Christmas till another? All gone! The room looked bare and

comfortless in the light of a scanty fire, that struggled with a green log on the hearth, scorched it with its ardent tongues of flame, and failing in its attempts at conquest, sank back in despair. No jolly revellers sat round the broad, cold hearth; no fiery faces roared out lusty Welsh ditties, such English catches of the day as "Old Sir Simon, the king," or "Three merry men be we." There were there but half a dozen miserable-looking dogs, clutching their ale stoups, and trying vainly to imagine themselves happy. Nearest the fire, in the ancient, polished seat of honour, sat—who?—Old Rhys, the burly landlord, whose laugh was so contagious, whose ancient jokes were wont to set the table in a roar? no, God guide us, who but old Stand-fast-in-the-faith, the baker of former days, looking sourer, more self-righteous, and thinner than ever, and at present—as Griffith soon gathered from stray remarks, as he seated himself in a spare seat, and hid his pack behind a settle—landlord by right of possession of the Rose and Crown, now denominated the "Holy League and Covenant," and husband of Cicely, whose gall and shrewishness seemed rather heightened than mellowed by years;—on the broad oak table, beside an upturned measure, lay open a greasy and well-thumbed book of psalms of interminable length, and very indifferent merit. The last stave of one embracing a chronological view of the biblical history, with a passing glance at the doctrine of election to grace, and a brief view of justification by faith, was just dying away as Griffith crossed the threshold.

"What news from England, friend pedlar?" said the landlord, to the intruder, in a shrill voice, eyeing him suspiciously as he spoke.

"I know of none, your worship," said Griffith, with a look of affected humility; "nothing later than the retirement of my second Lord Protector, who indeed seemed more fit to drive his father's dray than hold the reins of justice."

"Talk not so lightly, knave, of the Lord's most chosen vessel," said the landlord, with a frown, and an angry glance as the ill-suppressed smile stole over the faces of the village worthies.

"I don't know about a chosen vessel," said a thin, miserable man, the village tailor, whose sneaking, half cavalier air blended somewhat strangely with his evident awe of the newly-appointed magistrate and head saint of the township. "Ha, ha! excuse me, your worship, but I think, if I may say so, he's a vessel not seaworthy, and likely to run ashore on the sharp rock of the parliament."

An irrepressible laugh followed the speaker's sally, which was re-echoed by Griffith, as the landlord of the rueful visage rose to reply, and drawing a paper from his pocket, containing his last Sunday's harangue on the subject of profane joking, was about to commence an exordium, which might have lasted until some two hours after midnight, when the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard without, and a voice was heard calling so lustily for a drawer, that the room rang again. A bundle of something that had lain unnoticed, couched beside the landlord's chair, rousing itself at the well-known sound, resolved itself gradually into a humpbacked ostler, and ran to give the needed aid. In a moment the clatter of spurs and sword was heard in the passage, and the next instant whispering at the door, a sound which scandal might have supposed a kiss of Cicely, and the stranger entered the room. He seemed a cavalier of about middle age; little care sat upon his unwrinkled brow, and a smile of contentment

crept over his frank soldier's face as his eye caught sight of the now genial fire that blazed up the vault of the hearth as he entered, humming a song, resembling marvellously a well-known love ditty of Carew's, and pulling off a riding cloak threw it with his plumed hat and sword upon the table beside him. With one glance of his keen eye—such a sweeping glance as a general gives the battle-field—he scanned the circle with such a lordly and commanding look, mixed with arch affability, as won even the cold, toadlike heart of the landlord, who, rising from his village throne, offered the vacant seat to the newly-arrived guest, while one or two of the *quasi* revellers rose to allow him to take possession.

"Keep your seats, my worthy host and friends," said the stranger, in a bland voice, as he seated himself on a bench beside the discomfited tailor, and drew it nearer to the fire, "I leave it to crop-eared knaves and murderers to take the seats or the thrones of others."

A whisper ran round the assembly as he said these words, whose boldness was so unusual in those times of suspicion and distrust. The landlord shook his head mysteriously, and was silent; but the other guests taking courage at the daring utterance of long-suppressed opinions, and throwing off in some degree their awe of their new-elected magistrate, launched fairly into the topics of the village. Griffith's heart beat louder as he threw himself back in well-affected drowsiness, and listened to the detail of the death of this friend and the flight of that, half hinted at only as connected with some more recent events of the day. How he longed to ask after his father; but how could he throw off his disguise? First one guest thawed and then another, as the ale grew better and the fire the warmer, till all blended in one clatter of voices, shrill and clear, above which, like the old hound of a pack, rang that of the strangers, who seemed in half an hour to take as deep an interest in the village state policy, ay, and more than the grim-visaged landlord himself, who at last fairly routed from his uneasy dignity vindicated his authority by a loud hem! At the oracular sound of which the voices again hushed, for that hem they knew boded news of weight; nor were they mistaken.

"Hem! my Christian friends," said the sage, "the bustle of this cavalier's arrival has prevented me from telling you before that not an hour since a messenger from Caernarvon brought me a despatch from the commissioner of the parliament, acquainting me that a certain malignant officer, one Sir Richard Salisbury, who is deeply implicated in some late conspiracies against the Commonwealth, and especially against the late lamented Lord Protector, that—" here the landlord affected to shed a tear, but the stranger smiling, he frowned and proceeded—"has been lately seen in Chester, and being likely to penetrate into Wales to sow fresh seeds of rebellion against the congregation of the righteous, he therefore begs" (here the reader looked important) "*our* assistance in his apprehension if he ventures towards Merionethshire."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger, to the astonishment of the awe-struck auditors. "I once saw Sir Richard in the French expedition—know him far too cunning a mountain fox to be caught by the hunters, 'charm they never so wisely.'"

"Pervert not scripture, sir stranger," said the landlord, with the air of an offended saint.

"Ah! ah! the devil rebuking the sinner," replied the traveller, carelessly; "but, pooh! no cavilling when men are weary; no place this

for party strife. Here, fresh measures of ale for these very thirsty friends of mine. What was that you spoke but now, friend Jenkins?" he continued, diverting the conversation, and addressing himself, in a gay tone, to the tailor who sat beside him; "of a wedding? and, above all, who is the happy groom, and who the wanton bride? One of those fair ones, I warrant you, like your fair mistress, master host; such a one as my worthy pedlar here is perchance dreaming of; one whose cheeks, as Suckling says well,

> Are like a Catherine pear,
> The side that's next the sun."

The pedlar snored audibly as he spoke; but, in reality awake, listened, with braced sense and hot brow.

"A village belle, the pride of the valley, sir knight; Mabel Llewellyn: one that has a well-filled purse." He stopped: for at this moment the pedlar pretending to awake, yawned, and on rising and pushing back the bench on which he sat, wished the landlord, the stranger, and the company, a very good night, and retired to his room in some out-of-the-way corner of the inn. The guests resettled themselves as he shut the door behind him, as the rear-rank close up the vacuities of a battle-square. But the knell of retiring had been tolled, and slowly, one by one, the pundits of the village retired to their happy helpmates or scolding shrews, as the case might be. Before, however, the last lingerer had retired, the worthy landlord proposed a psalm, which proposal being seconded by a shrivelled notary, was given with much unction by the holy pair, aided by Cicely and the ostler, who were called in as auxiliaries. At the 140th verse, the cavalier, who had twice fallen asleep, and failing in a convulsive attempt to conceal his yawns, took up a lantern that stood beside him on the table, and bowing to the singers, strode to the chamber pointed out to him by the landlord, who, breaking off in the middle of his "song of Zion," hurried off after his impatient guest, not without muttering as he went something very like an anathema at the caprice and insolence of the military "sons of Belial."

Leaving our cavalier pacing up and down his narrow room, wrapped up in thought, which, as Sancho said of sleep, "covers a man like a garment," and the landlord and his worthy friend below finishing the last eighty verses of their psalm, and the tailor and his companions wending their way homeward, and talking over the adventures of the night, we will return awhile to the pedlar, who retired to his chamber, as we mentioned before, so suddenly. There he is, seated in a chair, with his head now resting on his pack, and now buried in his hand, as if his heart's blood had frozen at its very source.

"Great God!" he muttered, as he threw himself in anguish on the bed, which, now the rushlight had flickered out, was silvered in the moonshine, "is this the happiness," he groans, "that awaits the stranger who returns to his native land? Married to-morrow! Mabel! the noble, the true-hearted!—and to some crop-eared villain, who, if I struck him to the earth as he clasped her hand at the altar, would disdain to raise his arm against a fugitive so vile, and to whom, though Heaven hath granted riches, and the mountain hath burst its doors to show him treasure, is still a helpless wretch, who dares not show his proscribed face in his father's house. Who's there?"

A low, muffled tap at the door stopped the outpourings of his breaking heart.

"Who's there?" he cried again, in a low tone of mingled fear and caution.

"Tush, *in nomine sanctorum!*" said a deep voice; and the cavalier, whom he had seen below, entered the room, and carefully closing, and then bolting the door, drew a pistol from his pocket, coolly cocked it, and placed it beside him on the table, as he sat down with the calm familiarity of one in the presence of an inferior.

"War has taught me," he said, nodding recognition to the pedlar, and smiling at his astonished face, "to take such small precautions as these against surprise from the enemy or the traitor." Then calmly composing himself, drawing forth a pipe, and lighting it with flint and steel, which he pulled from a small embroidered pouch, and appearing to be perfectly at his ease, addressed the astonished Griffith: "Thou art one who loves the true cause I do not question, or otherwise I should not be in thy chamber; that I am one, if you have not already guessed, thou mayst now learn; who I am, thou mayst imagine. The fox, when hard pressed, knows no retreat is safer than the brache's kennel."

"Sir Richard Salisbury?" said the pedlar, inquiringly.

"The very same," replied the cavalier; "now an outlaw, and one whose head, to fit on a spike on Temple Gate, were worth a good purseful of angels."

"God forbid!" said Griffith, heartily. "The stag of ten is no fit prey for the carrion crow."

"Well said; like a good heart and true," exclaimed the cavalier, grasping his hand, and shaking it vigorously. "It warms one's heart to see one of the true cause, after such psalm-singing, cheating, canting knaves as my host below; whom I left but now taking his posset—but beshrew my tongue, I must to my errand. I would not intrude, friend pedlar, on thy private grief, but still I would fain know what made thee start as if a viper had stung thee, when that mandrake of a fellow, Jack the tailor, spoke of the wedding,—surely, Mabel, of whom he spoke, is dear to thee, and yet art thou not a stranger in these wild regions? Ah! thou turnest pale: thou knewest not that I espied thee."

"Oh! prithee, Sir knight, touch not that wound, it bleeds so new. I am of this village, and but ten years since I left my father's house on the very day that I plighted troth with Mabel, to bear a musket for my king. I shared in the flight at Worcester, and escaping in a fishing-vessel to France, returned some months since, in the disguise of a pedlar, to Bristol, and making the best of my way hither, determined to see again my dear one, though death should follow."

"A brave varlet! truly well spoken; hovering about the spot like the spirit does round the body it has shaken off. Pretty Mabel has your heart; you seek it here at the risk of life. Well, well, such fools love makes of us, I have heard;—but you're not dead yet; and Will—immortal Will!—may still speak true—'Men have died, and worms have eaten them,' but not for love. Well, I would not jest with thy sorrow, for I know the barb rankles in a young heart worse than Carib's arrow; but hark! Cicely but now whispered me, on the stair, that our

friend, good master host, has a shrewd suspicion of evil—likes not thee, and holds me for some noble malignant; for so the paltry knaves dare call us; so I should be away ere daybreak, and yet, too, I would willingly aid thee in saving Mabel—pretty dove!—from the talons of the hawk; and I will, too, if Heaven aid me."

"God reward thee, noble sir!" said the pedlar—"He who has thus twice sent his angel since the dawn to bless the vagabond and the outcast."

"Call not me an angel," said the cavalier, smiling, and puffing his pipe with renewed vigour, "providential as my visit to thee may seem, whatever be the result. But still I am but one, friend Griffith—I think that is thy name—and who is the second?"

Eagerly Griffith told the wonders of his tale. The cavalier's eye lit up with delight as he listened to the recital which the joyful man poured forth.

"A marvellous thing, truly, my worthy vendor of points, as I ever heard at a camp-fire."

"Marvellous, indeed," replied the pedlar; "and proof, if aught were wanted, of the existence of spirits of the mines—as we, the Cymri, believe—who disclose treasures to men. Your worship may, belike, have heard of them?"

"Heard of them, I have," said the knight, laughing at the credulity of his companion; "but believe nought. If I, or Druesius, know aught of science, this was but the natural release of pent-up vapours. But the night grows on, and I must to my resting-place, or my crafty host may smell a rat, and snap me in my hole. By to-morrow, if all holds true, I shall hear from one of Mabel's party; till then, adieu. I rejoice that Mabel will find thee on thy return a richer man—heir of a copper-mine in prospective."

Gathering up his cloak, and secreting his pipe and pistol, the cavalier shook the hand of his humble friend, and, softly shutting his door, stole gently away on tiptoe to his chamber. Griffith listened; and as he lay to sleep, clothed as he was, he thought he heard the shuffle of some eavesdropper's foot retiring from the door; but rejecting it as an idle creation of fancy, and pondering over the adventure of the mountain, his visions gradually melted into golden dreams, and he fell asleep. He slumbered peacefully till morning. The gay carolling of a song awoke him; it was Sir Richard, looking more joyous than even on the preceding night, and waving a letter in his hand.

"I have news," he cried, "of importance from the capital; but I will not tell thee yet! Some spy overheard our last night's conversation. I wager my faith, either the host or the shock-headed ostler; for they look black, and are silent,—even churlish. They whisper and shrug their shoulders, come not when I call them, and turn away when I speak. Mischief is brooding, I pledge my life. But up,—up, friend pedlar, for the sun's up before you an hour."

As he spoke, the pedlar leapt from his bed, shook himself, put on his hat, and looked forth at the day. He sighed; for already a group of persons were passing, dressed in holiday trim, but not wearing the gay ribands of the bride-ales of youth. Griffith had slumbered late; for just as the pair had cleared a trencher and emptied a flagon, according to the custom of those undegenerated days, the bridal procession passed on their

way to the church at the other end of the village. No merry fiddlers led the way; but in their stead came the village notary, arm-in-arm with the host, and the unsanctified tailor, singing a dolorous psalm, more fit for a funeral than a wedding; and conspicuous among his doleful followers was the bridegroom. Silas Steadfast, a rich miller and a magistrate of the district, came next; and after him the bride, dressed in white, her eyes red with weeping, and her cheeks blanched as her wedding array. Four pretty maidens, on one hand, plied her with consolatory axioms; while, on the other, stalked in a grim man, apparently her father, who, griping her hand at intervals, appeared to freeze her very blood with his chilling frowns. In the rear followed a *posse comitatus* of melancholy villagers, who whispered to each other their comments on the appearance of the reluctant bride. The pedlar, white as the bride, with his hat drawn deeper over his eyes to hide his ill-restrained rage, and the cavalier, who eyed the bride and the surrounding group with his hawk's glance, entered the church unnoticed in their rear.

How altered was that old church since Griffith left it but ten years since, when the dark-visaged man of to-day looks back upon the scenes of his youth, and sees those walls again with the eye of a child. How he would listen to Parson Hughes, who on all other days sat and chat with his father, discussing the village news over a black jack of ale, but on Sundays came forth in solemn and long-flowing robes, and, with a face lit up with holy zeal, spoke like an Evangelist to the mountaineers. He remembered how, as a child, he would wander in at the open door of a week day, and gaze with awe at the recumbent knight of stone in the aisle, on which the sun, falling through a painted window above, threw at noon a rainbow light, beautiful as the iris in the spray of a torrent, and lit its stony cheek with the hue of life.

Dreams—dreams all! but could it then be reality? He awoke from his reverie: the statue was gone, that heap of battered stone in yonder corner may, perhaps, be its relics; the window above was there, but half the glass was broken; one prophet had no head, while his brother saint bore an ominous crack, a sort of bend-sinister, across his visage,—but the summer sun fell through it as of yore. The beautiful window, fair as a summer cloud, had dissolved before the rude storm of fanaticism. The altar was gone, and a deal chair stood in its place; while in its stead, in the middle of the church, stood a long oaken communion-table, that looked as if it had been wrenched from its time-honoured situation in the baronial hall of some pillaged castle. The walls, too, had been covered with whitewash, which gave a glaring and harsh tone to the building, and through which peered some half-covered monuments of a century back. But his attention was again recalled to the altar,—for now the bridal groups, who had stayed for the moment, which he devoted to a reverie, so silent, that above their low breathing could be heard the iron pulsation of the belfry clock, and the deep soft cooing of a pigeon in the turret in the sun, were startled by the shrill, nasal tones of the hateful voice of the bridegroom. With a sanctimonious leer, in which a tinge of anger at the bride's evident reluctance seemed to mingle, he exclaimed:

"Dear Dorcas, for so I must henceforth call thee, remove this vain chaplet of flowers from thy head, it savoureth far too strongly of the world," and, so saying, he pulled it rather roughly from her white brow, and, breaking the blue riband that held the flowers together, strewed

them on the rushes that covered the floor. Mabel's cheek glowed for a moment with shame and anger, but the flame sank back again to the troubled heart; in spite of the rude frown of her father, she was about to reply in impatient terms. With difficulty the cavalier held Griffith down, as, with flushed cheek and deep-drawn breath, he saw the rude insult offered to one whom he held so dear.

"Restrain thyself, Griffith," whispered the knight, "and await the issue. See, here comes the minister, and a fit fool truly to join so happy a pair."

The minister who entered as he spoke wore a cold, unimpassioned face, of which the prominent cheekbones and compressed lips formed the chief features. Behind came—and Griffith's heart leapt within him at the sight—his father, looking careworn and a little graver than ten years since, but with step as light and as firm as ever. In his rear followed the ostler, in a new doublet. The bride's cheek flushed again with a fever's glow as she gazed upon the new comers, who were exchanging greetings and well-wishes, as sincere as those forms usually are, with those around her. Her father clutched her arm again convulsively, and whispered in her ear, as she stood there mute and with fixed eyes, like one half turned to stone.

"As the time draweth on," said the minister, with a nasal twang, eminently pious, "as all who will take part in this ceremony, blessed of the Lord, are here assembled, we had better commence."

A prayer having been offered up, the usual charge was given to the pair, to declare any impediment that might exist to the marriage, as they should answer at the dreadful day of judgment. Again Mabel looked up to heaven as if for help, and was about to speak, but at the sight of her father, and the admonitory whisper of the bridesmaids, she bent down her head, and buried it in her hands. The ostler grinned with a fiendish smile of malicious pleasure. Again Griffith attempted to burst from the clutch of the cruel stranger.

"Keep silent, you hot-headed Welshman, in the name of all the saints," he muttered, in a deep, fierce whisper; "wait a few sentences more, and then at him, like a hound slipped at a stag. I'm at your elbow. For your own—for Mabel's sake, stay," he added, more tenderly; and Griffith again crouched down behind the distant oaken bench, on which he sat glaring with eager eyes, like a leopard before its spring, and clutching his good staff convulsively, in a way that the worthy Sir Richard thought to himself boded no good to the bridegroom, and still less to the humpbacked ostler.

With a shrill, harsh voice, the Genevese minister proceeded in the service, turning up the whites of his eyes, as if he was going to offer the bride up as a sacrifice to the demon of fanaticism.

"Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife (the bridegroom looked patronisingly at Mabel), to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony. Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all other, keep thee only" (the bridesmaids, as in duty bound, appeared affected to tears) "unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

Then there was a moment's pause, broken only by a sob from Mabel, as the bridegroom assumed the bearing of a suffering saint, and replied, "I will."

"You won't!" thundered a voice from the other end of the church—'twas Griffith's voice; a moment before the time he had burst from Sir Richard, leaving his short cloak, like a second Joseph, in his hands. The bride gave one look at the maddened figure of the pedlar, and fell, as if in death, into the arms of her attendant maidens. The bridegroom turned pale with terror, and Mabel's father with rage, while old Griffith ran into the extended arms of his returned son. With a sudden shriek, the hump-backed ostler drew a knife, and was rushing upon the bold intruder, when a round blow from a staff, in the strong hand of Sir Richard, felled him to the floor, where he lay stunned, his head striking, in his fall, against the corner of an oak bench, the knife flying far from his hand, and ringing on the stone pavement of the church. Mabel's father was the first to recover his courage, and to demand "the cause of this irreligious, and, he might say, unchristian intrusion."

"Intrusion, quotha, worthy sir," said Sir Richard, in a gay tone, "it's time trying for intrusion, when the hooded crow carries off the pet dove of one's bosom. Know you my angry friend here?"

"I do, sir stranger," said Mabel's father; "I recognise in him a godless youth, who left his father's house some ten years since, to bear arms for a tyrant, whose headless corpse now rots in a nameless grave."

"Now, by my Lord and Saviour," cried Sir Richard, "it were too great a kindness to stab thee on the spot, thou drivelling dotard, that darest first do the work of a murderer, and then boast of thy butchery. Now, begone, ere my blood rise,"—(he drew his sword as he spoke, and pointed to the church-door)—"and all thy associates, who love a clown and a brewer better than a crowned and anointed king, or I'll make thee and thy fanatic crew skip to a tune played by this sharp fiddle-bow."

Most slow, with lowering looks and angry mien, the Puritan, accompanied by only three of the villagers, quitted the church.

"Get thee out, too, thou shapeless villain," said Sir Richard, as shaking the remaining ostler by the collar of his doublet, he thrust him out after his friends. The worthy minister, who had dropped his book on the first alarm, and amid the screams of the bridesmaids, was quietly sneaking out, when Sir Richard's strong hand, grasping his robe, detained him. "No, no, my venerable drawler, not so quickly, no stealing a march on a cavalier; thou must, ere thou leave this church, if thou wishest to leave without a slit weasand, join the hands of this happy pair, who stand there with April faces, not more eager for the office than thou art to escape."

Mabel had, indeed, recovered from her swoon, if a blushing cheek is any sign of returning life, and now threw herself, with her pedlar lover, at the feet of her benefactor, who, raising them, led them hand in hand to the table. With a low, discontented voice, the Puritan minister performed the sacred duty, and had just concluded the service amid the congratulations of the bystanders, who, in the absence of their worthy magistrate, evinced strong symptoms of a violent reaction of their royalty, when a loud tap was heard at the door, and a voice demanded entrance in the name of the Commonwealth. The door was opened, and in walked the landlord, in full bloom of magisterial dignity, followed by the bridegroom, with his lowering face; the ostler, with his head bound up with a stablecloth; and last, not least, four troopers, whose spurs tingled as they strode up the aisle, with pistols cocked.

"I hold here," said the landlord, "an order, sealed by Sir John Gratton, governor of Caernarvon, to arrest and detain the person of a malignant rebel, named Sir Richard Salisbury; and I also hold here a warrant, signed by the magistrate of the southern district of Merionethshire, which is myself, to apprehend one John Griffith, formerly a pikeman in the malignant army, and now an itinerant pedlar, who is suspected to be a spy and conveyer of intelligence to the disaffected. Corporal, do your duty, in the name of God and the Commonwealth; yonder are the——" traitors he would have said, had not at that moment the staff of Sir Richard felled him to the earth with the shock of a slaughtered bullock, while at the same time Griffith, in spite of the screams of Mabel and her bridesmaidens, struck down the ostler by a well-directed blow of his fist; and, before the soldiers could interfere, fell upon the bridegroom, and gave him such a pummelling that he roared again, evincing an impatience under suffering quite unworthy either of an ancient or a modern saint. Sir Richard, in the act of drawing his sword, was pinioned from behind, and his arms being tied with his own scarf, he rolled helplessly on a bench, cursing alike his enemies and their new allies. The pedlar, in the act of making for the door, was stopped by a heavy blow from the butt-end of a pistol, the force of which was, however, somewhat broken by a small skull-cap, which, concealed in his broad-leafed hat, he had clapped on his head in the first alarm, with all that promptitude which a person acquires who has been long habituated to scenes of danger. Mabel saw not the blow, for she had swooned.

Placing a bench upon the communion-table, and seating himself thereon, the magistrate, with his usual dignified, preliminary 'hem,' collected his body guard timorously around him, called—in a pompous voice—on Diggory Jackson, ostler, the first witness, who commenced, in a voice faint from exhaustion, a detail of the conversation (which our readers already may guess) he had overheard the night before between the cavalier and the pedlar. The magistrate started at the strange account of the discovery of the copper-mine, and eyed suspiciously, first the prisoner, and then the witness.

"And have you, Diggory Jackson, who have been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, which means no gloss or commentary, and nothing beside the truth, visited the mountain to see the said orifice."

"I have, your worship, and ever since daybreak, poor weak vessel that I am, with my wounded head, and other infirmities, I have spent in a vain search in the mountains."

"Diggory Jackson, your wits wander; you have but just received the said wound from the son of Belial; for your poor sword was not blessed like Gideon's: God favoured it not."

"I wander rather. I failed, your worship, from not knowing the name of the mountain, which the vagrant had whispered too low for my ear."

The pedlar, downcast as he was at the array of justice, and at the ill fortune which had thus dashed the chalice from his very lips, could not repress a smile, which the cavalier returned.

"Advance, corporal, and stand down, you first witness, Diggory Jackson."

The corporal, a rough soldier, advanced, making an awkward and ungainly bow to the magistrate, as he produced the contents of the pedlar's pack, which had been forced open by command of the landlord.

"I find here, amongst various accursed vanities and devil's snares for weak Christians, two rebel songs, one entitled 'The Brewer's dead, his Son's an Ass,' and 'The Return of the Cavaliers.'"

"Search the other prisoner, and produce the description of his person."

"Eyes blue, nose aquiline, hair chestnut, a scar over the left temple——"

"What is that paper in the prisoner's doublet?"

"I will read it myself to his worship," said Sir Richard, with a voice of triumph, standing forward and snatching the paper from the soldier's hand.

"'Mercurius Redivivus, London, 8th of May.

"'Yesterday the Commons, to the universal joy, appointed a committee to write his majesty to return and take possession of his dominions;' and here follows a line more to my own purpose, which may save a bullet or two at Caernarvon: 'The king's letter, received yesterday from Breda, promises an amnesty to all persons whatsoever,' and therefore to me and my friends here, Mr. Magistrate."

The magistrate looked blasted as he sat, as the soldiers, lowering their pistols, shouted, with all the ardour of sudden proselytes,

"Long live the king and Sir Richard Salisbury."

"Peace to all," cried Sir Richard; "up with the Rose and Crown, down with the Covenant; set the beer barrels going," he added, throwing a handful of silver to the soldiers. "All shall be cock-a-hoop to-night, for the meanest Christian shall this eve, ere the sun set, see two moons rise over the mountains, and the loyal man shall have his brains reel, in honour of his blessed majesty. Shout, my masters, God save the king and down with his enemies; and God bless the bridegroom and his bride."

And they did shout, such a shout, that made the welkin ring, a joyful sound that startled the owl in the belfry, and drove him forth hooting into the dazzling sunlight.

A merry night they had of it, too, at the great bridal feast, and at the Rose and Crown many a health was drunk to the lusty pedlar and his pretty bride: and the knight was the merriest of them all, for he pledged every one, and took especial delight in proposing toasts expressive of extravagant and flaming loyalty, and in making any suspected semi-Puritan go down upon his marrow bones and empty a measure to prove his truth. To judge from the lip-zeal, never were so loyal a band as the quondam adherents of the landlord-justice and the fallen Rump; they must have been perpetually burning to rush into arms.

On the morrow, to the universal sorrow of the whole village, and more particularly of some we know well, Sir Richard departed on his way to his own estate in Pembrokeshire, to rouse the dormant loyalty of that county. Within the week, Mabel's father, in spite of her tears, attended by the notary, the minister, and our worthy friend the ostler, converted their goods into broad pieces and departed for the Plantations.

Need we say, dear sympathising reader, that Griffith and Mabel lived happily; and that by the vigorous exertions of the former in the copper-mine, their family rose to great importance in Merionethshire. If the reader visits Llanllyfni, he may be sure that the rosiest-cheeked child in the group of players, and the most ingenious architect of mud-pies in the broad meadow near the church, is a youthful descendant of Griffith Owen, the lucky pedlar, and Mabel Llewellyn his bride.

SPANISH FEMALE NAMES DERIVED FROM THE VIRGIN.

In every European nation the name of the Redeemer's mother is the most commonly chosen at the baptismal font, under some one or other of its idiomatical variations, as typifying in the most vivid colours the mildness, purity, and other distinguishing attributes of the weaker sex; and if it be not, as in Catholic countries, invoked with peculiar veneration as that of the "Queen of the Saints," the most powerful Intercessor of the Sinner at the Throne of Mercy, as that of the "Mother of God," it is imbued with a poetical superiority over all other female appellations, even where the Reformation has denuded it of half its sympathetic attraction.

In Spain, however, where, if more productive of superstition than morality, of fanaticism than of brotherly love, the mere outward manifestation of religious faith pervades all things in a degree unknown in any other country, and by the intensity of its expression half atones for the perversity of its doctrine, it is no exaggeration to say that three parts of the female population bear the name of Mary, if not in crude simplicity, with, what is commoner, one or another of the attributes of the Virgin attached to it, or, what is the commonest of all, entirely by implication; that is to say, suppressing the name itself, and adopting the attribute of some of the numerous images of the Virgin (many still supposed to possess miraculous powers, others merely connected with legendary lore) which exist in different parts of the country.

This exclusive peculiarity of Spain may be accounted for in two ways; the one, because the mere fact of many persons, perhaps in the same family, bearing the same name would be productive of confusion and inconvenience; the other, because the attribute, generally speaking, possesses the additional attraction of conveying at once to the mind an abstract definition, the simplest expression of which is more forcible and significative than if it were allied with others, merely implied, but not expressed, in the aggregate of perfections of which the name itself is considered emblematical.

The extremely common female appellations in Spain of Encarnacion, Piedad, Amparo (favour), Dolores, with its diminutives of Lola and Lolita, Concepcion, with that of Concha, Mercedes (mercy), Consuelo (consolation), Milagros (miracles), and Carmen, and those somewhat less commonly adopted, of Purificacion, with its contraction, Pura; Candelaria, with that of Candelas; Socorro (succour), Soledad (solitude), Madre de Dios, Luz (light), Patrocinia (patroness), Anunciacion, Sucesso (success), Gracia (grace), Ascencion, Ascuncion, Gloria, Paz (peace), Solidad, Esperanza, and Belen; and those again less common, of Camino (road), Africa, Maravillas (wonders), Bethlem, Transito (transit), Expectacion, Presentacion, and Mar (sea), merely relate to some of the incidents connected with the miraculous event of the birth of Christ, or imply a simple invocation for aid or protection. But there is another class of names, which are equally common, which equally denote an attribute of the Virgin, or an event in her history, but which possess the additional peculiarity of being connected with some particular image erected in honour of her in some particular place to which a legend is attached. These epithets are, Angeles, Angustias (anguishes), Nieve

(snow), Remedios, Virtudes, Estrella (star), Rosario (rosary); and then there is a third class, also common, which derive their origin exclusively from the circumstances attending the erection of some image (considered to possess miraculous powers), and which are mostly confined to its immediate neighbourhood, and which are the following: Fuensanta, Guadaloupe, Monserrate, Reyes (kings), and Pilar (pillar).

A Jesuit of the name of Juan de Villafane, Professor of Theology at the College of Salamanca in the year 1726, published a treatise upon the different images of the Virgin contained in Spain, from which the following explanations of the origin of the two latter classes of names are extracted.

The name of Angeles is derived from the image of "Nuestra Señora de los Angeles," which was contained in the Convent of San Geronimo at Madrid, and which is now in the Church of Atocha in the same city, and the history of which is thus related: In the Convent of San Geronimo was an old nun, whose name was Maria de la Cruz. Three different times, whilst she was engaged in her devotions, the Virgin appeared to her under the form of "Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe," and commanded her to cause another image of herself, exactly like the one under the form of which she then appeared, to be made. The prior of the convent at first seems to have entertained doubts as to the old nun's sanity; but having had her state of mind examined into by learned physicians, he at last placed implicit credence in her, and having sent to obtain the exact measurement of the image of "Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe," he proceeded to have another manufactured in exact imitation of it, in accordance with Maria de la Cruz's revelations. When the figure was completed, however, the head did not appear to him to correspond with the rest of the work, so he had it cut off and replaced by another; but that very same night "Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe" appeared again to the old nun with a very sorrowful expression of face, and upon her inquiring the cause, she replied, "I am sorrowful, my daughter, because I have been decapitated;" and when the morning dawned the nun sent for the head which had been removed, and replaced it upon the trunk again. The statue was placed in the convent choir upon the day of the Holy Trinity, the 13th of June, 1604; but the monks of the Convent of "Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe," opposing its being called by the same name as its prototype, as it at first was, the name was changed to that of "Nuestra Señora de los Angeles."

The image of "Nuestra Señora de los Angustias" is at Grenada, and holds in its arms the effigy of the body of Christ, from which circumstance the epithet of "Angustias" (anguishes) is derived. The following is the history related respecting it.

When the city of Grenada was released from the Moors, some devout men erected a little hermitage in honour of the Virgin (an ancient figure of whom, it will be recollected, was brought to the city walls by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella the Catholic, and to which act of devotion their victory was attributed). The little building was upon an eminence near the city, overlooking the Sierra Morena, and those that erected it used to resort there for devotional purposes. The chief promoter of the work was accustomed to meditate much upon the sufferings of the Virgin, and upon the death and passion of her divine Son, and his chief wish was to be able to erect an image in the place, commemorative of the all-absorbing subject of his thoughts; but although his

wish was participated in by the others, they had not the means of gratifying it.

One day, however, when he was at prayer alone in the hermitage, he observed a simply-dressed lady enter, accompanied by two beautiful youths, who almost immediately departed, leaving the lady kneeling before the altar, and seemingly absorbed in prayer. After waiting many hours in expectation of the lady's finishing her orisons, night drew in, and it being necessary to shut up the door of the place, the individual approached her, and, to his infinite joy and surprise, found that she was metamorphosed into an image of the Blessed Virgin, with the body of her divine Son in her arms, and just such a one as he had so long desired to erect in the place. It is of wood, supposed to be incorruptible, but of what kind, remains, it is said, a mystery. The hermitage was afterwards inclosed within a spacious church, and a convent was also erected upon the spot, which has ever since been considered one of peculiar sanctity.

The image of "Nuestra Señora de Nieva" is in the little town called after it "Villa de Santa Maria la Real de Nieva," five leagues from Segovia. Its appellation is derived from its having been discovered at the same place, originally called Nieva; and it is also sometimes known by the name of "Nuestra Señora de la Soterraña," from having been found under ground. It is supposed to be of great antiquity, but its date is unknown. It is conjectured, however, to have been brought to Hispania by the disciples of St. Peter, and to have been hidden upon the invasion of the country by the Arabs. The legend connected with it is as follows:

In the year 1392 a poor countryman, named Pedro Amador, left his native place, called Pozal de Gallina, and settled at Nieva. He was of a very pious turn of mind, and, whilst engaged in tending his sheep, was accustomed frequently to offer up prayers to God and the Virgin Mary. On a certain day the Virgin appeared to him in great glory, and thus addressed him:

"Go to Segovia, my son, and tell the bishop to come and disinter an image of me which lies buried among these stones. Go! begone! and I will mind thy sheep till thou comest back."

And Pedro Amador did as the Virgin desired him, and presented himself at the episcopal palace, where, although at first driven from the door on account of his humble apparel, he at length obtained admittance.

The bishop, whose name was Don Alonzo de Frias, refused to give credence to his strange tale unless he could produce some sign or token of the truth of it. The shepherd returned to Nieva, and related to the Virgin the cause of the failure of his errand. She replied to him,

"Return to Segovia, good Pedro, for I will give thee a token by which they will believe thee."

The man answered, "I will do as thou desirest me; but first let me take my sheep to drink."

The Virgin answered, "Pull aside the reeds behind thee, good Pedro, and out of them water shall flow forth for thy sheep."

And the shepherd obeyed, and a spring sparkled forth which has remained to this day, and is called the Holy Fountain.

The Virgin then picked up a small piece of slate, and, putting it into Pedro's hand, said to him,

"Return to Segovia, my son, and by the token that no one will be able

to remove this piece of slate from thy hand but the bishop himself, what thou relatest will be believed, and my bidding fulfilled."

And the shepherd returned to Segovia, leaving the blessed Mother of God in charge of his flock a second time; and on his arrival he was refused admittance at the bishop's palace, and the servants began to sneer at him, until they found that none of them could remove the little piece of slate from the palm of his hand, when they were so much astonished that they hastened to relate the prodigy to the bishop, who instantly caused the man to be admitted; and the piece of slate, although resisting the efforts of every one else to remove it, instantly yielded to the touch of the holy man, who followed Pedro, together with many citizens of Segovia; and coming to the place where the fountain flowed, and where they knew that there was no water before, they were more and more convinced of the truth of what they had heard. And they dug into the earth, and discovered the miraculous image, inclosed in a coffin of slate; and they related what had occurred to Queen Catalina, who dwelt in the royal alcazar of Segovia, who erected a convent upon the spot, and founded the town of Santa Maria la Real de Nieva.

The history of "Nuestra Señora de los Remedios de Madrid" is thus related: San Gregorio, who filled St. Peter's chair in the year 590, after he had converted the Low Countries to Christianity, bestowed upon a convent he had founded on the banks of the Meuse a figure of the Virgin, about a foot high, the origin of which is unknown, but which became renowned for the miracles it wrought during a long lapse of years. At length, at the Reformation, and during the rebellion of the Prince of Orange and the revolt of Flanders, the convent on the Meuse was devastated, like many others, and a portion of the wood and materials it was composed of fell into the hands of a man who dwelt near it, and, among them, the little image of the Virgin, which had been sacrilegiously torn down. This man, although he was himself of the Reformed creed, gladly afforded a hiding-place in his house, during the disturbances in the neighbourhood, to such of the Catholic party as could afford to pay him well for it. Among these was a Spanish "hidalgo," named Juan de Leruela, and a native of Cuenca. One day during the winter season, amidst the wood which blazed upon the hearth, and which consisted of that of the ruined convent, the Spaniard perceived to his horror the little image of the Virgin in the midst of the flames, and, by bribes, he at length induced his host to allow him to take it out of the fire; and notwithstanding that it had been more than half an hour exposed to the flames, and although the material it was composed of was quite dry, and very inflammable, he was delighted to find that it bore no traces of the destructive element, except being of a somewhat darker brown, and from having a little blister upon the forehead, which is observable to this day. Juan de Leruela preserved the image with great care, folding it in linen, and he made a vow, that, if it pleased the Almighty to allow him to return in safety to his native land, he would present it to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Cuenca; and he derived great consolation during his exile from the possession of the sacred image, and at length was enabled to embark for Spain, together with the Archbishop of Santiago, who had been on a secret mission in those parts. After they had set sail a dreadful tempest arose, and, whilst the crew and passengers were seeking in prayer a refuge from their peril, the archbishop went about amongst

them, confessing them, and animating their zeal; and when he came to Juan de Leruela, he appeared so calm and collected in the midst of so much desolation that he could not refrain from interrogating him, and expressing his astonishment. Then Juan de Leruela unwound the linen covering, and showed him the image he had brought with him, and in the power of which to preserve him from danger he placed implicit confidence; and the archbishop prostrated himself before it, and the tempest ceased instantly, and their navigation was most prosperous until they entered the port of Coruña.

Upon disembarking, Juan de Leruela conveyed the image to Cuenca, according to the vow he had made, and had it placed with great pomp and ceremony in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and the archbishop commanded it to be called "Nuestra Señora de los Remedios," not only in commemoration of their miraculous preservation from shipwreck, but because all those who had recourse to it experienced alleviation in their grief. And its renown increased so much that it was thought expedient (many years after Juan de Leruela's death) to remove it to the capital of the kingdom. Previously, however, out of respect for the will of the pious soldier who had deposited the image in his native place, the Reverend Prior Juan de Covarrubias went to Cuenca, and, kneeling down before it, implored for grace to act as was best for the glory of God and his saints; and by special inspiration from Heaven, as it would appear, he announced his conviction that so precious a jewel should be treasured up in a more becoming sanctuary, and in a place of more importance than the scantily populated town of Cuenca; such a one, in fact, as his own convent at Madrid, where the affluence of visitors was very great, and to which the sovereign himself often repaired. In consequence of these representations the image was brought in great state from Cuenca, and deposited in the chapel of the Convent of Misericord, at Madrid, on the 8th of September, 1601, in the presence of his Catholic Majesty Philip III.

Of the history of the image of "Nuestra Señora de las Virtudes" nothing whatever is known. It is contained in a convent at Villa de Arevalo, between Medina del Campo and Salamanca, and its celebrity rests chiefly upon the tradition of a learned monk, named Simon, who laboured under an impediment of speech, having been cured, and rendered an eloquent preacher through its miraculous intervention.

There are two images of "Nuestra Señora de la Estrella." One is in the convent of the same name, near the town of Briones, in the district of La Rioxa, and was first called Nuestra Señora de la Encina (evergreen oak), having first appeared in a tree of that description, according to an old and ill-defined tradition. The reason of its change of name was as follows: The Archdeacon of Calahorra, Don Diego de Entrena, was overtaken one night by a dreadful storm as he was journeying to the convent, and, losing his way amidst the darkness of the night, invoked the assistance of the Virgin of Encina, who immediately appeared to him in the form of a star, and guided him in safety to his journey's end.

The other figure of "Nuestra Señora de la Estrella" is in the cathedral of Seville, in which city it is an object of great veneration. Whether it owes its epithet to any peculiar tradition, however, Villafane does not relate; and it is probable that the name is merely emblematical of the peculiar lustre with which popular credulity has endowed it.

The following history, related by Villafane, of Nuestra Señora del Rosario, resembles in some repects that of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. In the year 1541 the aged Bishop of Panama, Don Tomas de Berlanga, was on his voyage home to Spain from America, with the view of resigning his bishoprick, and of retiring to a convent for the rest of his days, when a tremendous storm arose, spreading the utmost consternation among the crew and passengers in the ship, and the bishop, throwing his episcopal vestments around him, fell upon his knees on the deck and began to recite the litany of the Virgin Mary with the utmost fervour; but still the tempest raged, increasing in violence every instant, until at length a breaker of far greater size than all the others, and which was so high as to appear like a huge column of water, reared itself aloft, and seemed to render the vessel's destruction inevitable. The ship's crew stood aghast; but the aged bishop was undaunted, and continued reciting the litany with increased fervour, and the immense bulk of water struck the vessel quite gently, and from the midst of it was cast out upon the deck a small wooden box, and then the tempest instantly ceased. Upon this a dispute arose between the bishop and the captain of the vessel as to which of them the box belonged; but it was at length proposed by the bishop that if (as he suspected) it contained any holy relic, or anything whatever appertaining to the worship of God, it should belong to him; but that if it contained gold or treasure, or anything else of mere worldly value, the captain should retain possession of it; which proposal met with the latter's approval.

On opening the box, a brilliant light issued from it, and inside was found a beautiful image of the Virgin, which, upon arriving in Spain, the bishop had placed, with great pomp, in the convent of the city of Medina de Mioseco, into which he retired, according to the determination he had made.

We now come to the class of female names before mentioned, which are merely derived from the history connected with some particular effigy of the Virgin, without expressing any attribute.

All that Juan de Villafane can tell us of the image of "Nuestra Señora de Fuente Santa" (generally contracted into "Fuensanta") is, that it is contained in a small chapel outside the walls of the city of Cordova, and that tradition relates that it was found originally near a fountain, to which the name of Holy was given in consequence. The same miracle, that of loosening the tongue of a priest, is attributed to it as to that of "Nuestra Señora de las Virtudes." An image of the same virgin in a church near the city of Murcia is also an object of great veneration, and the name of Fuensanta is very common throughout the province.

The image of "Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe," so intimately connected with that of "Nuestra Señora de los Angeles," as has been shown, is contained in the Convent of Guadaloupe, near Logrosan, and in the midst of the chain of mountains dividing the provinces of Toledo and Estremadura, of which latter province this Virgin is considered to be the especial patroness. The convent was formerly one of the richest in Spain. The image is said to have been carried through the streets of Rome by St. Gregory, and to have arrested the progress of a dreadful pestilence which was raging in that city. St. Gregory presented it afterwards to St. Isidore, who had come from Spain to a conclave upon religious matters, and who was preserved from shipwreck through its intervention on his voyage

home about the year 600. He carried it to Seville, where it was held in great veneration until the entrance of the Moors into Spain, when the citizens of Seville carried away the holy image lest it should fall into the hands of the infidels, and, wandering into Estremadura, buried it at length amidst the rocks of the "Sierra," at the foot of the Villuenca Mountain, and at the source of the river called Guadaloupe, a name derived, it is said, from the Arabic word "Guada," a stream, and "lobo," the Spanish for a wolf, these animals being numerous in this part of the country; and they also buried with it a history in writing of the sainted image.

Juan de Villafane thus relates the mode of its discovery: About the year 1326 a herdsman of Caceres, whilst minding his cows in the neighbourhood of the town of Talaverano, suddenly missed one of them, and wandered forth, during three days, amidst the mountains in search of it. At length, coming to a spring, he sat down beside it to drink, and refresh himself. After gazing about him for some time, he suddenly perceived the cow he was in search of, lying dead upon the ground a few paces off, but without any wound or external injury whatever. Wishing to carry away the animal's skin, the herdsman took out his knife, and by chance the first incision he made in the breast was in the form of a cross, and instantly the cow came to life and sprang upon its legs; the man stood aghast with astonishment, and, on looking round, he beheld the Blessed Virgin standing in great glory beside him, and she commanded him to drive the cow to Caceres, and to tell the priests of the convent there to come and search for the image of her which was buried where the cow lay dead, and where they were afterwards to erect a chapel in her honour.

Upon the herdsman's return to Caceres with his cow, he found his wife weeping upon the threshold of his cottage, for their only son was dead, and, casting himself upon his knees on the ground, he prayed fervently to the Virgin that, as she had vouchsafed to restore the animal to life, she would likewise resuscitate the human creature, and at the same moment the priests came to fetch the corpse away and bury it, when the young man immediately arose and besought his father to conduct him to the place he had just returned from, and where the Virgin had appeared to him. And then the herdsman related all that had befallen him, and showed the priests the cross in the cow's breast, which, together with the miraculous restoration of his son to life, induced them to give credence to him, and he conducted them to the spot where the miraculous apparition had revealed itself; and they dug up the holy image, which was in as good preservation as if it had been buried only the day before instead of some six hundred years; and they also found the written paper deposited with it. And Don Alonzo VII., King of Castile and Leon, replaced the small chapel which the priests erected on the spot by a convent, and endowed it with rich possessions.

The image of "Nuestra Señora de Montserrate" is now contained in the Church of Esparraguera, a small town in Catalonia, and was brought there in 1835 from a famous convent upon the Montserrate Mountain in the same neighbourhood, where it had been an object of great veneration for nearly a thousand years. Its discovery is thus related by Juan de Villefane. About the year 880, upon a Saturday, some shepherds were tending their flocks upon the banks of the River Lobregat, which flows at the foot of the Montserrate Mountain; and sometime after nightfall

they perceived that the mountain, far from being enveloped in the general darkness that prevailed, shone forth in daylight as clear as that of noonday, and at the same time they heard sweet music, apparently descending from heaven.

Upon the recurrence of this prodigy upon two succeeding Saturdays, the men went and told the priest of the neighbouring village of Aulesa, who, after he had himself witnessed the strange sight, related all that he had seen to Gottomaro, Bishop of Mauresa, who went with a procession to the mountain upon the Saturday following, when the usual wonderful phenomenon presented itself to his eyes. He ascended the mountain, accompanied by a large concourse of people, and in a cave near the summit they found a small image of the Virgin, which had been concealed there by some citizens of Barcelona upon the investiture of that city by the Moors in the year 717; and the convent which was founded upon the spot became one of the richest in Spain, being endowed by several succeeding sovereigns.

The image of "Nuestra Señora de los Reyes de Sevilla" is contained in the cathedral of the Andalusian capital, and derived its denomination of "Kings" from having been brought thither by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella the Catholic, or possibly might have acquired the appellation at a much earlier period, as, in consequence of the fleur-de-lis upon the right foot of the figure, it has been conjectured to have come originally from France, and to have been given by St. Louis of France to his cousin St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Leon.

However, the tradition of its origin related by Villafane, and commonly believed at Seville, is as follows:

The Virgin having appeared to St. Ferdinand in a vision, his supreme desire was to possess an image of her exactly similar to the one indelibly impressed upon his imagination. He called around him the most skilful artificers his kingdom contained; but, notwithstanding the exact description he gave them of the divine apparition, they never succeeded in embodying it to the monarch's satisfaction. At length he began to despair of attaining the object of his wishes, when, on a certain day, two young men, apparently artisans, presented themselves, and engaged to make an image, exactly in accordance with the king's description of the vision, in the space of three days, if he would give them an apartment in which they might remain undisturbed. The king joyfully consented, and at the end of the specified time an image was found in the room exactly similar to the one which until then had existed in the king's imagination alone; but the workmen had disappeared, and were never heard of afterwards.

The image of "Nuestra Señora del Pilar," in the cathedral of Zaragoza, is held in the greatest veneration, not only in the province of Arragon, but throughout all Spain, and Villafane is more than usually voluminous in his notice of it, of which the following is an epitome:

The Apostle St. James, having arrived at Zaragoza during his mission to Spain, was kneeling in prayer outside the city, when, on a sudden, celestial music resounded from on high, and angels appeared amidst a great glare of light; and in the midst, the Mother of God, herself in glory, seated upon a throne, and with a small pillar of jasper, supporting a figure of herself of the same material in her hand, and she commanded the apostle to found a temple in honour of her on that spot, and delivered the figure to him to be erected in the middle of it. And the apostle and

his followers worked diligently, and, previously to quitting the place, completed a small, rude sanctuary around the pillar, which building was gradually, by the labours of the pious in after ages, increased in size and splendour, until it became the present magnificent structure.

Any descriptions of the different images of Virgins, or of the various votive offerings to them, have been purposely avoided, as well as any mention of the long list of miracles ascribed to almost all of them; for the first would be supererogatory in regard to a country like Spain, about which so much has been already written, and where every church or statue of any note has been so often described; and the second, apart the ignorant credulity they exhibit, and which is by no means interesting to detail, are far too numerous to come within the limits of this article, the only object of which is to furnish a definition of some of those female names, at once eccentric and poetical, which constitute a leading characteristic in a country possessing so many.

Names, such as Jesusa, or Trinidad, the latter perhaps the commonest appellation of all in every part of the country, do not come within the category intended to be here established, as they relate to the Redeemer alone, and do not imply any direct reference to the Virgin, and those, both male and female, derived from the saints, constitute, one may say, the baptismal appellations of the whole population of the Peninsula.

MAJOR OTIS CONKLIN'S LETTER FROM LONDON TO DR. ADONIRAM MERKLE OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

EDITED BY UNCLE SAM.

My dear Adoniram,

I have had a month's run over England, and parts of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, since I arrived in these parts, which our grandfather was wont to call "the Old Country." Old it certainly is, for we can, any day, view the remains of works which occupied the legions of Julius Cæsar, or were performed at the beck of the chivalric followers of the Norman William. This fact you so much anticipate that you may be surprised when I state that everything not in ruins is much more new than old. That which looks the most antique is only "*after* the antique." Travel which way I will, nearly all I see is of modern date. I do believe that the British we thought were dying are all dead and buried, and that a fresh assortment is now on view, distributed for the most part in new, lofty and substantial buildings.

Liverpool is decidedly more modern than New York, for it has not a single wooden church or steeple: the docks just built seem destined to exhibit perfect granite at Doomsday, and the mediæval British shipping is giving way to splendid specimens of rivalry to the purest American naval architecture. Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast and Birmingham are all new towns, or (not to speak equivocally) they are modern antiques. Old King Lud's town is buried so deep that it took

three editors of a newspaper to discover, under their modern printing office, any foundation of that king's reign. London should be named New London, in imitation of our York being called New York, for one is about as new as the other, except in name. Most of the churches, public buildings, streets and bridges in this modern Babylon are new. The Exchange is new, the Queen's Palace new, the Palace of the Legislature new, and even a considerable part of Westminster Abbey, venerable in name and association, is (including its monuments) but half a century old. The Tower of London, where the kings used to play such pranks as made the angels weep, is partly fresh from the chisel and brick-field. In the words of Macbeth "Nothing is" (ancient here) "but what is not!"

With every American you have heard of Covent Garden Market and Old Drury Lane. I arrived at a new hotel called the Old Hummums and found the market and the theatres with no marks of age on them. I lodge in a new street in their neighbourhood, and within a very short distance of nearly all the newspaper offices. Being too ill to read, during several days, for once in my life I amused myself by looking out of a window, and am therefore enabled to give you some statistics respecting it which will present a pen and ink sketch of the pantomime in ten thousand streets of this huge mass of human tenements.

In three days the puppet show called "Punch" came up the street five times without performing, but the sixth time the renowned buffoon, who has never yet been seen in America, went through his adventures and was carried off by Old Hookey, to the admiration of a considerable crowd of people of all ages. Two companies of tumblers spread their carpets and pointed the poles of their heads to the centre of terrestrial gravitation, and three quartettes of Ethiopian serenaders (among whom I am ashamed to confess I detected several *white* citizens of our glorious Republic) jumped Jim Crow; saluted Miss Dinah; inquired who was knocking at the door, and went "Ober de Mountain." Then there was a man who brought some canaries and bullfinches which danced on ropes and fired small pistols: another who came with a malicious but clever monkey riding on a melancholy dog: seventeen men with excruciating barrel organs: four Swiss mountaineers grinding stretched wires and chanting the airs of theatrical villagers: eight Romans dressed in brigand hats, and uttering bravuras, while they squeezed guitar strings and looked up towards the drawing-rooms: one man making a stupendous lingual noise to give audible notice that he was deaf and dumb, and required a proper consideration in copper—a brazen imposition I believe: two men dressed as very clean sailors, and supposed to be singing comic songs after being wrecked in the Bay of Biscay. Besides these there was a clerk-like looking man, with a buxom wife and seven well-behaved children, performing what is called "the silent dodge," which consists of two babies being nursed to sleep by their supposed mother, while the remainder of the juvenile group stand hand to hand in a row; the father looking on the pavement to express his amazement, shame and contrition at having so many children. and keeping one hand under his waistcoat while the other is continually offering a few matches in exchange for any number of small coppers in money.

The most miserable objects seen from my window were four in num-

ber, all dirty-looking, middle-aged women, singing "Home, sweet Home!" and "Away to the Mountain's Brow!" These, I was told, were gin-drinkers, as was also a man who one day came in a state of half nudity, and shivered and shook himself before each house, representing, very naturally, a "goneness of stomach," as our sarsaparilla doctors say. But there were some other characters who were really amusing. One was an old man with an exasperated countenance, a hoarse voice, and a poetical turn of mind, who cried "*Live*" souls, meaning thereby some flat, flounder-looking dead fish, covered with a muddy rag, and up to their gills in the previous organic remains of the basket in which they were laid out to tempt purchasers among the housemaids, or housewives, too thrifty to purchase from fishmongers who pay rents. Then there came a man with a loud voice and a magnificent collection of oranges and Barcelona nuts in a two-wheeled barrow: a man with a cutler's grinding-stone, with a little fire behind it to heat water, melt solder and take the chill off his half pint of porter: a man with a horse and van in which was a machine for sharpening knives by thirty twists of a handle, and polishing them by an extra number of thirty twists and one passage through a clean cloth: a man with dog's and cat's meat cut into delicate slices and rolled so as to receive a skewer: a man with flowers made into bundles of nosegays: and a considerable number of women with water-cresses. There were two men with a cart and two baskets to collect bones, rags and dust which were carefully separated; the bones and rags, in very small quantities, being thrown into the dust as complimentary fees to the dustmen, one of whom I heard remark that they had not raised a sufficient hecatomb from three houses to procure "half a pint;" a fact which showed great care of their perquisites by at least three servants: there was also a man who came and looked into all the parlour windows, and whistled, while he rested one foot by placing its heel on the pavement and turned half round on the other foot to secure every possible offer he might receive for moving onwards to the next window. Lastly there were six respectably-dressed Jews who came every morning to secure, at a small profit and loss, any quantity of old clothes, hats, shoes and boots which might be discarded since their previous matutinal visit. But how shall I describe to you what I witnessed with my own eyes, respecting the enormous quantity of porter drank in this street? It was prodigious! At nine o'clock the servant at No. 4 went for half a pint in a cream-jug. At ten, two quarts and a pint passed in a fine frothy state, to Nos. 1, 8 and 9. At eleven a tin painted can went by, with a large quantity for No. 18, which stretched the carrier's arm. From that time till five o'clock pint after pint, quart after quart, and gallon after gallon went by in rapid succession. The servant in No. 6, which is a lodging-house walked swiftly for five quarts in an hour; and every half hour, in the middle of the day, two men (called boys with a vulgar prefix) passed up and down the street with a wooden machine having two shelves, one holding pitns and the other quarts. It is said that every trip, these "boys" make half a pint for themselves, by pouring the porter from one can to another just previous to delivering it, when the exhibition of froth enables them to abstract a balance of that which is known as "*Entire Triple X Heavy Wet!*"

LONDON LODGINGS, LIVING, &c.

The London lodging-house keepers—for the most part a rapacious and unreasonable set—have completely outwitted themselves this year. Under the impression that the town was to be inundated with strangers, with whom money was to be no object, they asked such unreasonable prices as to drive their old customers away, while the reputation of high prices has called such an inundation of new letters into existence as completely to glut and overstock the market. North, south, east, and west, is all the same; houses and "Lodgings to let" still appear in every window. So far from the opening of the Exhibition diminishing the number, they absolutely seemed to increase; and now, at the present writing—the middle of the month—they are as numerous as ever.

We declare that, during the year of the railway mania, lodgings were far more difficult to get at the west end of the town than they are this, for in the railway year there were none but the "regular professionals" to supply them; whereas, in this year of grace, everybody seems to have turned house or lodging-letter, and the town would accommodate double the number of people that are in it. Besides, in the railway year, the visitors were spending other people's money; whereas, this year, they are spending their own, which makes a considerable difference in some people's "goings on." Until the Exhibition opened, most of the lodging and house-letters, both old hands and new, stood out, feeling "sure"—or, at all events, saying so—that they would get their prices.

When it was announced that the Queen would open the Exhibition in person, they were confident of it, and grew, if possible, more unreasonable. *Punch*, too, kept up the pleasant delusion, by depicting hordes of foreigners huddling into a single apartment, or bivouacing in the park. Still, with all their confidence and harpings on the numbers of foreigners that were coming, it was pretty evident to inquirers that the lodging-house keepers would rather take in their own countrymen than any of our continental, or even transatlantic friends. Indeed, they very soon began to be alarmed at foreigners; and almost the first question they now put is, "How many do you want them for?"

The country papers quoted the unreasonable demands of the Londoners, and an impression speedily prevailed that a visit to London would be a most ruinous affair. It is to dispel that delusion, and put our country readers in the way of partaking of this great national treat at a reasonable rate, that we indite this paper.

For Crystal Palace lodging purposes, we may strike off the whole of the immense region round the City and across the water—indeed, up to Holborn—by drawing a line north and south from King's-cross Station, down Gray's Inn-lane, to Holborn. This does not leave us above a quarter of the enormous "wen," as Cobbett used to call it, to deal with; but it will be amply sufficient for the purpose of our country readers. We will suppose them arriving at the King's-cross or Euston Station, wishing, as most people do wish, to enjoy themselves at a reasonable rate, neither wasting their money by over-extravagance, nor making themselves uncomfortable for the purpose of saving it. All London hotels are expensive; and if our friends arrive by a day-train it may be as well to get a cab, and drive at once to one of the districts hereinafter indicated.

If, however, they arrive at night, in all probability they will have to put up at an hotel; and perhaps they cannot do better than go to the Euston, though there are smaller and less expensive hotels in the neighbourhood. The Drummond Hotel, in Drummond-street, is just on the west side of the Euston Railway Station, with a private entrance in Whittlebury-street; or there is the Albert Hotel, or Groves's, close by the Euston Hotel, in the romantic regions of Euston-grove.

The streets in the neighbourhood of the station, generally, abound in lodgings for railway passengers. The Euston and the Victoria Hotels, opposite, are in the same hands—whose, we do not pretend to say, nor is it material for the purpose of this paper. They are well-conducted establishments, though the cheapness of the times would warrant a reduction in prices. Cheapness is the order of the day in everything, and hotel-keepers should remember, that each individual guest who use their houses becomes, as it were, a walking advertisement of its merits or defects. The principle adopted by the Euston and Victoria Hotels of charging for servants, is undoubtedly the right one, and one that must sooner or later be adopted at all hotels. What nuisance is so great as running the gauntlet of chambermaid, waiter, porter, ostler, boots, on going away from an hotel? And this leads us to say that some of the London Station porters would be all the better for a little looking after. There is an amazing amount of business done in the way of compounding with porters for excess, or pretended excess, of luggage. People who have more luggage than they think will pass free, had much better send it by goods' trains, for perhaps a shilling, than give a porter half-a-crown for smuggling, or pretending to smuggle, it off the platform. It is the duty of every one to resist both the paying and the peculation of these people. But to the hotels. Teas, breakfasts, and servants' board, are perhaps the most unsatisfactory items in all inn bills. It is vexatious to pay two shillings for a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter—a vexation that is multiplied according to the number of partakers that the party has to pay for. Now, although we do not mean to say that two shillings is too much for the trouble of arranging and supplying a single breakfast, we yet think the justice of the case would be amply satisfied by a charge of two shillings for the first person, and a shilling or fifteen pence each for all the rest. At all events, a lady ought not to be charged the same as a gentleman for breakfast. We would rather have a contract to supply breakfasts to a thousand ladies every morning at a shilling a head, than go shares with Monsieur Soyer in his much-vaunted, much-painted "Symposium."

"Oh!" but the hotel-keepers will exclaim, on reading our objection to their charges, "we serve up our entertainments in first-rate style—silver teapot, silver tea-urn, silver sugar-basin, silver toast-rack, silver egg-cups, silver everything—luxuries that that snob of a writer in the *New Monthly* can never appreciate;" for there is nothing inspires these metamorphosed flunkies with such a hearty contempt for a man as any cavilling about charges—especially about theirs: a footman's idea of a gentleman consisting of a man who stands cheating well. Gentle Boniface, be not so angry; we do not dispute the points of the plate, though we may doubt whether it most resembles pewter or silver; but allow us to suggest, that if the parties are in the habit of using plate, a little nice crockery may be an agreeable change, while, if the parties are not in the habit of using it, overpowering them with such an honour, and making them pay for it, will be more than

they covet. Honour is one thing, and paying for it another. We none of us object to being made a fuss about in private houses, but being made a fuss about in an hotel is only for ambassadors, or newly jumped-up gentlemen. We always find it makes a difference of five shillings a head at a fish dinner when the landlord "condescends" to carry in a dish. Our advice to country people, with respect to London hotels, then, is simply this: Not to go to them if they can help it, and, if they cannot help it, then to get out of them as quick as they can. We will now address ourselves to private lodgings, where, if they are lucky in their choice, people may live quite as well, and twice as comfortable, for half the money.

That wonderful volume—the "Post-office Directory"—gives nearly ten closely-printed columns of lodging and boarding-house keepers who are scattered all over this magnificent metropolis: Cripplegate, in the City; Green-street, Grosvenor-square; Bread-street, City; Bath-street, Aldersgate-street; Eccleston-street, Pimlico; Craven-street, Strand; America-square, Walbrook; Curzon-street, Bury-street, Basinghall-street, Minories, Euston-grove, Baker-street;—but as it is by no means advisable to engage lodgings without a previous acquaintance, we would strongly recommend a personal inspection—an operation that opens a wide field for the exercise of the critical faculties, for there are few people so difficult to read as your regular professional lodging-house letters. Many of them are old servants. retaining all the honourable feelings of perquisites and place, and who think it incumbent upon them to make a profit out of everything supplied to their lodgers. These are generally plausible, fair-spoken people, who never make any difficulties at first, but who, as the bargain begins to close, advance first one piece of extortion and then another, just as the victim seems inclined to submit. Coals are a favourite subject for imposition. We have known a lodging-house keeper charge three sets of lodgers a shilling a day each for the kitchen fire, and a shilling a day for each sitting-room fire. We hope our friends will not have any occasion for sitting-room fires, still less for bedroom ones; but if they have, we may state that sixpence or ninepence a day for a sitting-room, and fourpence or sixpence for a bedroom, is as much as any lodging-house keeper ought to ask, and was the price they supplied coals at twenty years ago, when they were double the price. With respect to the kitchen fire for cooking, the usual thing is three-and-sixpence a week, or sixpence each day that the party dines at home. Some try to make their lodgers pay for lighting the passage lamp; for the use of what they call their plate, and other little et cæteras; but when any of these minor exactions are attempted, it will be well to break off the negotiation, for if they begin thus early in the day, they will be pretty sure to carry out the principle in all things. People will do well to bring up a few forks and spoons with them, and a pair or two of sheets may not be amiss.

Many of the old stagers of lodging-letters have infirm pieces of furniture—generally sofas or easy chairs—which are so artfully cobbled up as to appear quite substantial; but the first time a person souses down in the hearty confiding sort of way one deals with articles of this description, down they go with a crash; and after many bemoanings and lamentations over their dear departed uncle or aunt's favourite piece of furniture, they at length consent to be consoled by making it figure—and generally pretty handsomely too—in the bill. We have heard of an arm-chair that was as good as an annuity to an old lodging-house keeper.

Some of the very greedy ones, as we said before, make a profit out of everything supplied to the lodgers; for which purpose they either get their own supple tradespeople appointed, or, if the lodgers are unreasonable enough to choose their own, the lodging people change or spoil the meat, or fish, or fruit, or vegetables, or whatever is sent in, and then, denouncing the intruders, boldly recommend their own tradespeople as the only really respectable ones in the neighbourhood. Others, to save trouble, as they say, propose that the lodgers' servants and theirs should board together; in which case we need scarcely say who pays for both. Other little delinquencies, such as "prigging the sugar, watering the wine, nibbling at the cheese," are familiarities that people are accustomed to at home, and against which they must provide as they do at home. It is labour in vain locking up things with the generality of lodging-house locks and keys; but as in these railway times everybody travels with a strong box, the best plan is to convert one of them into a temporary storeroom. The butcher, baker, butterman, greengrocer, and fishmonger, are tradespeople that must necessarily reside in the immediate neighbourhood; but as there is always competition, it may be as well to pay them each a personal visit, as their style will often be reflected in the person of the keeper of the lodging-house. For groceries and other things the Italian warehouses will be found a great convenience for parties visiting London for a short time, for at them nearly all the other necessaries of life, which formerly lay scattered through half a dozen tradesmen, may be had. For instance, they supply tea, coffee, sugar, sauces, pickles, preserves, candles, potted soups, fried fish, hams, tongues, poultry, pies, sausages, cheese of all sorts, potted meats, wines and spirits of every variety, in any quantity from a bottle upwards. Not only do they supply all these things and many others, but they supply them of good quality, and at prices quite as reasonable, if not more so, than many of the shops that deal exclusively in the articles.

There are thirty or forty Italian warehousemen in the "Post-office Directory," to say nothing of those who figure under the head of grocers; but Fortnum and Mason, or Morel, both in Piccadilly, cannot be surpassed. There is no occasion for any introduction or reference. Strangers have nothing to do but write down and post their orders, and the amiable people who bring the goods will take care not to leave them without being paid for them.

Shoe-cleaning and clothes-brushing are done at lodgings by a sort of invisible agency. Many a fine gentleman, with his Morgan Pendennis of a valet, maintained at a cost superior to the income of a country curate, does not get better turned-out than one of these flying footmen will do for three-and-sixpence a week. It is wonderful the quantity of work one of these men will do compared to a regular valet, who thinks one gentleman quite as much as a professed valet can do justice to. The less a professed valet does, the greater man he thinks he makes his master. Some of the lodging-house people "do," as they call it, for boots and shoes; in which case the charge is twopence a pair for boots, and a penny a pair for shoes.

The invisible valets are also porters or messengers, and odd-job performers generally. They are mostly broken-down servants, or men who are only kept steady by an overpowering quantity of work.

Some people let either houses or lodgings, as the parties require, and

this without the intervention of those important personages the house-agents; a fact that is apparent by the absence of a reference at the bottom of the letting-bills in the windows. These houses are generally adapted for quiet families, and in some cases the owners remain in the houses, ready to turn out the moment they can get a customer. As house-letting ranks above lodging-letting in the table of precedence established in the minds of some of the higher sort of letters, we may caution strangers that they often take great offence at any confusion of lodgings and houses. "*We don't let lodgings!*" they will exclaim, with offended dignity, as if there was something insulting in the idea of letting lodgings. Nevertheless, they frequently will not object to let the house even for a week, and even to let their servants into the bargain; but still they mustn't be called lodgings—house is the term. Some of the rapacious sort profess to let their houses and go out of town—to Gravesend, or Margate, or Herne Bay, or some fashionable watering-place, while in reality they merely retire into some back premises in the yard, from whence they make frequent forays upon the house, and, aided by their servants who are let with the house, they live entirely upon their tenants. We knew a case of a house-letter, in one of the streets between Bond-street and Grosvenor-square, where the master and mistress were supposed to be at the sea-side, when, in point of fact, they were sleeping on the kitchen-table every night. The parties were in the house six weeks, and had a servant or two of their own with them, but the owners of the house managed to purchase their silence by some of the means by which fine faithful family servants from the country are come over. Many houses have their back settlements in the yards, and a voyage of discovery will not be thrown away upon them.

Another very common trick, with both house and lodging-letters, is to put away all the nice ornamental and decorative articles of furniture, so that when the tenants take possession they find nothing but chairs and tables, and those perhaps covered, with drugget concealing the face of the fine flower-patterned carpet. And if one guards against this by stipulating, on taking, that the rooms are to remain as they are, it opens a door to a fine claim for dilapidations at the end, when every spot is magnified into a lake, and every crack is laid to the tenant's charge. The only plan is to go over the things with the owner, and note the stains, and cracks, and chips, that exist on entering.

The entry and exit often furnishes matter of cavil. Some of the sharp ones, perhaps rightly expecting not to get another bite at their victims, will insist upon a week's notice or a week's pay; while others will try to charge from the day of taking, instead of from the day of coming. It is useless discussing what a County Court judge, or any other judge, would hold to be the law on the point, because it is never worth parties' while, who want to be home, staying to hear the decision, still less coming back for that purpose; therefore the better plan is, to guard against any misunderstanding, by writing down that it is a weekly taking, commencing from such a day, with the liberty of leaving or renewing at the end of the week. That space of time will show the lodgers what sort of people they have got amongst; they will also have got their bills for the week, which will rule the after bills, if they choose to stay.

Some lodging-house keepers are very unaccommodating when parties wish to stay a few days beyond the expiration of the week, pretending

that it is an indulgence they can only accord on payment of a full week's rent, or of a much higher rent in proportion; just as if new comers must needs want to enter on the same day that the old ones did. We once heard of a lodging-house keeper (a foreigner) who, having some better prospect in view, was exceedingly anxious to get rid of the then occupant of his rooms, whom he pestered with inquiries when he would be going, as Monsieur Somebody-else wanted to come. The gentleman (an invalid), at great inconvenience, at last agreed to go in the middle of his week, when, behold! monsieur presented him with his bill, charging him rent as if he had stayed till the end of the week. The gentleman remonstrated, and pointed out the inconsistency of charging him for staying when he was going away to oblige monsieur. Monsieur couldn't understand it. "De rums vere taken by de veek;" and, like all people who are trying to cheat, he indulged in hearty protestations "dat he vos man of honour, and vanted nottin but vot vos right and fair."

The gentleman then pointed out that he would be getting two rents for these days; one from himself, and the other from the anxious incoming tenant.

Monsieur couldn't see this either.

"He vos man of honour all his life, and vanted nottin but vot vos fair;" and intimated his disappointment at finding he was not dealing with a "shentlemans."

"Well," said the gentleman, "we will soon settle the matter. I was going away to oblige you, and you charge me as if I stayed. It will suit me far better to stay, and so I'll take you at your word, and remain till the end of my week."

Monsieur was nonplussed.

Besides the regular house and lodging-house keepers that we find in the "Post-office Directory," and those who put bills in their windows, there are a few "genteel people" who are much above letting lodgings, but who, happening to have more room than they require for themselves, accommodate people with apartments," as they call them, and who are much hurt if any uncouth occupant should happen to call them "lodgings." These people, being much above putting "lets" in their windows, "accommodate strangers with apartments, when they happen to have more room than they want for themselves"—an event of frequent occurrence —through the medium of a house-agent; and of course, as they are above letting lodgings, they are above seeing that their lodgers—we beg pardon, occupiers—are comfortable; who are left entirely to the mercy of servants, whose services the letters not unfrequently entirely monopolise. People do not often go twice to these sort of houses,—at least, not to the same one twice.

Having now glanced at the general aspect of affairs, we will proceed to consider the different localities of London for lodging purposes, though we may premise that, of course, it is quite a lottery what sort of lodgings a person finds vacant at the time he comes up. He may have the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Philistines on the Tuesday, whereas, if he had come up on the Monday, he might have got excellent lodgings that Mr. Somebody-else picked up. No hint of ours can provide against this contingency. Each person must do the best he can when he comes, and our observations must be considered as general. There are some description of tradespeople, however, that it is not considered advisable to

lodge with. Tailors are one, in consequence of the closeness and stuffiness, not to say, in some cases, filthiness, of their working premises. Bakers are objectionable, on account of the heat, to say nothing of the bad smell where adulterations are used. Doctors and dentists should also be avoided, for reasons that will suggest themselves to the reader. Lodgings above shops, we may add, are considered to be of a lower grade than those in private houses, as a letter of lodgings in a private house will soon let a stranger know who institutes a comparison.

Let us then consider our friends either as arriving by the train, or having passed through the ordeal of an hotel, with, let us hope, the loss of as few feathers as possible, and now in a cab, about to set out in search of lodgings. And here let us observe, that although Mr. Mogg, in his entertaining work, adheres to hackney-coach fares, and leaves the reader to calculate cab fares as at two-thirds the cost of hackney-coaches, notwithstanding coaches have long wholly vanished from the scene—an arrangement that occasionally causes strangers to regard the covered cabs as coaches, and the open, or "Hansom" ones, as cabs—that, in point of fact, there are no hackney-coaches except in Mr. Mogg's conservative imagination, and that the fares with both open and covered cabs are the same—viz., eightpence a mile, or two shillings an hour, or as near those sums as the hirer has the luck to get off for. As time is a better criterion than a cabman's opinion of distance, it will be well, especially for lodging-seekers, to engage a cab by the hour, taking care to compare watches with the driver before starting, or, what is better still, to draw his attention to some church or public clock in the neighbourhood.

We will now divide our slice of London into four parts. The first shall be that on the north of the New-road, in the immediate neighbourhood of the railway station, which being, as we said, debatable ground, neither city nor west end, is the cheapest, and, being on the highest ground, may, perhaps, also be considered the healthiest. The whole of this part of the town abounds in lodgings this year, at considerably less than half the cost of those at the west end. Driving up Seymour-street, High-street, Drummond-street, the Hampstead-road, and the streets generally between the Hampstead-road and the Regent's Park, to the north of the New-road, strangers in search of cheapness, and comfort combined, will be sure to suit themselves at a reasonable rate. We saw a very nice bedroom, and sitting-room adjoining, communicating with folding-doors, in George-street, for five-and-twenty shillings a week; and the second floor, consisting of the same accommodation, was a pound a week. People despise a second floor in lodgings, who think nothing of climbing up three pair of stairs at an hotel, at double the price of a first floor in lodgings. Let our country friends, however, remember, that if there are noisy people in a house, it is better to have them above them than below. For the first division of our slice of London, then, let the sum we have named—viz., five-and-twenty shillings, and a pound, be considered as a criterion of price. Let us add, that the New-road, on the south, affords abundant omnibus communication to the west, or Crystal Palace end of the town.

The second district is that between our eastern boundary, Gray's Inn-lane, and Regent-street on the west, bounded by the New-road on the north, and Oxford-street and Holborn on the south.

A great number of good and comfortable lodgings have sprung into

existence in this part of the town, especially in the better streets in the immediate neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road, and generally in the streets leading into the squares of this part of London. Lodgings here are dearer than the first, or Camden Town district; but the houses are larger and better built, and the rooms and accommodation better altogether, and well adapted for families. Prices, however, are reasonable—say from two to three guineas a week, for what would be four or five guineas further west.

The west end of the town may be considered as commencing from Regent-street, and stretching right away to Kensington on the one side, and Bayswater on the other. Regent-street itself abounds in lodgings—chiefly bachelor ones; so do Maddox-street, Mount-street Grosvenor-square, Park-street, Bond-street, and all the smaller streets at the back of St. James's-street. The accommodation in the lodgings about St. James's-street consists principally of "bedrooms for single gentlemen," as the cards in the windows announce; and here gentlemen get well put up for three shillings, or three-and-sixpence a night, and live in their clubs at the rate of ten thousand a year. The luxury of modern clubs would astonish our forefathers, whose wants were satisfied by a Covent Garden hotel.

The Belgrave-square district is considered the most fashionable part of London; but people who do not aspire to the distinction of court connexion will find themselves in a much healthier region on the north, or Bayswater side of Hyde Park, where, in many of the streets and terraces leading eastward and westward from the Edgeware-road, very nicely-furnished, comfortable lodgings, consisting of two drawing-rooms, with two bedrooms above, and a servant's room, may be had at from three to four guineas a week. Indeed, as a general average, we may say that four guineas a week will command the sort of rooms we have specified anywhere on the north side of Oxford-street. The Bayswater or Paddington locality, as some call it, will be found particularly convenient for West of England visitors, being in the immediate neighbourhood of the Western Station. We can hardly state a price for the Belgrave-square region; for what with the presumed attractions of royalty, and the aristocratic influences of a court atmosphere, many of the people who condescend to let lodgings are rather airified and difficult to read; but about Sloane-street, and on westward again, they become more reasonable.

We may add, that in all lodgings the servants of the house expect a small gratuity, though their services are included in the rent, and that it will be well to give it to them personally, and not through the hands of their masters or mistresses.

We think we have now dotted down all that, in such an extensive and varying field, can be usefully told of our subject, and more, perhaps, than some of our readers may think it merits; but it is one that concerns no small portion of the community at the present time, and we shall be happy if any directions of ours should counteract the pernicious effect of early exorbitance, and induce parties from a distance to visit a sight the like of which was ne'er seen before, and in all probability will never be witnessed again.

THE BOURGEOISIE OF PARIS.*

THE city of Paris has been supposed to derive its name from the boat symbolical of Isis—Bar or Par—Isis. Founded by a few fishermen on the banks of the Seine, the original colony, of supposed Oriental origin, only began to develop itself when it had reclaimed the marshes by its industry, and the primeval line of reed huts had assumed a more orderly and permanent aspect. It was then that a temple arose to Isis, Queen of Rivers, who gave to the commonalty corn and laws, marriage and a grave; and the Parisians adopted as their emblem the boat sacred to the Egyptian goddess. But, in their religious ceremonies, the Egyptians never lifted the veil that covered the statue of Isis; the Parisians, on the contrary, celebrated annually, every 3rd of January, a national festival, in which the mysterious divinity received publicly and with unveiled countenance, upon the heights of the Olympus of Lutetia—the Mount St. Geneviève or of the Pantheon—the devotions of the Holy College, founded under her auspices.

Lutetia was already a strong place at the time of the invasion of the Romans; and Cæsar assembled there the representatives of all the Gaulish tribes. The Parisians rose against the consular yoke, and the battle of Meudon, and the city itself devoted to flames, sealed the sacrifice of their independence. Lutetia was henceforth treated as tributary. A prætor was appointed to rebuild and fortify the rebellious city, and there resulted for a time a religious and moral condition, in which Gaulish and Roman elements were strangely commingled. Thus, by the side of Jupiter and Vulcan, statues of Esus, the Mars of the aborigines; of Cernummos, the horned god of the Parisians; and of other native divinities, have been met with. The *Severi* inspected the navigation, and the *Nautæ Parisiaci* constituted a first or primitive corporation of *Nautes*, or navigators—a Parisian Hanse. The notable citizens, the great "bourgeois," the members of the board of navigation, of the provostship of merchants, and of aldermen, and the syndics, or magistratures of chief merchants, were descendants of these primitive *Nautes*, whose power kept increasing with social progress till it became the equivalent of a popular sovereignty.

Under the Roman prætor, the Nautes elected the popular magistrature, composed of the wealthiest and most honoured merchants, who acted as defenders of the city, under the authority of the proconsul or prætor. To this magistrature was attached a subordinate one of assessors, who were the guardians of the public registries, and controlled all matters of police and social order. An edict of Justinian, which deprived the prætor of despotic power, raised the defenders of the people to the position of fathers of their countrymen, whose cause, and more especially that of the poor, they were ever ready to espouse against the fiscal exactions and tyranny of the richer classes.

It appears that in these primitive times commerce consisted solely of trade in corn, wine, oil, salt, and other necessaries of life; luxuries were

* Histoire de la Bourgeoisie de Paris, depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours, par M. Francis Lacombe. Tome premier, La Bourgeoisie aux prises avec l'Aristocratie et la Royauté.

unknown till the time of the Frank kings; and Paris brought the trade of the Rhone, the Saone, and the Doubs, and of the southern and central provinces, into connexion with the ocean, and with the northern and western provinces.*

Paris began after the fall of the Prætoriate to assume a new character. A vast amphitheatre arose on Mount Leucotitius; great monumental constructions formed a splendid group, that was dominated by the Temple of Isis; a long aqueduct led the waters of the Seine to the "Palais des Thermes," and learned men and philosophers began to frequent the city. Julian the Apostate was particularly partial to Paris. "My dear Lutetia," he calls it in his "Misopogon;" and in it he enjoyed the company of the wise and the learned. Lutetia was then also a municipal city, whose inhabitants named their own curiales, or civil magistrates.

The light of the Gospel was first brought to Paris by Saint Denis. The predication of the Apostles disquieted strangely the successors of Caligula, because, as Herder has pointed out (*Idées sur la philosophie de l'histoire de l'humanité*), the doctrine preached by them was a lever of emancipation, by means of which the proximate foundation of a new empire was prophesied, and with it the downfal of their power.

The ancient distinctions of patricians and patrons, and of plebeians and clients, and of slaves, deemed to be monstrous by so many modern philosophers, appeared natural and legitimate to the wise men of antiquity. The axiom of Aristotle, that the patricians should declare eternal war to the plebeians, had been in vogue for ages before Christianity came to heal the wounds inflicted by such a doctrine in the body social. Christianity recognised no *castes.* The disciples of our Saviour recognised neither patricians, nor plebeians, nor slaves; to them, all alike were brethren, and such a doctrine received open arms by the barbarians, laid the first basis of the overthrow of the Roman Empire, and of the whole social and political system of antiquity. The Church became the ideal type of the state, and the slaves emancipated in the sanctuary were also emancipated in social order, where they enjoyed the right of property and a title, that of PROLETAIRES, which served to assure to them an independence of position in relation to society generally. Then the barbarians arose in power, and Rome, the imperial city, was overthrown. Singular destiny of civilisation, which, in order to revive, must, in the first place, perish!

To the Pagan succeeded the Christian world; and to a social condition, based on human inequality, succeeded a political state, founded on the principle of fraternity and equality—before the law. The first councils of an early Christianity were designated, by Pagan pride, *Assemblies of Beggars;* and not without a certain degree of justice, for the slaves emancipated, and no longer fed by their masters, were passing from a state of servitude to that of beggary, had not Christian charity come to their relief. The Church of Christ became thus one immense corporation—the symbol of the new form of society—and continued so until, as in everything human—when in principle it is even divine—mortal ambition usurped authority in religious matters, and the first principles of Christi-

* M. Lacombe refers for his authorities on this part of his subject to Corrozet's "Antiquités de Paris;" Chateaubriand's "Etudes Historiques;" Legendre's "Mœurs des Français;" and the "Mémoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions."

anity, the system of brotherhood and equality, and the system of social and moral, or of corporative government, was overthrown by an ambitious priesthood, and in its place was established a civil, moral, and religious tyranny, calling itself Pope and Vicar of God. Under that tyranny the Church also first began to impose its ideas and its forms upon the society which it had regenerated.

Paris, saved from Attila and from famine by a great predecessor of Jean d'Arc—St. Geneviève,—had superseded Isis by the Christian maid. Subjected by the Francs, to the principle of individual liberty had been superadded that of political unity, as expressed by their chief, Clovis—*le roi chevelu.* The bishops united themselves with the two principles, as at once opposed to imperial despotism and to heretical doctrines, at that time enforced by such men as Arius, Pelagius, and others; and thus, says Lacombe, "French loyalty sprang from the solemn union of the priest and the soldier."

Clovis perceiving what Lacombe designates as "the topographical importance of that marvellous valley of the Seine," founded there the capital of the kingdom of the united Gauls and Francs. The general assemblies were convoked, and the Nautes retained their original power, but the king "was obliged to succumb in the pride of his authority before a simple priest." From out of the institution of the Nautes came the spirit of the BOURGEOISIE DE PARIS, an expression which M. Lacombe derives from *habitant d'un bourg*—a free man—but Ducange and others from the Anglo-Saxon burg or borough, or the Latin burgus; and in the wars of Chilpéric against the Bretons we see civic troops employed, the first example of *gardes bourgeoises.* Clotaire II., in an edict dated 595, calls them *guet de nuit.*

The antagonism of races, of manners, and of languages was, however, for a long time opposed to civil and administrative unity. Many fearful contests took place, more especially the horrible slaughters of Frédégonde and Brunehaut; till the energy of the mayors of the palace, the succession of a second dynasty, and the genius of Charlemagne, gradually brought about a better state of things. The middle, or mercantile classes, grouped as corporate or individual bodies around feudal castles, or in the bosom of fortified towns, began to resume some political influence. Charlemagne looked to their interest with great anxiety. He preached probity to them, and bade them not to prefer terrestrial gain to eternal life. ("Essai sur les Bourgeoises du Roi," par Droz.) Charlemagne founded his government on the moral perfectibility of the state and of individuals, and, by regulating the conditions necessary to the exercise of the different industrial and mechanical professions, he favoured the development of the industrious classes.

Charlemagne having removed the seat of government to Aix-la-Chapelle, Paris fell under the power of the great feudal lords, who, at the death of the founder of the Western Empire, attempted to supplant, everywhere alike, right by power, and obliged the middle classes to retrench themselves behind their municipal franchises, and every free man to become a soldier in defence of his rights. Other circumstances were against the middle classes; bands of robbers roved about the country; three different times the Normans invaded and devastated Paris, till at length, their property gone, their means of existence taken from them, all classes alike, merchant, tradesman, and workman, were obliged to accept

the rule of the lord, and, like the clients of olden time, to take refuge under the shadow of the feudal dungeon. Political unity disappeared to make way for a thousand little kingdoms that sprang up in the vast empire of Charlemagne, and slavery, that had been overthrown by Christianity, was replaced by feudal bondage.

In Paris, the corporation of the Nautes had been succeeded by the Hanse, a German word, signifying also an association or corporation, and this civic body nobly defended the rights and privileges of the city. But the inhabitants of Paris were to a certain degree slaves of their own liberty; the members of the Hanse monopolised all commerce, commanded the military, and administered justice. The members of this great primitive corporation, in their various acts emanating from the *parlouer-aux-bourjois*, also now first called themselves *borjois*, or *bourjois*. "Under the formula of the administration of merchandise by water," says Le Roye, in the "Dissertation sur l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris," "was comprised the provostship of merchants and court of aldermen; that is to say, the political government, and the popular administration of the town, and all that is expressed in our times by the Hôtel de Ville." The members of this magistracy were called *Scabins*, from whence was derived the word *échevins*. And they were also called *Ratchionbourgs*, composed of ratz and burger, or bourgeois judges. The Scabins were elected from among the most notable merchants, and they appointed the gaugers, measurers, criers, and other public officers at that time considered to hold offices of importance and high consideration. The general assembly of Scabins made almost sovereign decisions, and thus, at an epoch when all men paid passive obedience to the sword of the barons, the city of Paris was the sole hereditary fief where the people acknowledged only the sovereignty of right. From this state of things Paris, already a centre of civilisation in barbarous times, became in feudal times an asylum to the proscribed, and further, to use the expression of M. Lacombe, "appeared to unite in itself all the motive forces of humanity."

The elevation of Hugues Capet, Count of Paris, to the throne, once more made Paris the capital of the kingdom; a distinction which it has never since ceased to enjoy. Feudalism had raised up in the city a hundred and forty barons, holders of secular or ecclesiastical fiefs. A provost continued to represent the authority of the counts of old, and the syndic of the Hanse still presided over trade and industry. The Crusades first paved the way to the return of property into the hands of the commercial and industrious classes, and to the revolt of the popular classes against a feudal aristocracy. At this epoch royalty and religion sided with democracy. Louis le Gros, King of France, and Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, at once author, priest, and warrior, first laboured with effect at the regeneration of society. Louis emancipated cities, created *communes*, or rural municipalities, independent of the feudal lord; founded a market and fair in Paris; and granted the privilege to merchants and tradesmen to sue the nobility for debt. Philippe Auguste continued the policy of his predecessor, paved the streets of the city, and changed its name from Lutéce to Paris. "When the king went to the wars," records Olivier de la Marche, "two *bourgeois* of the good city of Paris held his stirrup." When the same king quitted Paris for the Holy Land, he left his domains in charge of six notable *bourgeois* of Paris. This designation was thus, we see, given to the inhabitants of Paris before it was made use of to distinguish a par-

ticular class of people. When the despotism of the nobility had been supplanted by the establishment of "communes," there remained only two classes in the democracy—the bourgeois and manants, or rustics—or such persons as did not enjoy the franchise of citizenship. The industrious portion of the population was divided into tradesmen and "vilains:" the first being notables, they participated in civil and municipal dignities, but the second being, in the language of the time, vile persons, they could not obtain, without previous emancipation, either the honours of the city, or a voice in the assemblies, both which the "bourgeoisie" enjoyed.

It was in virtue of the right of "Bourgeoisie" that the inhabitants of towns formed distinct corporations, possessed divers privileges in relation to public administration, and obtained the confirmation of their customs. In this respect the bourgeois of France represented the citizen of other countries, but they were distinguished into bourgeois of the king and bourgeois of the lordships. They were also differently taxed; whence arose another distinction of *grands bourgeois*, the most taxed; *petits bourgeois*, those who were less so; and *francs bourgeois*, those who were emancipated from all taxes. Not only did feudalism gradually disappear before the power of the bourgeoisie, but the Hanse also lost its empire, and the ancient and dominant corporation of Nautes, navigators and traders by water, was soon only one among innumerable commonalties of industry, in which workers and workmen in the same art or trade were registered according to rules and statutes agreed to among themselves. Unity was brought about amidst this chaos of corporations by the appointment of a common head, who was for a long time distinguished as the *Roi des Merciers*, or King of the Mercers, which would also indicate that by that time the wealth of the olden navigators of the Seine had been exceeded by a very humble branch of human industry. The fact is, however, that the mercers were the first among the different corporations who engaged in distant commercial undertakings. These kings of the mercers had a numerous court of constables, marshals, lieutenants, knights, and esquires. In the thirteenth century the royalty of the mercers was supplanted by the provostship of merchants, a chief magistracy which lasted till the time of the revolution—the 16th of July, 1789. The power of the provost extended not only over Paris, but throughout all France. Under him was a municipal council called the Bureau de Ville, composed of the provost, the aldermen, or *échevins*, the recorder, and the receiver-general. This tribunal met at the Hôtel de Ville, and the provost, who enjoyed the rank of an admiral, was elected or re-elected every second year. The new system worked well at first, but during the minority of Saint Louis the dignity became one of common sale and barter, and the people were made to pay for it and suffer accordingly. This state of things was, however, afterwards corrected by the king himself—the first of the French monarchs who interested himself in the cause of industry for industry's sake. Under St. Louis's patronage, Stephen Boileau effected an organisation of labour which M. Louis Blanc wished to parody at the Luxembourg, after the catastrophe of the 24th of February, to the great glory of the democratic and social republic. Under this organisation, the six leading corporations—drapers, grocers, mercers, furriers, money-changers, and jewellers—formed a real popular aristocracy. Philippe le Bel completed the work of the Provost Boileau, by fixing the parliament —the supreme jurisdiction of France, composed at one time of two hun-

dred magistrates—in Paris, and dividing it into two—the parliament, strictly speaking, and a chamber of accounts. The clerks attached to these two chambers formed two great corporations, one of which was called the Kingdom of Basoche, the other the Empire of Gallicia. The creation of the College of Sorbonne had also given rise at this time to numerous other foundations, which were grouped together by St. Louis to form the so-called University of Paris, the head of which was designated as Rector; and of those who enjoyed this distinction, one who ruled in 1352 is described as being an Englishman of the name of Wilking, or Wilkins.

Philippe le Bel, by organising the bourgeois guard, and converting the *guet de nuit*, or night watch, into a *guet assis*, or permanent guard, brought the bourgeoisie into contact with the nobility and the clergy, and gave them a position in the state, which, as the two first degrees were occupied by the two first-mentioned classes, was designated as a *Tiers Etat;* and the three classes, for the first time united in a national assembly, became the *Etats Généraux.* The States-General were first convoked on the occasion of the attempted usurpations of Boniface VIII. over Philippe le Bel, and the independence of the monarch would have fallen a sacrifice to the ambition of the priest, had it not been for the support given to it by the spirit, the good sense, and the patriotism of the bourgeoisie. The "Tiers Etat," strong in its alliance with royalty, began from that moment the struggle for the emancipation of the people which was destined to end in the admission of the representative principle. Revolts upon various occasions, as the feudal exactions of the Templars, the attempt to regulate the price of coin, and others, became, at the same time, common occurrences. Already, in the fourteenth century, a king of France was shut up in the Temple by the bourgeois of Paris, and had terms dictated to him by a seditious populace, as, in the eighteenth century, another king was shut up by the same bourgeois, but only to be taken out to be led to the scaffold! In Philippe's time royalty, however, preserved its moral ascendancy amidst the most serious crises and twenty-eight rich and powerful bourgeois were hung before their own doors and at the gates of the city. The king, however, having ultimately conceded that all taxation should emanate from the States-General, or at least be submitted to their approval before being imposed upon the people, hostilities ceased between the king and the bourgeoisie.

The latter class, however, well organised, well disciplined, and well informed on political matters, kept constantly increasing in power, and monopolising, under successive monarchs, new offices and new functions in the state. The *guet assis* became gradually *le guet du roi*, and the foundation of a regular militia, from out of which the aristocracy of the people selected a royal guard. The bourgeoisie, a short time before at war with royalty, was now placed in open hostility with the feudal, or baronial aristocracy, who had always held in distrust the civilising and democratic tendencies of the monarchy. The occasion upon which this long imminent opposition broke forth was when Edward III. of England claimed the crown of France, as son of Isabelle, daughter of Philippe. The Norman, Breton, and Flemish barons, irritated by feudal concessions made, more especially to Eudes de Bourgogne and Philippe, Count of Evreux, flocked to the English standard, and royalty had to place its whole dependence on the "Tiers Etat" and the bourgeoisie, who defended the

Salic law, and considered the claims of the English prince in the light of a foreign invasion.

In the times of Charles the Bad, the bourgeoisie, influenced by the Provost Stephen Marcel and the turbulent Bishop of Laon, sided with the vassal, became hostile to the monarchy, and protected feudalism. Under the pretence of reform, as in our own days, the bourgeoisie was really paving the way for a revolution. For the first time in French history the nobility, the type of material power, was obliged to give way before the bourgeoisie, the type of intellectual power. The representatives of the last order soon not only dictated to the two others, but even to the king himself, who was for the first time obliged to sanction laws that were enacted without his consent and against his interests. Thus it came to pass that royalty, which had originated a representative government in the hopes of establishing a democratic bulwark against feudal power, found that it had also created a capricious exacting body, which, although specially destined to preserve public order, could as frequently play the part of factions, and become hostile to the monarchy itself.

When the dauphin called the states together upon the reverse of Poitiers, the greater part of the nobility had perished either there or at Crecy; and although Robert le Coq, the ambitious prelate of Laon, imparted some political power to the faction of the clergy, still Marcel so far outnumbered the other orders by his followers, that he became at once master of the situation, and head of the revolutionary movement. In the fourteenth century Marcel placed his red and blue hood, emblem of revolt, on the head of the regent, as, in the eighteenth, the first mayor of Paris, successor to the last provost, placed, after the capture of the Bastille, the tri-colour cockade on the head of Louis XVI. The Duke of Normandy, however, withdrew from the capital and hastened to levy troops to oppose the arrogance of the provost; but that most atrocious revolt of the peasants, *La Jacquerie*, abetted for a time the principles of insurrection and revolt. Marcel called Charles the Bad into Paris at the head of a body of English troops, but the feudal knights had crushed the revolted peasantry; the Duke of Normandy was before the walls of the city; and within, famine, discontent, and distrust, had brought about a revolutionary reaction. The Queen Jeanne bought over the King of Navarre; the Urban guard, the first gendarmerie, set upon the small body of English allies, and the populace pillaged the houses of the bourgeois. Marcel attempted to give up the city to Charles, but, caught with the keys in his hands, he was slain on the spot as a traitor by one Jehan Maillart, and the revolution finished with the life of that most turbulent of provosts.

The red and blue hood was cast off, and the regent restored to "his good city of Paris," Maillart rewarded, and the *bourgeoisie* somewhat sickened of its seditious and revolutionary practices, Charles V. had time, assisted by the gallant Duguesclin, to repair the misfortunes of France. But at his death civil and foreign wars were once more lit up. The cupidity of the Duke of Anjou brought about the popular insurrections known as the revolt of the *Maillotins*, and to which the States-General were strangers. Charles VI. had to act at once against his subjects in revolution in the capital, and the Flemings in insurrection under Philip of Artevelde. But the royal sword triumphed; the cause of the *petits*

bourgeois and of the populace was for a time completely lost; and material force was brought to keep the public mind, so oft disturbed, in proper control.

For a long time democracy, which had attained its zenith by the misfortunes of Crecy and Poitiers, and the turbulent ambition of Marcel, was subjugated and annihilated by the despotic rule which followed upon the revolt of the *Maillotins*. But this state of things was not destined to last long in that perpetual focus of revolutions—Paris. The Duke of Orleans collected around his person an army of ruined noblemen and knightly adventurers; Jean Sans Peur, his nephew, placed himself at the head of the popular party; the aristocracy and democracy were once more face to face; and a sanguinary drama ensued, which history has chronicled as the Burgundians and the Armagnacs in Paris—a drama the epopée of which presents us with M. Lacombe's concluding chapter, "The Bourgeoisie of Paris under English domination." The policy of the Duke of Bedford served unfortunately only to strengthen the alliance of the popular classes with the Burgundians; and Jacques Cœur and the Maid of Orleans became the expression, on the one hand, of civic astuteness, and, on the other, of popular fanaticism. Yet, once reseated on the throne, the very elements of success were discarded, and absolute royalty reappeared in the person of Charles VII. The middle ages were, however, about to set for ever, and "La Renaissance" had its Aurora. Political liberty had suffered, but public spirit was destined to develop itself with the progress of human intelligence; and the *bourgeoisie* was on the eve, even then, of declaring its moral independence.

How changed are the times now to the position of parties as thus depicted to us at the conclusion of M. Lacombe's truly suggestive and instructive first volume! Mistress of all the moral and material positions that emanate from the state, or rather which constitute the state itself, the *bourgeoisie*, in olden times at war with the aristocracy and with royalty, is now at war with a *proletariat egalitaire*—a levelling working class!—a fourth estate!—a power inimical to all forms of society alike, and which conceals robbery and plunder under the mask of *communism*. The middle class, only a few days back, appeared to protect the higher classes and the lower classes alike, with a presumptuous pride, because the existing authorities, dreading its caprices as much as its anger, bowed to its opinions; but now it is humiliated, and placed in a position merely of defence; it has to seek for help on every side from the revolutionary spirit which threatens it with proximate annihilation, in honour of some unknown democratic and anti-social republic, the last term of which cannot fail to be the absolute decline and fall of France. The restoration of an hereditary monarchy, it is now evident to the *bourgeoisie* itself, easily led astray but sure to return to the same way of thinking and acting, can alone save the country from a predicament far more dangerous than the days of *La Jacquerie* and other peasant revolts, of English dominion, or the many hundred *bourgeois* insurrections in which the *proletaire* was often an instrument, but never yet threatened to become a master.

TO THE KING OF WURTEMBERG.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KERNER.)

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

[The history of the following poem is this. Dr. Theobald Kerner, a young man of great talent, and a distinguished poet, inspired with that enthusiasm for liberty which was so electric in Germany in 1849, at a popular assembly at Heilbron made a brilliant speech, the tendency of which was to fan the flame of revolution, and for this offence he was tried and sentenced to ten months' solitary confinement. After four months of his incarceration had expired, his father, Justinus Kerner, the Burns of Suabia, addressed to the King of Wurtemberg the following lines, which in my version give a very inadequate idea of the simple beauty and pathos of the original. The blind old poet's pleading for mercy was not in vain. It was immediately responded to by the liberation of his only son. This reminds one of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, who having from *His Ear* heard some prisoners repeat a passage from Euripides, set them free. But here the comparison ends, for the King of Wurtemberg is no tyrant, but the father of his people, and it is owing to his firmness that the civil war which desolated the neighbouring land of Baden was not carried into his dominions. Finding that his army had been tampered with, the king ordered a review of the troops, and appealed to their loyalty by riding without his staff in front of the line, and baring his breast as a target for their balls. They, however, with one accord, struck up the national air, which strongly resembles our "God save the Queen," and during the whole of those trying times not a man swerved from his allegiance.—T. M.]

BLAME not, that, in these holy days,
  When God has cancelled every debt
Humanity to frailty pays,
  I, to thy heart—the mercy-seat
Appeal—for one, who rues the day,
  With spirit worn, and contrite heart,
When led by erring times astray,
  He played in them an erring part.

I, in those troubles and alarms,
  Who but devoted to the throne
My lays, a suppliant stretch my arms
  To thee, for him. He is my son.
Strike off his fetters; ope his cell.
  Moved to the soul, he then will own
That which he understood so ill—
  A king can freely give alone.

Think—as a father well you can,
  Sore tried—how loves a father yet;
And that, to pardon and forget,
  Is Heaven's best attribute to man.

THE PREMONITION.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

I BELIEVE there are few persons who have evinced any originality of character, or any peculiarity of temperament, in whom the germ of this characteristic has not been observed in a greater or less degree at a very early period of life. The lives of many men afford sufficient instances of the truth of this proposition. Individual character, indeed, appears to be inalienable. The characteristics of childhood are the same in youth and in manhood, save that in the latter stages they are more perfectly and more prominently developed. The character of man, therefore, is in-born —it is a part of his nature which, however much he may endeavour to check, he can never succeed in totally eradicating. There are persons who entertain a different opinion from this, and who hold that the character is formed altogether by external circumstances, and without reference to the original bent given to it by nature. This doctrine is obviously erroneous. Whatever influence external circumstances may exercise over the character and habits of an individual (and that they do exercise considerable influence I am perfectly disposed to admit), it is, nevertheless, sufficiently palpable from daily experience, and from the records of the lives of those men which we find both in ancient and modern biography, that the bias or tendency of their disposition is to be traced to their very earliest years. It is somewhat curious to examine into the different characteristics manifested by a family of children all sprung from the same father and mother, and still, perhaps, more curious, to find that the disposition of two or three of the children are quite at variance with those of their parents. Whoever has read the biographies of eminent men must have been astonished to find in numerous instances that those to whom they were indebted for their being, were utterly devoid of those excellences which in after-years rendered their offspring world-famous. Worldly possessions, titles, honours. are hereditary ; but intellect, imbecility, valour, cowardice, virtue, vice, are derived from no particular stock. They are common to all stations in life—all classes of individuals.

These peculiar characteristics of individuals have often interested and amused me; and it is because they have done so that I have made these few observations. The following curious narrative, indeed, owes much of its interest to a certain peculiarity of temperament which I owe to neither father, nor mother, nor to any member of my family ; not that many of the incidents about to be related are not of a strange and startling description, but several of them owe their interest to a particularly nervous and excitable disposition.

There is a circumstance of a curious and mysterious character connected with our family which may have given an impetus to the original bias of my mind, and I think the nature of it was eminently qualified to foster those strange predilections which I manifested at a very early period of life. Whenever a death has occurred in the family, it has invariably been preceded by a singular omen, foreshadowing the event, but has only been visible to one member of the family—viz., myself. The first occasion of its appearance is impressed strongly upon my mind. It was during the illness of my mother, and whilst I was still in my boyhood. I entered

her chamber one evening to inquire how she was, and to my great surprise discovered a large black dog laid at full length upon the hearth-rug before the fire; there was no animal of the kind belonging to the family, and thinking that it might have been left by the doctor, who had just taken his departure, I thought I would ask my mother if she knew aught concerning it before I ventured to remove it. Having made inquiry as to her health, I said,

"To whom, mamma, does this large dog belong that is laid upon the hearth-rug?"

"I was not aware, my dear, that any dog was in the room," my mother replied.

"Yes, there is," I said. "It is a very large black animal, and probably belongs to Dr. Drummond, who has left it behind him in mistake."

"Oh! my dear, you must be labouring under some very extraordinary hallucination. It is not likely that Mr. Drummond would bring a dog with him into the sick-room of any of his patients."

"The thing speaks for itself, mamma. I cannot deny credit to my own eyesight. If you doubt the truth of what I say, convince yourself of the fact."

My mother, whose curiosity regarding the matter was not less than my own, raised herself up in bed, and drew aside the curtains, to convince herself of the accuracy of my report.

"I see nothing, child," she said, after fixing her eyes for some moments upon the rug where the animal lay.

"Impossible, mamma; it is quite palpable to my view."

"If there be anything, my dear," said my mother, "you had better drive it out. It belongs, probably, to some of the neighbours, and has wandered here by mistake."

I approached where the animal lay. I attempted to kick it with my foot, but I had no sooner raised it for that purpose, than as quick as thought it vanished from my sight. I was amazed; I stared about me with the wildest incredulity; I looked into every corner of the room—under the bed, the chairs, the drawers, the tables, thinking that my eyes might have deceived me, and that it had crouched into some concealed place to be out of my reach. It was nowhere, however, to be seen. I turned excessively pale, though I endeavoured to conceal my alarm from my mother, and, I believe, effectually succeeded. I approached once more the side of her bed, and, having informed her that the intruder was gone, began to converse with her upon some other subjects. When I was turning away to leave the room, my eyes again unconsciously wandered to the spot where I had seen the dog, and my horror may be conceived when I state that this dreadful object was again visible, laid in precisely the same position as before. I walked quickly towards it, and again raising my foot with the view of driving it from the place, it vanished in an instant. I left the room to brood over this dreadful vision. I knew not what construction to place upon it. It was shrouded in impenetrable mystery, which did not afford any reasonable solution. I mentioned the circumstance subsequently to one or two members of the family, but they gave no credit to my statement, but affirmed that I had been labouring under some optical delusion. However that may be, my mother died a day or two after I had seen the vision, and whenever a death is about to occur in the family, I am

invariably forewarned of it some hours before it happens by the appearance of the black dog.

I pass from this melancholy and curious passage in my life to relate others scarcely less strange and surprising. A near relative of ours, at the time to which I refer, was living in a small country house some two or three miles distant from Edinburgh. It was a very remarkable thing that I had never seen this relative, although he had frequently been in England, and, indeed, often within a few miles of the town where we resided. I rarely heard his name mentioned by the family; and it appeared to me that there was some dark mystery connected with his history. If there was not, why was he never spoken of—why did we not exchange visits and letters with him as we did with every other member of the family? Was he not related to us by the nearest ties of blood? Was he not almost the only relation we possessed upon our mother's side? What had this man done—what untoward circumstances had arisen to break off all connexion between the two families? I had repeatedly asked for an explanation, but the question had invariably been evaded; and, though I never heard anything to his prejudice, yet the continued silence of my father and mother, and the gloom which settled upon their countenances whenever his name was mentioned, caused me to believe that something of the most grievous nature was associated with his name.

It chanced, however, that whilst on a visit to Edinburgh, some years after the death of both my parents, I received the following brief note:

"—— House, near Edinburgh, August 6, 1801.

"My dear Sir,—A near relative of your family will be happy to receive a visit from you for a few days, so soon as you can spare the necessary time. Any further explanation will be superfluous, since I subscribe myself,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"Arthur Arlington."

My surprise at the perusal of the above was unbounded. The letter was from my proscribed relative, the brother of my mother, the mere mention of whose name threw such a gloom over our family circle, and awakened such horror and awe in the breast of every member of the household. Here was an invitation couched in the kindest terms from this man. Here was an opportunity afforded for healing the breach that appeared to have existed between the families for so many years. Was I to avail myself of it—was I to go and partake of the hospitality of a man who had never injured me, and to hear from his own lips an explanation as to the cause of his alienation from the family? Or was I to concur in his condemnation, and afford him no chance of exonerating himself from the heavy charge implied rather than made against him by his relatives? To adopt the latter course appeared to be unjust and unreasonable. Good Heavens! was a man not to be heard in his own defence? Was he to be condemned altogether upon the evidence adduced against him? No. This was contrary to the spirit of justice. My heart revolted from it. I would visit him—hear from his own lips an explanation of the family difference—sit in judgment myself upon the matter, and if I were convinced that he had been treated with harshness and injustice, I would do everything in my power to compensate for the injury that had been in-

flicted upon him; if, on the contrary, I was satisfied of the justice of the decree, I would cast him from me as though he was the vilest of his race.

A few nights after the receipt of the letter referred to, I was in a gaming-house in Edinburgh. I had been dragged thither by some companions, and was led on to play. I staked only small sums at first. An extraordinary run of ill-luck set in against me. I lost every time. I was anxious to desist from playing, and was just contemplating a retreat from the table, when, upon turning round to look behind me, I beheld one of the most hideous countenances I ever beheld in my life close to my elbow. It was long and haggard, and disfigured with deep furrows; the skin was yellow and sickly; the eyes were wild, and greatly protruded beneath the grey, shaggy eyebrows. They were fixed upon me with an earnest gaze, and seemed to have been eagerly engaged in noting the progress of the game in which I had been so recently employed. The hair of the stranger hung in long matted locks about his temples. When he saw I was about to abandon the game, he urged me with a significant gesticulation to renew it. I know not what prompted me to act upon the suggestion. I staked larger sums at play, and lost them, as I had done the previous ones; and was again about to abandon it, finding that fortune had so completely forsaken me, when, turning round, my eyes again encountered those of the old man. He laughed with fiendish glee, and nodded his head to me with a familiarity which was exceedingly provoking, and which was intended to encourage me to renew the game. For the time being, I seemed entirely to have lost control over my actions, and again obeyed the impulse of this fiend in human shape. I at length lost all I possessed, and turned from the table with disgust. I was prevented from retreating by the interference of the strange old man, who unceremoniously thrust his person before me to prevent my withdrawal. His age protected him, or I should certainly have hurled him from me with the greatest violence.

"Try again, try again," whispered the fiend. "Here is money—you will win this time. I will stake my life upon your success. Here, here, try again;" and he forced a large sum of money into my hands.

I mechanically moved towards the table. I staked sum after sum with the most extraordinary success. To whom was I indebted for this good fortune? Certainly not to my skill as a player. No, it was the devil who had urged me on—provided me with means for the purpose, and it was to him that I was indebted for this remarkable good luck. Yes, the old man was the fiend; it was he who was hurrying me on to destruction. I continued the game for a considerable time without experiencing any reverse. At length I quitted the table—I looked around—the old man was gone. In my hasty passage from the room, I cast my eyes upon a large mirror that was suspended from one of the walls. Gracious God! I saw the grinning face of the fiend in the glass; it seemed to be chuckling with delight, and appeared to be conscious of the good fortune that had attended me. I looked again around the room, but the old man was nowhere visible. I rushed from the place; I gained the street, but the countenance of the fiend seemed perpetually to haunt me. I entered an inn and called for wine, of which I freely partook. I drank glass after glass with the greatest rapidity. I was impressed with a fearful conviction. I thought the price of my great success was my own soul. Yes, I believed

I had sold myself to the fiend—to the Prince of Darkness himself—and that the penalty of my temporary prosperity was to be eternal and excruciating torments. Oh! what thoughts darted through my mind as I made this dreadful reflection; what pains gnawed at the very core of my heart! I gulped down the wine to check these horrid reflections, but in vain—the wine was impotent. It was as water poured down my throat. Whither was I to fly? There are places of refuge in cloisters—in the remotest corners of the earth—in the depths of silent forests—in lone caverns of the ocean, and men have availed themselves of those places of refuge; but for man who is pursued by one implacable demon, and that demon THOUGHT, what refuge is there upon the face of the earth whereto he may fly and escape unscathed the withering blast of the fiend? It is ubiquitous, omnipresent, omnipotent. It is the blight, the bane of life. It forces itself for ever upon the mind, poisoning the very springs of existence—drying up the fountains whence happiness flows—overclouding, overshadowing all as with one vast, one opaque funeral pall. There is no joy that it will not alloy; there is no repose that it will not disturb. It is there—there incessantly; it haunts man like his shadow or the sounds of his footsteps. He who bears it about him when his conscience is ill at rest, carries within his breast a vulture that is incessantly feeding upon his heart; he who bears it with him when he walks abroad, conscious of moral rectitude, bears with him a ministering angel that supports him under every difficulty, and teaches him patience and forbearance.

For me what hope was there?—what consolation? Had I not in an evil hour listened to the voice of the tempter? Was I not lost, irretrievably lost? What was life to be henceforth? A blank, a dreary waste, a solitary pilgrimage. What a prospect lay before me—what a scene of misery and wretchedness. These thoughts were oppressive. I tried again the wine. It was harmless. I fled from the place; I directed my steps to my lodgings—still that fearful face perpetually haunted me; wherever my eyes turned, it met my view, grinning, scowling, chuckling with devilish malice. I reached my apartment; I threw myself hastily upon my bed, and, thank Heaven, I slept. But oh, God! what dreams, what damnable faces were hovering throughout the night around my bed; what contortions of features, what screeching, chuckling sounds assailed my ears. These visions were agonising. I tossed about, now on this side, now on that. Ever and again I started from my sleep, terrified with the imaginary horrors that surrounded me.

When the day broke I was languid and exhausted. But the refreshing air, the glorious light of heaven, the songs of birds, the smiling face of Nature, recalled me for awhile to myself. Although my heart was seared, although my soul was plunged into perdition, yet for a moment these sights carried me back to the freshness of youth—to the buoyancy of heart that is associated with it—to the time when life was a fairy scene, and when innocence and virtue still found an abiding place within my heart. I had parted with these for ever. Thank Heaven! my dear mother was in her grave; thank Heaven! she was beyond the reach of the inevitable sorrow and trouble that my apostasy would have occasioned her, and that my dereliction from the path which I had hitherto trodden, was now incapable of awakening in her too sensitive breast any anguish of mind for my delinquency.

It suddenly occurred to me, that a visit to my uncle might be the

means of diverting my mind from the melancholy subject upon which it was fixed. I, therefore, after as little delay as possible, set out for his residence. The day was beautiful, and my road lay through one of the most charming scenes that can be well imagined. Nature revelled here in luxuriance. There were fields waving with golden corn, rich pastures covered with the finest herbage, and in which flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were grazing. There were other fields overlaid, as it were, with a rich velvet carpet, and which but a few weeks before had been luxuriant meadows. The foliage of the trees was beginning to assume the somewhat yellow tint peculiar to the season, and to prepare the mind gradually for more important changes. The birds sang gaily from the boughs of the trees and hedge-rows, and myriads of insects were upon the wing, filling the air with their incessant humming, and rejoicing in their ephemeral but happy existence. At one time the voice of the countryman would break upon the ear; at another the joyous shout and hilarious laugh of the merry schoolboy. As I pursued my course, the eye ever and again rested upon a stream of water, which took a serpentine course through the country; now it was lost amid dark, tangled boughs and the thick foliage of the trees that overshadowed it—now it was visible, with its bright silvery waters dancing in the meridian sun. The noise of its rippling waves fell like softest music upon the ear, attuning the heart to sadness and reflection.

I came at length within sight of the mansion of my relative. It stood in a sequestered spot, surrounded by dark gloomy woods, and commanding but a poor prospect of the country. Anxious to ascertain in what esteem my relative was held in this part of the country, I asked a respectable person whom I met if he knew aught concerning the gentleman who resided in the house in question.

The man shook his head rather ominously. What did he mean? Was there something so wicked about the character of my relative that he was afraid to answer the question? I repeated my inquiry.

"I know nothing about Mr. Arlington; but there are curious stories circulated in the neighbourhood respecting him."

"For Heaven's sake, my dear sir," I said, "be more explicit. What do you mean?—what is the nature of those reports you refer to?"

"There may be no truth in them for anything I know," the man said, endeavouring to evade my question.

"That is not an answer to my inquiry. I ask you what are those stories? The truth is, I am greatly interested in the matter. I am on a visit to the gentleman in question, and should like to know something concerning him before I present myself to him."

"I am quite a stranger to you, sir; but, if you will take my advice, you will not visit Mr. Arlington."

"If you will give me sufficient reasons for not doing so, I will avail myself of your advice."

"The people here are perhaps ignorant and rude, but it is currently reported amongst them that Mr. Arlington has dealings with the Evil One—that he is a bad man, and that his conscience is stained with the darkest crimes. He is rarely abroad, and never in the daytime. He has been seen occasionally wandering through the woods at night, as though in the greatest distress of mind, and as though he had just arisen from a bed where all repose had been denied to him."

This intelligence startled me a great deal. I was, however, determined to proceed; and thanking the man for his information, I walked forward. I passed through the long avenue of trees leading to the house, and at length found myself at the hall-door of the mansion. My summons was answered by a decrepid old woman, who, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that Mr. Arlington was in his room; but that if I walked in she would immediately apprise him of my arrival. I was shown into a handsomely appointed room, commanding a view of a small flower-garden. As I awaited the appearance of my uncle, I experienced an amount of anxiety which was almost unbearable. What kind of a man was he in his appearance—in his manner? Was he aught like the family? Was he short or tall—handsome or otherwise? These questions occurred to me in rapid succession; and whilst I was still pondering the matter over the door opened, and a little old gentleman, with a grey head, entered the room. Gracious Heavens! As soon as I caught a glimpse of his countenance I changed colour immediately. I trembled in every limb, and a cold shivering sensation ran through me. The features of the old man were placid, but they were precisely the same as those of the fiend to whom I firmly believed I had sold my soul on the preceding night in the gaming-house in Edinburgh. His countenance was thoughtful and melancholy. He came quickly forward to meet me, and extending his hand, evidently with a great degree of diffidence, said,

"My dear nephew, I am heartily glad to see you. Have you received any intelligence lately from England?"

"Yes; I had a letter a few days ago."

"And how was your family?"

"They were all quite well, thank you."

"I am glad to hear it. But you must have some refreshment after your walk."

I had been here two or three days, when a singular event occurred to me, and which threw me into the greatest state of alarm. During this time, however, I was perpetually haunted by the face I had seen in the gaming-house in Edinburgh; and still as firmly impressed as ever that it was the fiend to whom I had been indebted for my good fortune, and that the price at which I had purchased it was my own soul. I endeavoured to persuade myself that the face was not that of my uncle, although I could not conceal from myself that the resemblance was very great indeed. The incident to which I have just referred was this. I went one night to bed rather earlier than usual. Before retiring to rest I usually took the precaution to examine every corner of the chamber; I did so on the night I refer to. In one of the closets of the room I found a curious-looking object; I took it in my hand, and examined it more closely. I was amazed—horrified. I let the candle fall from my hand in my trepidation, and the light was immediately extinguished. The object I discovered to be the arm of a human being, with a great portion of the flesh severed from the bone. It was that of a full-grown man, who had evidently been powerful and muscular. How had it come hither? Where were the other portions of the body? They were, no doubt, concealed in the various apartments of the house. This man—this (I had almost said relative)—this villain was worse even than I had been led to expect. His hands were stained with the foulest deeds; the

darkest crimes had, no doubt, been perpetrated beneath his roof. He was my host, too—my entertainer; nay, more, he was the man I had seen in Edinburgh. I was no longer in doubt. He held me in chain, body and soul. I was completely within his power.

I had frequently been surprised at his odd manner since I had become an inmate of his house. Sometimes he was so abstracted that he would scarcely deign to speak; at other moments, he was gay and vivacious in an extraordinary degree. I always, however, observed that he left me early in the evening to retire to his private room, alleging that he had business on hand, which would engage him for some hours before he retired to rest. I was determined to ascertain how he occupied himself here, for I feared that he was engaged in some evil work which required the utmost secrecy.

A night or two after this, I retired to my room as usual, but not to rest. About midnight, when all was quiet, I emerged from my room. I crept stealthily along the corridor, crossed a spacious gallery, and at length came within sight of the door of my uncle's chamber. I paused before I approached nearer, and stood for a few minutes looking through one of the windows. The night was thick and heavy, and the rain fell in copious quantities. I moved on—I stood close to the chamber-door—I drew in my breath, and listened—all was still. Had my uncle retired for the night? If he had, it was contrary to his usual custom; for he seldom discontinued his operations till long past midnight. I listened again, and thought I heard him cough. Yes, he was still up—still busy with his damnable devices. There was a small crevice in one of the panels of the door—I looked through it. Gracious God! I beheld a sight which for several moments prostrated entirely all my faculties of body and mind. It was with the greatest difficulty I prevented myself from falling my full length upon the floor. As soon as I had partially recovered, I proceeded to my room, and began to reflect upon what I had just seen. That dreadful spectacle I shall never forget. My uncle was bending over the prostrate figure of a dead man, which lay stretched upon a long board before him. I knew not precisely what he was doing—whether he was endeavouring to restore animation, or he was making some experiment upon the body. I slept little during the night; and when I awoke in the morning I was exceedingly unwell.

I saw little of Mr. Arlington on the following day. At night I again crept to the door of his room. I observed that the corpse was still in the position in which I have already described it, and that he was still performing some operation upon it. I discovered, however, in a corner of the room another corpse, stretched upon a board, which appeared to be that of a boy or a girl, not more than fourteen years of age.

On the evening of the following day, Mr. Arlington proposed to play me a certain game. He had a room fitted up for the purpose, with all the appliances that were required. I consented to his proposal, though with great reluctance. We played for several hours together, and I observed, as the game progressed, that he became greatly excited, and that his appearance and manner more and more approximated those of the strange being whom I had seen shortly before in Edinburgh. Our stakes were large, and I lost considerably. I became myself at length greatly excited, and finding that I invariably lost, I became convinced that I was playing with no human being.

"Fiend!" I exclaimed, in a rage of passion, suddenly [illegible] by the throat, "say, wh[illegible] Your [illegible]nduct, is e[illegible] in mystery."

"Unloose me!—unloose me!" he gasped, struggling to free himself from my grasp, which held him as tight as though he had been in a vice.

"Never, till you have explained yourself." I rather relaxed my hold, to enable him to speak.

"I will answer no questions further than that I am your uncle—your mother's brother."

"Avaunt, fiend! I cast you off—I disclaim all relationship. There is not a drop of the blood of our family in your veins."

I threw him from me with all my strength, and he came down to the ground with great force. He never stirred for several moments, and I left him for dead.

I escaped from the house. I traversed the country for miles and miles, not knowing whither I went. For days I had no food save what I found in the fields. I came to a large cemetery: there was a party there, whom I followed mechanically around the grounds. We at length entered a low arch, and descended several flights of steps. I found myself amongst some catacombs. There were hundreds of coffins piled up one upon another. I surveyed them with eager curiosity, yet scarcely knowing where I was. I was so intent in doing so, that I lost sight of the party I had accompanied. When I discovered this, I began to seek for them, but they were gone. I was alone, immured in this dreadful vault, surrounded by decaying mortality. I threw myself upon the ground, and slept; but in the night I thought the occupants quitted their coffins, and that their shrouds were tricked out with all the jewellery and finery that appertained to their wearers in life. Oh! what ghastly looks—what attenuated forms—what hollow, sunken eyes—what unearthly shouts and noises! There was a merry-making—a ball—and they danced with wild glee around the place, and amongst them appeared the hideous face of my uncle. Oh! what a night that was. On the morrow I obtained my release.

Some months after the period referred to, I saw again the black dog stretched one night across the hearth-rug in my sitting-room. The following day brought me intelligence of the death of my uncle. A few words will suffice to explain his character. He was an inveterate gamester, and had certain dealings with body-snatchers—a class of men at that time somewhat numerous in the northern metropolis. The skeletons of the corpses which he purchased of them for dissection, he sold to the medical students at Edinburgh. I need not say more. The relationship I cannot help. He is dead, and will doubtless have to answer to a higher Power than man for the sins which he committed in life.

THE NOVELS OF THE DAY.

The name of Mrs. Norton, too seldom hailed as a novelist by those who prefer prose to poetry, must ever be welcomed with peculiar pleasure by the lovers of fiction in this form, when they recal the singular pleasure they derived from her former productions.

After a series of years of experience, and consequently of trial, have past over our heads, we are all apt to dwell less delightedly on melancholy scenes than

> In the time of our youth, when life's cares are unknown,
> And its pleasures with all their new lustre begin;

for the young are "inclined to sadness—oftentimes not knowing why."

What, therefore, middle-aged, sobered readers may call too harrowing to the feelings, too distressing in its truthfulness of description, in the touching tale of "Stuart of Dunleath,"* will be precisely the charm to attract the younger part of the community. We shall not, however, attempt to deter them from the inevitable sorrow which their search into these pages will excite, for we hold to the principle laid down by *Tony Lumpkin* when he said, "the more they cry over a book, the better they like it."

Graceful and eloquent in the easy flow of the language, the story of "Stuart of Dunleath" is pathetic and poetical, full of power and replete with interest; and its earnest simplicity of style carries the reader on with a narrative which fails in nothing "to hold the mirror up to nature."

The delicate, amiable, generous, and trustful Eleanor, Mrs. Norton's heroine, is one of the most attractive and captivating creations we have met with for many years: there is nothing forced in the situations which bring out her charming character; all, with regard to her, flows as naturally as possible; both her joys and her griefs bear the unmistakable stamp of truth; and the author of so youthful a picture must of necessity possess a thorough knowledge of the human heart in all its purest and most exquisite feelings.

We are not willing to give even a brief outline of the story, as we think it will be better appreciated by a careful perusal; the mere detail of facts would do it but little justice, although, in a dramatic point of view, "the plot is a good plot," and the excitement which seizes the reader is kept alive to the last. The hero is probably not untrue to nature, but he is, we are of opinion, Mrs. Norton's least happy conception,—for this reason: the sad scrape he gets into by an imprudent speculation, which involves the fortune of his ward, and the rash attempt afterwards made on his own life, tend to destroy our confidence in him as a man of that strict honour and real nobility of mind which one not only looks for in a fictitious hero, but in the example which the writer of fiction ought always to offer in *one* of his characters as worthy of being followed. We love Eleanor, but we pity David Stuart, and go near to hold his extreme weakness in contempt. In spite, however, of this, he holds the story together with amazing interest and, principle apart, his character is drawn with a masterly hand.

Every one of the personages introduced has, moreover, some distin-

* Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Time. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Colburn and Co.

guishing individuality, and in this particular Mrs. Norton reads a lesson to those authors whose characters are mere encumbrances on the stage, without helping the story. This is a rare and great merit, worthy of imitation, and shows the skilful workman, who knows how much every touch he gives will tell.

In proof of what we say, we shall give a few extracts, such as will show the singular graphic power of a writer, in whose comic scenes—for such are not wanting in the midst of the sad whole—dwell so much humour, that we involuntarily murmur the name of Sheridan, confessing the likeness, and yielding to its influence.

The first volume introduces us to the feeble, amiable Lady Raymond, a prey to delicacy and indolent indulgence, whose existence is divided between sorrow for the loss of a tender and beloved second husband, the father of her daughter, the heroine; and devoted, admiring idolatry towards her son by a first, who was unloved, and was harsh and severe towards her. That son is admirably described in contrast to Stuart of Dunleath, left guardian of the child by his dying father, and looked upon with unfriendly eyes by the step-son, for whom his bounty had made ample provision:

There is, amongst some statistical records of madness lately, an account of a woman who went mad from pride in her child, and imagined herself the mother of the seraphim. Lady Raymond just stopped short of the point of insanity. . . She certainly thought human perfection had reached its *acme* in the good-looking, stern, square-shouldered young officer she had the happiness to call her son. What he said was law; his very step had a quarter-deck brevity and decision about it, as if he were for ever about to issue a command. He treated his mother with a protecting and superior tenderness, which he reversed into a stern criticism for every other human being, not excepting his affianced bride. He treated Eleanor as his father had treated his mother during their brief, unhappy union; in days he could not remember, but of which he gave in his own manners so correct a copy as sometimes surprises those who think habits are not hereditary, and who will not admit that habits are, in fact, a part of our nature and disposition—the outward covering of the soul. . . . . Godfrey Marsden was clothed, under his lieutenant's uniform, in a perfect panoply of self-satisfaction. If he set himself up as a judge of all other men, it was that he was better than all other men, and he knew it.

Stuart of Dunleath, the guardian, is thus described:

There was much of his mother's nature in David, but the alloy of his father's blood was there also. The nerve and untiring energy which enabled Mrs. Stuart for years to stem a flood of ruin, he had: but not her patient self-denial, her unswerving purpose. Her enthusiasm, her tenderness, her wide sympathy, and indulgence for all her fellow-creatures, he had: but not her self-government. The pang of remorse ever followed in his heart the commission of error, but the new error was not certainly avoided. He was like a fair ship, well-trimmed, with all her sails, masts, and cordage complete, her rudder and compass to steer, but no anchor to hold by when all was done.

The scenes between the master and his interesting pupil are sweetly touched, but we come suddenly on a passage which we must recommend Mrs. Norton to "reform altogether" in her next edition, if she desires to give the well-informed reader an idea of the erudition as well as taste of her heroine's instructor. Mrs. Norton makes Stuart describe to his fair and listening ward "the town-hall of *Bruges*," and tell her "the story of Jacques Cœur, the *Flemish* (!) jeweller, *whose house it was*," (!) and whose history is a *pendant* to that of our Wolsey in its illustration of the text—"Put not your trust in princes."

Now, if Stuart of Dunleath—we will not say the charming authoress—had ever read "the story of Jacques Cœur," or the history of his time,

he could not fail to have known, what any French schoolboy could tell him, that Jacques Cœur was the treasurer of Charles VII. of *France*, and lived at *Bourges en Berri*, as different a place from Bruges in Belgium as Monmouth is from Macedon. The fact being somehow known to the author that the unfortunate merchant was ill-treated by his sovereign, who accepted his gold to drive the English out of France and then left him "naked to his enemies"—makes this blunder of her hero the more extraordinary.

But to return to Mrs Norton's characters: Lady Margaret Fordyce, the accomplished lady of fashion, Eleanor's *chaperon*, is sketched as one only could sketch to whom such fascinating persons are familiar: the beauty both of mind and body of this delightful creature make her a rival in our hearts with the sensible and tender Eleanor herself. The pretty little Duchess of Lanark is no less well described.

Amongst the many passages which reveal Mrs. Norton's essentially poetical nature, one particularly strikes us; it is that in which she compares the springiug of love in her heroine's heart to a flower.

Here it is:

Reader, I once saw a flower blow. It was a superb specimen of that glorious bulb, the amaryllis. For its own sake it stood in the window, to glean the two hours of sunshine of a London sky; for the sake of the giver it stood near me, that from time to time when I looked up from my reading, I might, as the French say, "caress it with my eye." Suddenly a sharp sound, as of the striking of a large insect's wing against the glass, made me glance upwards. I saw it—I saw that daily and hourly miracle of nature in its act of completion. My flower blew: not as the rose blows, day by day unfolding its soft leaves a little and a little more in gradual beauty, but suddenly, with a glad start, flinging its deep rose-coloured leaves asunder, the heart of my young amaryllis lay bare to the light, and the sun saw a new worshipper on the strong green stem which daily drew light from his glory. It was the act of a moment; but no human hand, no skill, no art, could have forced the shining petals back to their calyx. My flower had blown, to live its life of dumb loveliness, to look as it did then, fresh as the dews of the morning, and afterwards waning in its beauty, to grow dimmer and more earthly, till a new and different compression should shrink those long-pointed leaves, and bid them hang brown and withered from the cup which was their cradle and their grave!

Sir Stephen Penrhyn, and his hard, harsh, Scotch sister, are excellently well drawn—the latter, it is to be hoped, a little overdrawn—and Tib is the perfection of shrewd, inquisitive ill-nature. Scene after scene of real life flash by as the tale advances, and all is touched with a light and sure hand, and with just enough finishing for distinctness. The twin sons of Eleanor are beautiful gleams in the too mournful picture, and their sudden fate is told with startling—nay, almost frightful power, the more striking from the contrast presented of the worrying, cold-hearted sister-in-law's irritating conduct just before the blow that falls on the unhappy mother. Who that has bent beneath affliction but does not feel the force of this passage:

Nothing is more common than to hear it said to persons in affliction or depression, "Oh! but you should employ yourself—you should resort to some of your usual occupations: I really wonder that you, who have so many resources, should allow your mind to sink this way." Alas! our resources are of very little service in hours of *real* affliction! The soul is palsied, not the hands: we cannot employ ourselves if we would. There is an energy in happiness that the wretched cannot feel. To what end should we labour? What does anything signify? Why should we shake the sands in the monotonous course of time? Let the hours go; let them bear [illegible] with us, or leave us behind in the grave; what care we? Only let there be peace and silence; no turmoil round us, no exertion expected from

us—no exertion, even that which we were willing to make for good and holy objects!

We had marked many comic passages for quotation, but find that our extracts from Mrs. Norton's exciting pages must cease, and with them our notice of the work; but before we altogether part with it we have a word of regret to utter, that, marring the beauty of what else had been perfect in style, so great a blemish should exist as the coarseness of language which is placed in the mouth of Sir Stephen Penrhyn. The "thunderclaps of execration" had better have been understood than written; there was no need, for the purpose of exhibiting violence of disposition and harshness of conduct, to make the baronet swear like the lowest ruffian at a dog-fight. The vice of swearing is rarely if ever met with now amongst persons whose habits of life remove them from the dregs of the populace, and if exceptional cases unfortunately linger, they should remain exceptional, and not find their way into books which the young and the innocent are likely to seek with avidity. It is no satistory reply to say that coarse language is true to nature. If that were all, every vulgar and disgusting phrase that strikes the ear in an hour's walk through the streets might as well be recorded. Let us, however, turn from this ungrateful theme to thank Mrs. Norton for all the enjoyment which we have derived from the perusal of her novel, in which she has faithfully carried out the purpose which prompted her to write. Her intention was "to illustrate the working of particular faults, on our own destinies and the destinies of others; and at the same time to uphold a wider toleration than we are generally willing to accord to those defects which do not exist in ourselves."

The three volumes of "Realities,"* which we now take up, have their purpose also; and if we are to accept the author's definition of her object, that purpose is as comprehensive as, if successful, it would be beneficent. Miss Lynn declares herself the advocate of "The Social doctrines taught by Christ;" and to this advocacy and the enunciation of opinions whereby she interprets those doctrines, she ascribes an amount of private reprehension such as never before, perhaps, attended the baptism of an unpublished work. There must have been some singular misgivings as to the effect which these "Realities" were likely to cause, to have induced the author so widely to circulate her manuscript before it was presented to the public, for she tells us that "for three months" her book was "a species of literary Caliban" to her friends, "a monstrous thing of wickedness and deformity, advocating all that was abhorrent to reason and good morals." Nevertheless, undeterred by the "hard names which flew like hailstones around her," Miss Lynn withstood the "batterv condemnation" with which she was assailed, and persevered in h- mination to give the world the benefit of her labours:

Firm in my conviction that the undaunted utterance of trut ought to be the first duty of every author—conscious of the to do good, how far soever I may wander from my ... too, that I have not written one word which I

moral courage is certainly not amongst the attributes that are wanting to her literary character.

We now pass from the dedication, in which the untoward circumstances above adverted to are set forth, to the body of the work, which we shall allow to speak for itself as often as we can, convinced that we should otherwise fail in doing justice to these remarkable volumes.

Miss Lynn's heroine, Clara, is the reputed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. de Saumarez, the antiquity of whose family ascends to the Conquest; but there is so little art in the construction of the story, or, rather, Miss Lynn has cared so little for her plot, that we see at once that Clara is a changeling, the real heiress being a girl of her own age, named Alice, the alleged illegitimate offspring of Martha Clayton, the daughter of an old groom in the De Saumarez family. Mr. de Saumarez is a cold, pedantic, scientific ass, considerably under the domination of his equally cold but really clever wife, who has established a reputation for granting the degree of "respectability."

Clara is described as a creature full of impulse and imagination, and the opposite in every respect not only to her supposed mother, but to the *protégée* Alice, who, having been ridden over by Clara when each was thirteen years old, has been taken into the house of Mrs. de Saumarez, and brought up as the companion of the young heiress. Though cold to all the world beside, maternal nature warms towards the *protégée*, and Alice occupies that place in the affections of Mrs. de Saumarez which Clara imagines is hers by right. Hence, and from the antagonism of their characters, arise situations which embitter the girlhood of Clara until the age of sixteen. At this period she accidentally encounters a strolling actress, who calls herself an offshoot of the Kemble family, and the presumed scion of the noble house of De Saumarez breaks through the restrictions of "the Hall," keeps the servants up till past twelve at night, and, on her return from Miss Kemble's dramatic readings in the village, is confronted by her father, who lays on her with a dog-whip "across her neck and shoulders," and orders her into the solitary confinement of her chamber. Clara had previously made an attempt to run away, and now carries her intention into effect. She joins Miss Kemble on her way to the railroad by which the latter returns to London, places herself under the actress's protection, is not pursued by her family, and, experiencing no further let or hindrance, resolves at once to realise the dearest aspiration of her soul by becoming a regular candidate for dramatic fame. She is introduced to the manager, with whom, *par parenthèse*, she very soon falls violently in love, in spite of his incipient bald ...d and the forty years which had passed over it.

...ersonage, whose name is Vasty Vaughan, is further described ..., gentlemanlike, a systematic *roué*, and a thorough-going ... of all virtue and all goodness;" and, besides being ... those manly, frank, benevolent, and pleasure-loving ... than any other class of men." Miss Lynn ... the

manager has not long to wait; he gives her a dinner at Windsor, and the kiss comes off—and something more. We extract the scene to show Miss Lynn's power in this particular line:

"What made you blush so much Clara, when the waiter came in?" asked Vasty Vaughan. They were at Windsor, at the —— hotel, waiting for dinner.

"I don't know," answered Clara, her voice trembling very much, and her eyes cast on the ground. "I have never been to an inn before, and it seems so strange, I don't know what they must think of me."

Vaughan smiled. "Do you imagine they think of you at all," he said, caressingly. "Are you such a vain poppet as to believe that every one must be as much bewitched with these sunny locks," taking them in his hand and pressing them to his lips, "and these crimson cheeks, as I am? Must you have a world full of Vasty Vaughans, darling?" As he said the last word—so low and soft—the blood flew over Clara's cheek and neck; her head drooped, she visibly trembled, and her breathing was checked and slow. Vasty took her hand; it was cold as stone, and lay in his grasp motionless, but not inexpressive. "The sun is very powerful to-day, and yet your little hand is like ice. What makes you so cold, Clara? is your hand emblematic of your heart?"

"I don't know," she repeated, scarcely audibly. "I don't think, though, that my heart is cold."

"Come here, let me see."

He drew her towards him, and held her close; his own heart beating strong and loud. Clara hid her face on his bosom, and felt as if her life were dissolving into a rapture of spirituality. At this moment the door opened with a noisy jar, and the waiter dashed in, as if a lion were at his heels—as hotel-waiters do dash in and out of rooms, especially when they are not looked for. Vaughan muttered something more emphatic than euphonious, and began to talk in the most unmoved voice possible; while Clara, too inexperienced to conceal her feelings, looked much as though she had been taken in the act of burglary, or the commission of a murder. . . . .

The dinner passed off in a strange, halting fashion enough. Vaughan had ordered all sorts of delicacies for his little favourite, but, for once, he had misunderstood the lesson of years. Had Clara been older or calmer, I doubt not that all these adjuncts to pleasure would have had their due effect on her. As it was, they were simply distasteful. She wanted no fish, no fowl, no fruits; the champagne made her ill, the pastry nearly choked her. The dinner seemed interminable, as she sat with her blue eyes bent ever to the ground and her young cheeks burning through her curls; and when Vaughan praised the oyster-patties, or pressed on her strawberry-ices, she wondered how he could expect her to lose his eyes and voice for such horrible substitutes. . . .

"Another thing I want to say to you," continued Vaughan "*You need never be careful of what you do with me. I should not like you to come down to Windsor alone with any other man*—now, don't start, and look so frightened!—*there is no earthly harm in it, my dear child*—it is simply a thing not usually done by young ladies—but there is no real harm in it; and with me, you know, you are as safe as with Lucretia. You may always trust me, Clara. *If I ask you to do anything, do it without hesitation*—at all times you may take my knowledge of the world, and my affection for you, as your best guides. Will you do this, too, as well as—love me."

The head sank lower, the girlish form bent nearer. The beating fingers on his own pressed themselves involuntarily and unmistakably; the parted lips, trembling and slightly swollen, seemed eloquent of words. "Will you, Clara?" he whispered. She turned her face towards him, and answered, "Yes." And in that little word seemed to her to be comprised the confession of a life. She cared not to analyse, to sift, to understand; she cared only to feel. And now, not one pulse but brought such tumult to her heart, such delicious madness to her brain—such vague, impalpable, but heaven-born ecstasy—as made her feel her gift of life, a gift that brought divinity as well. Now, for the first time, young Clara de Saumarez knew her full power of emotion, and felt tenfold repaid for all her past suffering by the counterbalance of this present hour of bliss.

Was the above amongst the passages "abhorrent to good morals" to which Miss Lynn's friends objected before she decided on publishing?

It seldom happens that the heroine in a novel has only one lover. The second string to Clara's bow is Percival Glynn, the master of elocution

who is to prepare her for the stage. On his character Miss Lynn has bestowed much earnest writing, with the view, no doubt, of asserting those opinions which it was the aim of her work to uphold. Her views are not ours with regard to the Magdalen-worship, in which it would seem her idea of the charity of Love consists; we refrain, therefore, from quoting more of her description of this man's creed than she has herself summed up in the following sentence:

"He was politically a socialist, religiously a non-sectarian—a free-thinker in the positive sense of the term—and practically the unshrinking protector of such poor sinners as a moral society has discarded, and a Christian people anathematised."

This gentleman, who seems a little too good for mankind as we find it just now, is exposed to the suspicions of Vasty Vaughan, and the scene that takes place between the rivals at a more advanced period of the story, is described by Miss Lynn in language rather more forcible than agreeable, as follows:

Vaughan laughed loudly. "This is the prettiest farce I have seen on or off the stage," he cried, with an oath. "On my soul, Glynn!—and you, you cursed piece of folly—you both deserve credit for the masterly boldness of your conduct! —your plot is glorious! So, Glynn, you must come, and before my very eyes make proposals to my mistress—in the very rooms I have hired. You must talk of respectability and virtue while asking her to give herself to you as a better protector to her than I should be. And she must act a puling abhorrence of me, only to transfer herself more quickly to your arms! By my soul, it is an exquisite piece of rare diversion! Go on!—go on!—it will give me a hint for a new comedy. Clara Clayton shall be the heroine—this modest, tender, clinging dove! —*this greedy kite*," he added savagely, "*that feeds on every meat down to such carrion as that! I might have expected as much from the bastard of a dissolute peasant.*" Clara uttered a low cry, and covered her face. "Stand up," said Percival, in a tone of command; "stand up, Clara, and fling back those slanderous words! Tell him that he lies,—that his own false heart convicts him,—that from the villany of his own heart he judges you!"—"I cannot bear this!" cried poor Clara—her womanly pride, her courage, her dignity, all giving way. "Let me go from you both for ever!"—"Will you," sneered Vaughan, clutching her shoulder; "do you forget your bond, my modest maid? I am sorry to step in between you and your pleasures, but your theatrical life at least belongs to me! For the five coming years you are my servant, my hired jester, my paid mime—a thing that paints, and dresses, and mouths to the gaping multitude as I would have her—my hired servant," he repeated, "and you cannot escape." . . It was too true. Clara was in his power, turn which way she would. By his brutality she gained strength. "Percival, I will go with you," she said, with strange and sudden calmness; "the world may talk if it likes. I am innocent, and I am indifferent." Vaughan came up to the elocutionist. He struck him in the face, saying, in tones of intensest rage—suffocating, blinding rage, "You shall answer to me for this; and you shall die for it." He turned to Clara, and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. She bore the marks for weeks after. He forced her face to him, and then he stooped down, and, in low hissing tones, cursed her with an oath that made her very heart turn to stone. He was a strong man. Before Glynn could interpose, he lifted her from the ground, flung her heavily on the floor, and, with the same fierce curse, rushed from the house. For hours that man was mad—pacing his rooms like a caged lion—his veins all starting like knotted whipcord through his skin, and every nerve stretched to its extreme tensity. . . . He tore his hair, he blasphemed till the air grew loud with frightful oaths.

We pause here to ask a question. Are scenes like this and the preceding one calculated to add to the dignity or advance the objects of literature, and is it by the advocacy of a work which abounds in similar passages that "the social doctrines taught by Christ" are to be inculcated?

It may be said that in these extracts there is no exposition of doctrine, and that to cite them only is to leave the author's opinions unrepresented; but, to say the truth, our impression, in going through these volumes, is, that the whole work is one tissue of the same exaggeration, violence, and too often prominent writing, and that we do her most service when we say the least. Miss Lynn is a determined social reformer, and that our social system requires reform on many of the points which she attacks, there can be no doubt; but we shall be very much mistaken if the defective condition of our laws, and the ugly vices which she dissects with such an eager hand, are cured or mended by her novel. Amongst the many repulsive portraits which we meet with in it, Emma, the abandoned wife of Vaughan, is the most hideous. From the moment of her first entrance, "a woman, bold, ragged, and untidy," sitting in "a dirty room overlooking the fetid river," to that of her last appearance, "an old she-wolf," "an irreclaimable demon," a convicted felon only saved from the scaffold by madness, she shocks and disgusts us more, perhaps, than we have ever before been shocked and disgusted by any fictitious creation.

Here is a taste of her quality: "She felt that she would like to see blood on her own very hand—that she would like to murder some very rich man—no, some saintly Christian—and wet her lips in his heart's drops." The clergyman in prison attempts to instruct and soften her; she makes answer as follows: "Fool—beast—idiot—out of my sight! Go preach to softer heads than mine—tell things half-witted like yourself, what false lies you want them to believe; but don't attempt to hollow out a rock with clouds and vapours that fear the very name of truth. Out of my sight! you poison the air even of a prison." The prison-governor might well call her "a perfect savage." But why make such a character? For the purpose of showing such a condition of mind to be the inevitable result of the law of divorce as it now stands; and this is the argument which Miss Lynn employs to justify her view of the case:

"Our age is too spiritual to contemplate the possibility of conjugal disunion after the sacred vows of the marriage ceremony: it is too pure to accept the part of human inconstancy. A legal contract—for such is marriage—must not be legally dissolved, save for one low moral crime; *the instincts of human nature must not be suffered to exist save under the name of crime.* No personal cruelty, no brutalising vice, releases the unhappy bearer of ill-fitting matrimonial fetters: but society makes a compromise with law, and permits a separation, which of itself *necessitates* the very fact that society condemns."

The last word in Italic is Miss Lynn's.

We are sorry to have been compelled to comment with severity on the work of a writer of so much undoubted talent as Miss Lynn, but the very fact that she writes with vigour and ability is a reason the more for not refraining from silence. We fear, however, from the example afforded us in the rejection of that friendly counsel which advised the suppression of her book, that any advice of ours as to her future literary career would be useless.

Lady Bulwer has given the reading public in her new novel* a dashing, bustling Irish story, with more fun in it than refinement, and more

* Miriam Sedley; or, The Tares and the Wheat. A Tale of Real Life. By Lady Bulwer Lytton. Shoberl.

recklessness than delicacy. It contains a good many sharp hits at "British Females," and no sparing castigation of husbands in general, together with a few severe cuts at "pious" people and sentimental orators. This clever lady is by no means behind her fellow-authoresses in the *ars execrandi*, which, till now, we imagined, like "breaking ribs," by no means "sport for ladies." The instances before us, of three female writers of different quality all agreeing in this taste, has convinced us to the contrary. One example will, perhaps, suffice to show the fellow-feeling which unites "the lofty and the low," so to speak, in this remarkable common cause:—"For my part . . . I thought it a great pity that people could not be d—d as long as they liked, especially when so many take such pains to go to the d—l. It really is not worth while if it is only to be for a short visit."

Of the four novels which have passed under our review at this time, we are amused to find the one which, being "nautical," might have been more likely to err in this manner, the only sinless volume as regards the fact which has so much startled us. Ralph Rutherford* is honest and pious, and bold and respectable, and sees no shame in such qualities. It is a good sea story, with considerable bustle and some sentimentality, and contains nothing to make "the judicious grieve."

NOTES OF THE OPERA.

At the close of last month we left the public in the pains of expectancy, to be rapidly converted into the pleasures of fruition when Sontag —that world-wide favourite—should make her first appearance for the season at Her Majesty's Theatre. She came back to us on the 3rd of May, with her lovely voice unimpaired, her personal attractions undiminished, and her whole aspect breathing of the youth and purity of which she seems the perennial representative. For her *début* she chose the "Figlia del Reggimento," and justified her choice by the perfection with which she not only sang but acted the part of the lively, bewitching *Maria*, the light-hearted, charming *cantinière*. Where real genius exists, there is no monopoly of a popular part, and Madame Sontag's *Figlia* may take its place beside that of Jenny Lind, and fairly challenge comparison. The umpire who should have to decide between two such nightingales might very safely say, with Sir Roger de Coverley, that there was an amazing deal to be said on both sides. We need not say how rapturously Madame Sontag was received.

In the following week the ferment into which the public mind had been thrown by the reputation achieved by Alary, in Paris, in his new *opera buffa* of the *Tre Nozze*, was allayed by its production. That there was much in this opera that was pleasant we have no hesitation in admitting, but that it realised all we had been told of it we are by no means prepared to grant. Still there was a light, agreeable style, a sparkle and melody running through it, which made every new situation welcome; and, like a mountain stream, it danced along in the sunlight,

* Ralph Rutherford. A Nautical Romance. By the Author of "The Petrel," &c., &c. Colburn and Co.

refreshing and gladdening in its gay course, giving new colour to the flowers it passed, and bringing out their perfume.

One of these flowers, certainly a stranger to the opera parterre till now, was the teaching and dancing scene, in which *Luisa* endeavours to improve the carriage of her substantial and respectable lover—her mother's choice, not her own. The charming *Luisa*, like a little sylph, flitted around and about the astonished, bewildered, and shame-faced inamorato, personated by Lablache in a manner sufficiently bewitching, taking liberties with her voice such as any other than Madame Sontag's could with difficulty surmount, for dancing and singing, though often classed together, cannot be expected to improve the latter; this, however, was an exceptional case, for we knew not which to admire most—the graceful movements or the warbling of the playful and fascinating tormentor of the most patient of enamoured giants, who laboured to learn the English phrase she taught him, infinitely to the amusement of the audience. From the spirit and humour with which he played the part, we should hardly have suspected Lablache to be suffering from indisposition; such, however, was the case, as his voice occasionally betrayed, in spite of his good-natured efforts. This was unfortunate for the *débutant*, Signor Ferranti, who had no opportunity of exhibiting his undoubted talent in the famous *duo*. All he did sing gave promise of excellence when a wider field opens to his powers.

Madame Giuliani returned to us in this lively opera, and played her part with her accustomed spirit. Gardoni's sweet and tender voice was heard in great perfection; his romance in the third act was like a delicious dream of beauty.

However frequently the eye is attracted by the announcement of the bewitching "Barbiere," the same delight takes possession of the mind in the anticipation of hearing its magic music; and, when Sontag is the heroine, we resign ourselves to exclaim with the old poet,

> Come, little syren, rob me of my heart
> With that enchanting voice!

Perhaps *Rosina* is one of the parts the most calculated to suit Madame Sontag as the fascinating lady-love of *Figaro's* gay master—at least, we are always inclined to think so when we see her in it. It would appear that we are not singular in our opinion, to judge by the enthusiasm with which her performance was received by a crowded audience, to whom, one might have imagined, it was entirely new, so fresh and gushing was the applause which followed all her songs. As usual, her unrivalled "Una voce" met with triumphant success; "Cet air tout embaumé de souvenirs" was never more entrancing than the other night, or varied with more delicate and amazing skill.

We were glad to hail Signor Ferranti in a part which gave him scope. His *Figaro* was full of rapidity and fun; and the celebrated "Largo al factotum" was seldom in better hands. He has but little to learn; and after a short acquaintance with the stage, he will be all that the most fastidious can desire.

Lablache had "tricked his beams, and with new spangled ore" came forth with his wonted power, singing and acting as only he can sing and act. We never heard him give the "Quando mi sei viaria" better. Calzolari was admirable, particularly in the final sestett.

But we must not linger too long with our old and tried favourites, but

hasten on, for fear our space should fail to tell of the revival of one of the world's wonders—the *capo d'opera* of the greatest composer for the orchestra which the heaven of melody has yet spared to earth.

Beethoven's "Fidelio" has twice been played at Her Majesty's Theatre, and it need scarcely be said has twice carried with it triumph and admiration. "Fidelio" was composed, as it were, in a fit of enthusiasm for the plot of another master, suggestive of the music which might fittingly express the sentiments intended to be conveyed. It came out in Vienna in 1805; but was found dull by a French military audience, fond of gayer and lighter compositions, and not alive to sympathy with the noble struggles of *Leonora.* The offended genius, on finding his sublime inspirations had fallen on sterile soil, withdrew from opera composition in disgust; and for many years few but those gifted like himself had an opportunity of hearing his grand conceptions. Sontag—the inimitable Sontag, who possesses, it is said, a marvellous power of reading music at a glance, and entering at once into the most refined recesses of its merits, in a manner unknown but to herself—was almost the sole female singer who thoroughly appreciated the excellence of the great author of "Fidelio"—she it was who chiefly supported his celebrated mass in D minor.

But it is of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli that we have now to speak—a new, a charming, a perfect *Leonora*, whose voice of sweet and thrilling power seems as though it

Wacht die Schöpfungauf!

and whose transcendent beauty seals the charm of her delicious tones.

Transferred from the German to the Italian stage, "Fidelio" has gained all it required to make it one of the most popular of operas, even with those whose judgment is less severe and *exigeant* than the Germans; but while the sweet Italian tongue lends the music grace, the glorious composition will point to higher aims amongst the composers of the sunny South, and temper their sweetness with the strength it sometimes wants. Mademoiselle Cruvelli had a hard task set before her; she has accomplished it in a manner which will make her name in future one mentioned only as a record of great difficulties conquered by determined genius.

She is a fine actress as well as an accomplished vocalist, and seldom has the opera stage witnessed a more magnificent personation than that she offered of the unfortunate wife of the imprisoned *Florestan.*

Mr. Sims Reeves is admirable as the husband, both in acting and singing; and nothing could surpass his opening air of the second act, or the feeling he gave to the dungeon scene.

Signor Mercuriali deserves praise for his *Jacquino;* and Madame Giuliani, by her correctness and fine knowledge of her art, does much to make the grand scenes effective.

Massol is very fine; Gardoni, Calzolari, Pardini, F. Lablache, and the other first-rate voices in the magnificent choruses, exert all their power and genius, and render the whole a triumph.

Balfe must be gratified to have his exertions so nobly seconded.

Alas! we have left ourselves no room to talk of *Zerlina* and her dangerous lover! We cannot now relate how much "Un corto balsamo" did our hearts good; we cannot now prate of her conquests, nor tell all we desired to do of the marvels of the ballet.

Next month we will indemnify ourselves.

VINDICATION OF MIRABEAU.*

The correspondence now first given to the public by M. de Bacourt has been known for a long time. Most authors who have latterly written upon the French revolution have adverted to it. The extracts of some of the memoranda written by Mirabeau for the use and guidance of the court, and his letter to the king, dated May 10th, 1790, have been published, but not the bulk of the correspondence, which is calculated to place the often-discussed relations of one of the most celebrated characters of the Revolution with the court in a new light. A creature of passion, yet possessed of an energy and decision which yielded to no opposition, and an audacity of purpose which shrank before no difficulties, Mirabeau has been generally supposed to have been bribed to use his influence in stopping the progress of republicanism by a pension, and the promise of such a diplomatic or ministerial post as he should select after the re-establishment of the royal authority. His conduct in so doing, violently attacked by some, has been as zealously defended by others. Mirabeau himself looked upon these letters as his apology. In a note directed to his literary executor, the Count de la Marck, dated 18th July, 1790, a few months previous to his death, and only two months after he had entered into relations with the court, he, after thanking the count for receiving and taking charge of the correspondence, adds, "My courage revives at the idea that such a man as you will not suffer that I shall be totally misunderstood. Either I shall be mown down soon, or I shall leave in your hands noble elements of apology. Most truly do I reckon among the number [the kind of divination, which made you my friend, when so many vulgar men were busy in arousing the very echoes against me, or were endeavouring to bind me down to their measures."

The Count de la Marck, a descendant of one of the most illustrious and ancient houses of Europe, and a prince of Arenberg, was of undoubted monarchical principles, and his connexion with Mirabeau originated, according to his own avowal, in his efforts made to detach that great man from his party, and bring him over to that of a constitutional monarchy.

"A stranger to France," wrote the count, "thirty-six years after the epoch in question, "circumstances of a particular and purely private nature had made me enter the service of that country: it was my duty to obey the king; my sentiments, my gratitude attached me in a peculiar degree to his person, as well as to that of the Queen Marie Antoinette. I wished to contribute to the preservation of the throne, as also to the defence of the unfortunate king who then filled it. To bring back to the cause of this king, the Count Mirabeau, who appeared to be the most violent and the most dangerous enemy of his throne, and to be enabled to rank him among his most powerful defenders, appeared to me to be the most essential service I could render him: that is the object which I proposed to myself, and I set about it with so much the greater resolution as I had satisfied myself that injured self-love, and spite provoked by injustice, were far more at the bottom of his enmity than any real feeling of hatred to the court, or positive inclination for the democracy."

"I have had too many intimate relations with this celebrated orator that my name should not be one day remembered in connexion with his, and

* Correspondance entre le Comte de Mirabeau et le Comte de la Marck pendant les années 1789, 1790, et 1791. Receuille, mise en ordre, et publiée par M. Ad. de Bacourt, ancien Ambassadeur de France près la cour de Sardaigne. 3 tomes.

that various surmises should not be made upon the influence that I obtained over him; so much so, that absolute silence on my part could only become the source of misinterpretation. Moreover, it is my duty to break this prolonged silence, to do that justice which is due to the king and to the queen, so that the memory of the Count Mirabeau should not remain compromised, when, according to my opinion, it ought to be honoured."

"I possess authentic materials which will place the conduct of Louis XVI., that of Marie Antoinette, and the manner in which Mirabeau was connected with those illustrious personages, in their true light. My relations with this giant of the revolution are generally known, but under a false aspect. They have already been misrepresented in several works: truth will be more honourable for all parties."

"Those who thought that I only sought the acquaintance of the Count Mirabeau in order to attach him to the court party, and have seen nothing but an intrigue in my connexion with him, have deceived themselves; the date of these relations goes back to a period of two years before the revolution."

"As soon as the reunion of the three orders with the states-general had been brought about, *we both of us held that there was nothing so well calculated to benefit France as a constitutional monarchical government.* Of all kings Louis XVI. was best adapted to carry this idea into effect. Never greedy of power, he was in no way jealous of preserving his authority as it had been exercised up to 1789. Not only did he resign himself to the idea, but from the affection he bore to his people, he was led sincerely to believe that a constitutional government was best adapted for them, and hence he desired it. His own character, besides, enabled him to see with a certain satisfaction, that he would no longer have the personal charge of so great a responsibility. And I can add with as much certainty as conviction, that the queen partook in this respect the opinions and inclinations of Louis XVI. The materials in my portfolio will establish these assertions beyond the possibility of dispute."

These are most important statements. They come late in vindication of the character of Mirabeau, for seldom has more abuse been heaped upon the memory of any public man than the herd of biographers have brought to bear upon that of the "Plebeian Count;" but they come still later to vindicate the characters of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, concerning whose innocence none but a depraved, jealous democracy could ever entertain a doubt. Nothing proves more remarkably that misapprehensions have existed with regard to the real character of Mirabeau, than the inconsistencies of biographers, who agree only in one point—namely, handing down to posterity the vilifications and calumnies of his contemporaries. Thus, for example, we find one writer asserting that he was positively a creature treacherous to his own party, and pensioned by the court; that he tampered for a dissolution of the assembly and the convocation of a house with a monarchical majority at the very time of his death; whilst another is equally unjust to his memory in asserting, "that though he aimed at popularity, he wished for power, and secretly planned the destruction of the monarchy!"

There is no doubt that the count's antecedents are not in his favour; but his early intercourse with young and dissipated officers, and the very low state of court morality at the time, must be taken into consideration. A hundred peccadillos of equally serious import with those committed by young Mirabeau were forgiven to many a one who was not induced by personal neglect and positive persecution and injury to fling himself into the arms of the popular party. The natural impetuosity of Mirabeau's

character was as much manifested in early life, in ardour for military pursuits, and distinction, as it also, unfortunately for him, showed itself in the intensity of his affections. Immured by his father in the fortress of Rhé, systematically opposed by him in his military career, again confined in various prisons for debt, immured in the dungeons of Vincennes for eloping with the wife of the president Monnier, and discarded by the noblesse of Provence, whom for a time he had represented in parliament, is it surprising to see a fine talent and impulsive genius carried away in a wrong direction, opening a shop in contempt of his order, writing himself *Marchand de Draps*, and as member returned by the Tiers Etat for Aix, become a "Plebeian Count," a partisan, and next a leader of the popular party! Well might the disciplined, aristocratic perceptions of the Count La Marck lead him to say, that this conduct satisfied him that "bruised self-love, and spite provoked by injustice," were at the bottom of such fantastic proceedings.

M. de Bacourt, speaking of Count la Marck's first acquaintance with Mirabeau, says that the former, endowed with a sensible and discriminating spirit, delighted in the acquaintance of remarkable men, even apart from the society to which he belonged by his rank, family, and connexions. Hence he was induced to make the acquaintance of Mirabeau, already notorious by his writings, by certain scandalous proceedings, and by the persecutions of his father, and who, therefore, could not be expected to move in the same society as the Count la Marck. But after the explanations as to his objects in seeking Mirabeau's acquaintance, volunteered by the count himself, and previously quoted, there would appear to be little reason for attempting to conceal the real objects of at least the renewal of the acquaintance. The first meeting of the two subsequently long and closely attached friends, took place at the Prince of Poix's, who was governor of Versailles; and there were also present, to meet Mirabeau, on the same occasion, the Princess of Poix, the Count and Countess of Jessé, M. de Mun, Viscount Noailles, and M. de Meilhan.

Count la Marck says he was much struck with Mirabeau's appearance. He was tall, square, and thick-built. His head, very large in itself, was increased in size by an immense quantity of hair, curled and powdered. In his whole attire there was a manifest exaggeration of the fashions of the day, which did not at all tally with the good taste of the court. A certain repulsiveness was imparted to his features by the ravages of the small-pox. His brow was heavy, but his eyes were full of fire. While endeavouring to be polite he exaggerated ceremonious forms, and his first words were complimentary, but delivered in an affected, vulgar tone. In brief, he had neither the manners nor the language of the society in which he found himself, and although by birth he was on a par with those around him, still it was at once seen by his manners that he wanted the ease which is only acquired by habitual intercourse with high society.

After the dinner at the Prince of Poix's, Mirabeau and La Marck had frequent interviews. Mirabeau dined often at M. la Marck's, and on one occasion the Duke of Orleans was also of the party. But the dinner did not go off satisfactorily, and a few days afterwards Mirabeau intimated that the language held by the duke had displeased him, and said that the prince did not inspire him with confidence. Such, however, was the commencement of the relations between Count la Marck and Mirabeau, which became more intimate in 1789, when they met together in the assembly of the states-general. Count la Marck, although an Austrian subject, and commanding a body of German troops,

was elected to the order of nobility, on the ground of lands held by him in France through his wife.

The debates which took place on the first meeting of the three orders composing the assembly are well known. It was not till after some degree of peace and understanding had been brought about between the conflicting parties, that Mirabeau, who, as we have before noticed, was returned in the plebeian interest, addressed himself to Count la Marck. "Do you no longer know your old friends? you have not spoken to me, yet," he said. Count la Marck explained that they had not yet been thrown together in the same room, but he hoped now they should see one another and converse frequently. Mirabeau answered, "With an aristocrat like you, I shall always come readily to an understanding." A few days afterwards M. la Marck asked him to dinner, an invitation which he accepted. But, scarcely had he presented himself, than he said, "You are displeased with me, are you not? you and many others. If that is the case, you ought to be amongst those who inhabit the palace, for the vessel of the state is beaten about by the most violent tempest, and there is no one at the helm."

Mirabeau continued for some time in the same tone, and expressed himself in the strongest language against the comptroller-general, Necker, whom he accused of ignorance and incapacity. He argued that it was disgraceful in this minister to convoke the states-general and yet not be prepared with some plan of finances, by which not only the miserable deficiency of 140,000,000 might be met, but the revenue of France be enriched for the future. He argued, that for a country like France, it would be mere child's play to arrive at such a result, but that it nevertheless required more profound views and bolder conceptions than M. Necker possessed, who, in his opinion, was altogether unfit for his place.

Count la Marck contented himself with replying, "But what do you intend to arrive at, with the incendiary proceedings which you have adopted within and without the assembly?"

"The fate of France is decided!" exclaimed Mirabeau, "the words of liberty, of taxation by the consent of the people, have been re-echoed throughout the kingdom. It will be impossible to get out of it without a government more or less like that of England."

Thus, at the very onset of his popular career, and in the midst of all his declamation, and the contempt with which he treated ministers, Mirabeau manifested pure monarchicol tendencies; and he often repeated, that it was not his fault if he was repulsed and thus forced for his personal safety to become the head of the popular party. "The time is come," he said, "when men must be esteemed by what they carry in the small space under the forehead between the two eyebrows."

It was in vain that Count la Marck attempted to prove to him that all that he said did not justify or excuse the audacity of his revolutionary discourses before the Assembly, and that his eloquence, admirable as it was, was not worth the evil it did to the country. "The day," he answered, "when the king's ministers will consent to reason with me, they will find me devoted to the cause of royalty and the safety of the monarchy."

Finally, upon the question of his interlocutor, "But to what will the present state of things lead?" he answered, "In the ruin of France, and if they wish to save the country there is no time to be lost in making use of the only means that remain. The Assembly is left to itself. They flatter themselves that they will be able to subject it by force, as the aristocratic party pretend, or to bring it over by the sonorous and empty

phrases of M. de Necker. Government should seek to form a party there, by means of the men who have the power to influence it, to carry it along with them, and to calm its passions."

It was towards the end of June, 1789, that Mirabeau is reported by M. la Marck to have held this very significant language. The effect was naturally to make the latter reflect profoundly upon what he had heard. He felt much more enlightened upon the existing danger, and he also felt all the importance of the part that Mirabeau was called upon to play in the memorable events that were preparing, and he resolved to profit as much as possible by the confidence reposed in him. A short time afterwards, subsequently to another dinner given by M. la Marck, Mirabeau said, in quitting his host, "Why do you not manage that it should be known at court that I am more with them than against them?" These various intimations revealed the real wishes of the orator to M. la Marck, who began to side with his friend in the idea that the best thing the king could do would be to gain over to his party the chiefs of the revolutionary faction. Among these chiefs Mirabeau was incontestably the most renowned and the most powerful, and, therefore, the most important to be won over. A particular apprehension, however, still influenced M. la Marck; he suspected Mirabeau of venality. "Would such a man," he asked himself, "serve the monarchy sincerely and faithfully? Was he not already secretly attached to the Orleans party?" An event which took place shortly afterwards reassured him upon this point: this was the death of the Marquis Mirabeau, which took place on the evening of the capture of the Bastille. The marquis left his son an income of 2000*l.* a year, but hampered at the same time by many incumbrances and arrangements to be made in regard to his brother and his sisters.

When Mirabeau acquainted M. la Marck with the death of his father, he said, "I shall not obtain a louis from the inheritance for a long time, for I have not time to busy myself with personal affairs which would demand great attention; and hence it is that I often have not money enough to pay my valet." Language like this satisfied his friend that he did not receive money from any party, not even from the Duke of Orleans.

The 15th of July, 1789, the day on which M. Bailly was named Mayor of Paris, and M. de la Fayette general-in-chief of the National Guard, Mirabeau said to M. la Marck, "If decency had not prevented me from showing myself on account of the death of my father, I am sure I should have been named mayor instead of M. Bailly." M. de Bacourt attaches much importance to this statement, the foundation for which, he says, is shown by all contemporary evidence to have been incontestable; and he argues that if Mirabeau had been elected to succeed the ancient provosts of Paris, he would have been brought at once into connexion with royalty, whose interests he would then have espoused at the onset, instead of doing so a year later, when the rapid march of events rendered the part of conciliator no longer possible.

Meantime M. la Marck had taken into his confidence, upon the question of gaining over Mirabeau, M. de Cicé, Archbishop of Bordeaux, at that time Keeper of the Seals. M. de Cicé had been at one time a great admirer of Necker; but later events had led him to change his opinion, and he now thought that many of those who were hostile to government—and, among them, Mirabeau, the Abbé Sieyes, Barnave, and others—might be brought over.

"One day," M. la Marck relates, "in the month of September, 1789,

Mirabeau came to me early in the morning, with an anxious look, and said, 'My dear sir, it is in your power to do me a great service. I do not know what to do; I have not a single crown. Lend me something.'—I offered him a roll of 50 louis, all that I had then at my disposal. He thanked me much, and said to me, 'I do not know when I shall be able to repay you; I have not yet been able to look to my paternal inheritance, and already my relations are taking legal steps against me.'"

M. la Marck declares that, from the date of this event to the time of his death, Mirabeau's gratitude never ceased to show itself in every possible way, for that he had, accompanied by many defects, nobler and better qualities than he ever met combined in the same individual.

The first attempt made by M. la Marck to impress the court with a sense of the importance of gaining over Mirabeau to the side of royalty, and which was taken through the medium of the Countess d'Ossun, tire-woman to her majesty, met with a very cold reception:

"I have never doubted your sentiments," said Marie Antoinette to M. la Marck; "and when I heard that you were connected with Mirabeau, I made sure it was with some good intention. But you will never be able to do anything with him; and as to what you deem necessary for the king's ministers to bring about, I do not agree with you on that score. *We shall never, I hope, be so unfortunate as to be reduced to the painful necessity of having recourse to Mirabeau.*"

Count la Marck did not, however, lose all hope of success, and without assigning any particular reason for such generosity, unless we are to admit a kind of loyal devotion, carried out in the manner in which he thought really most to the interest of the monarchy, he makes the following curious revelation:—"I asked him if he did not want more money; and I said that if he would promise me only to have recourse to me, under such circumstances, I should have much pleasure in lending him fifty louis a month, which, with his receipts as a deputy, might suffice for his current expenses. I added, that by the means which I proposed to him, he would be placed in a better position to preserve his independence, and to look to nothing but to the public welfare and his personal glory."

Events were all this time progressing rapidly. Towards the end of September, 1789, Mirabeau, whenever M. la Marck spoke of the court, would exclaim: "What are those people thinking about? Do they not see the abyss that is being digged under their feet?" Upon one occasion he said, still more prophetically, "All is lost! The king and the queen will perish,—you will see it; the people will trample on their dead bodies." Seeing horror depicted on the countenance of his aristocratic friend, he continued: "Yes, I tell you, they will trample on their dead bodies. You do not sufficiently understand the dangers of their position; yet it ought to be made known to them."

Prophecies like these, so soon afterwards fulfilled, and repeated not to M. la Marck alone, but to many others, naturally led many persons to believe that the prophet was intimately concerned in the realisation of his predictions; and this was made one of the groundworks of the accusations brought by M. Chatelet, colonel of the guard, against Mirabeau; but M. la Marck exculpates his friend from any connexion whatever with the events of the 5th of October. He positively asserts that he spent the day with him; that they dined together, studied the progress of war in Brabant on the map, and conversed together till six in the evening. "It is from the very depths of my conscience," adds the count, "that I here affirm, that this man was a total stranger, in his intentions or his actions, to the proceedings which excited so violent an effervescence in the capital." At six o'clock, M. la Marck and Mirabeau

proceeded to the assembly; and it was there that they first heard of the movements of the Parisian populace. The details given by M. la Marck of the events of that day tend, at the same time, to charge La Fayette with gross negligence and idleness, if not with actual complicity with the populace. It was not without reason that Rivarrol, in his history of the Revolution, calls the republican general General Morpheus.

On the morning after the day upon which the king was dragged to the Tuileries, Mirabeau repaired at an early hour to M. la Marck's. "If you have any means," he said, "of obtaining a hearing from the king or the queen, tell them that France and themselves are lost if the royal family does not quit Paris. I am busy with a plan for their escape: can you not give them the assurance that they can depend upon me?" "Draw up your plan," M. la Marck answered; "I will take care th'y get it." The plan in question, which bears date 15th October, 1789, occupies no less than eighteen pages of the correspondence; and it is certainly a most forcible exposition of the condition of Paris at the moment—such as it had been twenty times previously, it has been twice since, and will be again, when the great struggle between the *Bourgeoisie* and the *Proletariat*, impending in our own times, takes place:

"If Paris has great force, so also," says Mirabeau, in this memoir, "it contains within itself great causes of effervescence. Its populace, when excited, is irresistible: winter approaches, provisions may fail, bankruptcy may ensue, and then what will Paris be in three months time? Certainly a hospital, perhaps a theatre of horrors. Is it in such a place that the head of the nation ought to put in pledge his existence and all our hopes?"

Mirabeau insists, in the same clear and eloquently written memoir, upon energetic measures. He advises the king to withdraw into Normandy, which, as well as Brittany and Anjou, could be depended upon, and to gather the nation around him by fatherly and affectionate proclamations issued thence, condemning all tyrannical extortions, disavowing all future royal luxuries and extravagances, and promising constitutional amendments. Truly does M. la Marck observe that the difficulties of the situation, and the means of meeting them, could not be better expounded.

This memoir we find, by a note attached to the correspondence of the 17th September, 1789, was entrusted to *Monsieur* the Count of Provence, who was introduced by the Duke of Lévis to the palace at midnight. It appears also that some ideas were entertained of a ministry, of which Monsieur, the Bishop of Autun, and Mirabeau, would have formed part; but the plan was not followed out, and the relations between Monsieur and Mirabeau were not renewed till December 1789, and January 1790. M. la Marck relates the steps taken upon this momentous occasion at great length, and with that punctiliousness, even in trifling details, so characteristic of the French noblesse of olden time.

When La Fayette, in order to strengthen his position, meditated sending the Duke of Orleans to England, Mirabeau saw through the intentions of the general at once, and loyally opposed them. He said openly to the Duke of Lauzun, that the prince ought not to submit to be dictated to by La Fayette, who assumed the authority of mayor of the palace; and he added, that if the next morning the Duke of Orleans would come to the Assembly, he, Mirabeau, would attack La Fayette, and in such a manner as should destroy his pretensions. The Duke of Lauzun promised that the Duke of Orleans should be present at the Assembly, which at that time held its meetings at Versailles. Mirabeau accordingly repaired thither early in the morning on the day appointed; but hardly had he arrived when he received a note from M. Lauzun, an-

nouncing the departure of the Duke of Orleans for England. It was upon this occasion that Mirabeau became so indignant that he uttered the often-repeated sentence: "They pretend I am of his faction, but I would not even have him for a valet!"

When the popularity of La Fayette attained so great an ascendancy, that opposition was out of the question, it is evident that Mirabeau sought the general's friendship, although it would appear from his correspondence, still with the loyal view of withdrawing his country from the state of anarchy into which it was becoming daily more and more involved. This was also the epoch when the court deemed it necessary to treat with Mirabeau. The correspondence, when the two negotiations were going on at once, is amusing enough.

Count la Marck to Count Mirabeau:

Saturday, 17th October, 1789.

Oh, what a man (La Fayette)! You know him; but let us get quickly to the point where I left him. Why did you say that on Monday you would speak of the embarrassment of your affairs? It grieved me to hear you. I could not appear as proud as I wished to be; and I wish also to be for you and by you. Besides, I have shown that it is best for them to anticipate you. So that he will commence by offering you, the first time that you shall meet him, 50,000 francs. I asked him if I could announce the fact to you; he did not say no, but he showed a wish that you should only know that he prepared a great help for you on Monday. That received, you will have received nothing. Always understand that I have considered it as a monthly allowance. That has been agreed to. He proposed and agreed that there should be a written engagement for a great embassy—Holland or England. As to Constantinople, it was good eight months ago. I rejected all. The most pressing matter is to be disengaged; then I do not know on what point you will not be the strongest. Yes, to be strong upon that point renders you doubly strong upon any other; especially when it comes from so pure a source.

I will be with you at six and at nine, to tell you my *petites vues* upon the ministry. If I miss you at both hours, I shall depend upon you for dinner to-morrow. *Vale, et me ama.* You have forgotten me. I have not seen M. Pellene. I shall expect him to-morrow at nine.

The person who acted as intermediary in this delicate negotiation between the king and the Count la Marck appears to have been a M. Talon. Several letters, written at this period, attest that La Fayette was just as much implicated in the negotiation at that time going on as were the Counts la Marck and Mirabeau. One brief example will suffice.

Count Mirabeau to Count la Marck:

Monday, 26th October, 1789.

They have offered this very day to name me to the embassy of Holland or of England, not that I must go there, but that I may obtain a title, and thus be rendered worthy and capable of the supreme honour of pocketing a promise from the king that I shall be minister in the month of May. It was M. de Montmorin who brought this pompous proposal to La Fayette. The latter only speaks this morning upon the subject to the queen; but to say the truth, he appeared to me less decided thon ever, and failing under the fatality of his indecision. As to myself, I re-enter the lists, well resolved not to lose ground, which concerns them most, if it is true that they think me necessary, and convinced that everything will tumble to pieces between this and the end of the month, at the latest.

Vale, et me ama. A ce matin.

When Mirabeau alludes to his re-entering the lists, he means of the opposition, that being a threat frequently held out by him *in terrorem*, in his correspondence with M. la Marck. Mirabeau was quite right that La Fayette's mind was by no means made up as to the feasibility of the proposed changes of administration, but, like many others when placed in similar circumstances, the popular orator mistook discretion for indecision. Witness the following note:

"La Fayette to the Count of Mirabeau:

"Thursday, 29th of October, 1789.

"Will you make haste to go to the Assembly and see that no nonsense is inserted in the report. *What would you say if M. Necker should threaten to resign in case Mirabeau should come in?* Think of that. I will send for you for a moment during the Assembly, and I will meet you at your own house after the sitting is over. Reciprocal confidence and friendship, that is what I give and what I expect."

The sentence in italics is underlined in the original. There exists a sketch of the heterogeneous ministry proposed at this crisis in the handwriting of Mirabeau. At the present day it looks more like a political squib than a serious project:

M. Necker first minister, because he must be rendered as powerless as he is incapable, and yet his popularity must be preserved for the king.—The Archbishop of Bordeaux, chancellor, selecting his colleagues (*vèdacteurs*) with great care.—The Duke of Liancourt, minister of war, because he is honourable and firm, and has that personal affection for the king which will ensure his safety.—The Duke of La Rochefoucauld, of the king's house—the city of Paris (to have Thouret with him).—Count la Marck, minister of Marine, *because he cannot have the war ministry* (a luminous exposition of reasons for being minister of marine, which must amuse Sir Charles Napior), and because he is faithful, firm, and efficient (La Prévalaye with him).—The Bishop of Autun, minister of finances. His motion on the clergy has obtained this place for him; no one can serve them better (La Borde with him).—Count Mirabeau in the king's council, without portfolio. The little scruples of human respect are out of season now. The government must proclaim openly that its first auxiliaries shall be for the future, good principles, character, and talent.—Target, Mayor of Paris. The Basoche (company of lawyers' clerks in the parliament of Paris) will always lead him.—La Fayette on the council, Marshal of France. Generalissimo, on condition of reorganising the army.—M. de Montmorin, governor, duke, and peer. To have his debts paid.—M. de Ségur, of Russia, minister of foreign affairs.—M. Mounier, the king's library.—M. Chapelier, public edifices.

The decree of the 7th November, 1789, which interdicted the admission of any member of the Assembly into the ministry, put an end to this negotiation, to which, indeed, M. la Marck insists that Mirabeau was always personally opposed, believing that he alone had the power to quell the approaching tempest. But he admits that the decree had great influence with him, that his hopes of placing himself at the head of the administration to save the monarchy vanished, that his contempt for the Assembly increased, and that he remained for some time profoundly discouraged and downcast. A letter of Mirabeau's sister to his wife contains, M. la Marck points out, the simple and true expression of his sentiments, and of his political views at this period.

Letter of Madame the Marchioness of Saillant, sister of Count Mirabeau, to Madame the Countess of Mirabeau:

End of 1789.

I have delayed answering your letter of ——, my very dear sister, because, however amiable that letter may be, it is even still more reasonable, and suggestive; and I resolved before writing to you not only to have seen my brother, but also to have conversed seriously with him, and in the torrent that sweeps him onwards, with the best will in the world, he never can dispose with certainty of an hour for himself. His fatigue, his health, his troubles and anxieties of all kinds, would really make you compassionate him. At last I managed, I know not how, to induce him to dine at my daughter's (Madame d'Arragon), and I had a long conversation with him, of which here are the results:

Madame de Mirabeau's letter is written in a very good spirit, even in a comprehensive spirit, and is replete with the reason that I like—that is to say, seasoned with grace and character. But she does not know all, and from not having all the elements of the question she cannot resolve it. She deems me ambitious; she is wrong, at least in the common acceptation of the word. I have never known

the ambition of departments, of orders, of dignities. I have wished to prepare, accelerate, determine, perhaps, a great revolution in human things, to the profit of the species; and, seconded by the spirit of the age and inconceivable circumstances, I have succeeded to a certain point, and more than an ordinary mortal ought to hope, against whom his own faults and those of others had suggested so many obstacles. So atrociously provoked by the nobility of Provence, it is natural enough that people believe that a certain feeling of revenge has entered into my conduct. They are mistaken, The incapability and the perfidy of government on the one hand, the imbecility and unskilfulness of the party inimical to the revolution on the other, have carried me more than once beyond my own intentions, but I have never deserted my principles even when I have been forced to exaggerate their application, and I have always wished to remain or to come back to the *juste milieu.* National liberty had three enemies, the clergy, the nobility, and the parliaments. The first belongs no more to this age, and the miserable position of our finances would have sufficed to have destroyed it. Nobility belongs to all ages, and we must, therefore, come to some understanding with it. Yet, such an understanding cannot be brought about without restraining it; and it cannot be restrained without bringing the people into coalition with the royal authority. The royal authority will never enter into coalition upon real grounds with the people so long as the parliaments subsist. They keep up both towards it and towards the nobility the deceptive and fatal hope of restoring the old order of things. Thus it is that another destruction is necessitated. More would be too much. There are all my politics. There are all my secrets. What remains to be done afterwards? Revive the executive power, regenerate royal authority, and conciliate it with national liberty. That cannot be accomplished without a new ministry, and the enterprise is sufficiently fair and difficult to merit being engaged in it. But a new ministry will always be badly composed, so long as ministers are not members of the legislature. The decree of the existing ministry must then be annulled. That must be done, or the revolution can never be consolidated. That is what will be discovered when the reign of the quack (Necker) shall be totally upset. The check which Madame Mirabeau appears to have fully appreciated in its true bearings is only the fruit of his intrigues. He angered me more for the sake of the public than for my own sake, for it is now a long time since I have said: "Misery—misery, for grateful people!" But he has not altered my position so much as it may appear when looked at from afar. In a general way I cannot, nor will not succeed to power but by the necessity of things; if there is no necessity, why, it is quite simple, I shall not be wanted. When the time shall have come, all things must give way before necessity. That is why I have not been willing to compound, nor do I intend to do so. Besides, I am approaching the evening of life. I am not discouraged, but I am weary. Circumstances have thrown me apart, and in isolation. I aspire more to repose than they give me credit for, and I will embrace the day when I can obtain it with honour and security. Then, if I have the means, I shall endeavour to be happy, were it only in playing at nine pins; that is all. If I have not sufficient means, I think it must run hard that I have not the influence to obtain an embassy, and that will be a pleasant and honourable retreat for me. But we must commence by acting up to, and accomplishing our professions; and it would be deserting them, instead of carrying them out, to enter into coalition with men to whom it has become impossible to confer a benefit.

There is, dear sister, what appears to me to be the very exact analysis of a conversation in which he placed as much good faith as knowledge of affairs, of men, and of the country. I shall add only one word, in order to more fully acquit the confidence you place in me. He is certainly weary of life, as he said to me; but I think I could understand that he would not be so indifferent, if he had preserved a hope of direct descent. Oh, my friend! how is it that that which might be to you the object of so much glory and satisfaction has become only a source of anxiety? And can nothing alter this sorrowful decree of fate? Shall you never have but a half confidence in the tenderest of sisters, who would sufficiently respect your secret to conceal it even from her brother, if you should so wish it?

December, 1789, had arrived. All Mirabeau's attempts to serve public interests had failed. He lamented his personal position, at a moment when, with a just perception of his strength, he found it out of his power to use this strength usefully. The king's ministers, with M. Necker at their head, instead of compounding with him, sought to render him odious. In order to effect this, they accused him of being the author

and one of the actors in the days of the 5th and 6th of October. The idea of being under the burden of so heavy an accusation overwhelmed him, and he exclaimed, in accents of despair, "Oh! what injury the immorality of my youth now does to the public interests!"

M. la Marck was so discouraged at the aspect of affairs that he retired for some time into the Low Countries. Mirabeau wished to retain him. "If civil war," he argued, "should come to our aid, we can serve the cause of royalty—you, as a soldier; I, as a politician." Mirabeau's letters, written to M. la Marck during his absence, show that he was becoming every day more and more familiar with revolutionary ideas, and more attached to the republican party. He was at this time the chief editor of *Le Courrier de Provence.* All its articles were submitted to his revision, his speeches were reported in it at length, and the paper was, in fact, devoted to the expression of his ideas. A message from Count Mercy, Ambassador of Austria, called M. la Marck suddenly back to Paris. No sooner had they met than M. Mercy opened the conversation by speaking of Mirabeau:

"You are," he said, "intimately acquainted with Count Mirabeau?"—"Yes, sir."—"The king and the queen, having heard of this acquaintanceship, have thought that, in upholding such, you had in view the being useful to them."—"They were not wrong. Besides, the queen has been instructed to that effect several times."—"Their majesties have requested me to ask your opinion as to the existing dispositions which you attribute to M. Mirabeau."—"Count Mirabeau thought, at the first assembling of the states-general, that the king's ministers would act as the ministers in England do—that they would seek to form a government party in the Assembly, and to attach to it the men best qualified by their talents, their experience, and their popularity, to give strength to that party. At the opening of the states-general, the popular party was that which was favoured by the generality of opinions. Mirabeau joined that party, and showed some degree of asperity, in order to make himself feared and sought after by government. He was deceived in his objects; and since then it has not depended upon himself to assume a better position—I mean one that would have coincided more with his opinions and his political principles. He has often expressed to me his regrets at this circumstance. He has seen nothing but incapacity in the ministry, and he looks upon M. Necker as the author of the actual misfortunes of France, and of those which she is still destined to suffer. Mirabeau has often wished that the king should be informed of his anxiety to serve him. More than five months ago I said as much to Monsieur, the king's brother, who did not think proper to communicate the same to his majesty. I then withdrew from the negotiation, and left Paris, where I should probably not have returned, had it not been for your summons."—"Well," replied M. Mercy, "it is this very negotiation which it now imports to open again. The king and the queen are decided upon gaining over the services of Count Mirabeau; if he is, on his part, willing to be useful to them. They refer to you as to what steps it will be necessary to take to bring matters about; their confidence in this respect is unlimited; they leave you master of the conditions, and wish to have no relations with the count except through you. You will be their only intermediary. The greatest secrecy is expected from you, and you will feel the importance of that. It is more especially necessary that M. Necker, with whom they are much dissatisfied, should remain in ignorance of this negotiation. The queen relies particularly on you. We have been waiting for you for more than a month. It is because you did not come that I was obliged to write to you."

M. la Marck answered, that the mischief done was already so serious that he did not think it was any longer possible even for Mirabeau himself to repair it, but still he would consent to act as intermediator in the negotiation, provided the ambassadors would also take a part in it; and his first condition was, that he (the ambassador) should himself have a conversation with Mirabeau, so as to be better enabled to form a correct opinion as to his principles and disposition. M. Mercy hesitated upon this point; he was evidently afraid of compromising his character as an ambassador; but M. la Marck remained resolute, and they did not meet

again till a fortnight afterwards, when, in the month of April, M. Mercy asked to see Mirabeau secretly. It was, therefore, arranged that the former should call at M. la Marck's, by the usual entrance, Rue St. Honoré, whilst Mirabeau should enter at the back, from the Champs Elysées, unknown even to the servants. A long conversation followed upon the unfortunate state of France, and the daily increasing danger of the royal family. No overtures were made this time. M. Mercy contented himself with expressing his opinion that the revolution was a fatal event, but still he could not help acknowledging that some good results might have flowed from it if it had been properly directed, and restrained within due limits; to do which the ministry had hitherto shown itself to be quite incompetent. Mirabeau, on his side, spoke with great frankness, acknowledged the existing danger, and declared that no alternative now remained but to persuade the king to quit Paris. The queen accorded M. la Marck an interview the next day, in which she inquired whether or not Mirabeau was not concerned in the affairs of the 5th and 6th of October. M. la Marck had scarcely satisfied her to the contrary, when the king came in and said, with his usual quickness, "The queen will have told you that I wish to employ Count Mirabeau, if you think he intends, and has the power, to be useful to me. What do you think in that respect?"

M. la Marck answered, as he had done before under similar circumstances, that Mirabeau had always been attached to the cause of the king and queen, but that he had been ill-treated by the ministry. It was finally agreed that Mirabeau should draw up a written statement of his ideas as to how he could best serve the royal family under existing circumstances. M. la Marck retired, however, he says, shocked and appalled at the state of ignorance and incapacity exhibited by the royal family. To arrest a revolution which was carrying everything before it—to oppose a popular torrent, that had long defied all control, the king proposed some paltry negotiations, which should not be known to his ministers. M. la Marck did not, however, communicate to Mirabeau how disappointed he was with his interview with the king; on the contrary, he did everything in his power to confirm him in his kindly sentiments towards the royal family. He thought proper, however, to mention the suspicions entertained against him of having participated in the events of the 5th and 6th of October. M. la Marck describes Mirabeau as becoming at first yellow, then green, and finally hideous, with wrath at the supposition.

Mirabeau was, however, pleased at the idea of being at last useful to the king. He was even sanguine of success, and drew up the document asked of him, in which every success was promised so long as Louis XVI. was prepared not to reclaim the absolute authority he had lost by the revolution. Mirabeau's main idea was, as so often before expressed, to establish in France a form of government similar to that which had led England to power and glory. But the first step had to be taken—to deliver the king from the hands of the anarchists, who might become his executioners. To effect this, Mirabeau still continued, in appearance, to act with that extreme faction. He opposed the ministry to overthrow it; but he was obliged to negotiate with La Fayette, who was at this time the idol of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, then transformed into a national guard,—the protector of the Assembly—the confidant of the royal family, and the most powerful and influential man in France—"republican and presumptuous beyond all expression," says M. la Marck. It does not appear, however, that these negotiations met with any success. La Fayette and Mirabeau could never work well together. "I have conquered the King of England in his

power," said the haughty democrat to M. Frochot, "the king of France in his authority, and the people in its fury, and certainly I shall not give way before M. Mirabeau."

The king and queen were, in the mean time, delighted with the hopes held out to them by Mirabeau. The queen repeated, in the most positive manner, that the king had no wish to recover his authority to the extent formerly enjoyed, and all they asked was to know what would tend most to cement the alliance with Mirabeau. M. la Marck proposed an honest independence, which, by permitting him to neglect his personal interests, would better enable him to devote himself to state affairs. With this view his debts were first inquired into, and even his marriage attire was found to be not yet paid for! Altogether, his liabilities amounted, with the 400 louis advanced by M. la Marck, to 208,000 francs, which the king undertook to pay, besides granting him an allowance of 100 louis a month. This was effected through the medium of M. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse. M. la Marck was further intrusted, personally by the king, with four notes of 250,000 francs each, to be given to Mirabeau at the end of the session. These notes were restored to the king on the occasion of the orator's death. Mirabeau was in ecstasies, both with the pecuniary assistance tendered to him, and the confidence reposed in his powers. Unfortunately, instead of devoting himself in consequence, and, as had been anticipated, to public business, he took a large house, hired a coach and horses, engaged an establishment, and launched forth into a gay and expensive mode of life, calculated to excite suspicions as to the source whence his means were derived. Still he did not fail in his duty to the king. He felt that the king's authority could not be re-established except by armed force, and his speech upon the right of peace and war was one which reflected more credit upon him than perhaps any other. It also provoked some of the more ardent republicans, as Lameth, Duport, Barnave, and others, so far as to endanger his life.

He transmitted notes daily to the court, containing a detailed report of what was going on, and also his own opinions upon passing events. His life was one of unnatural activity. In the Assembly, in his cabinet, in public and in private life, he was never still a moment. He saw that the political crisis had attained its zenith, and he spared neither trouble, labour, nor time, to combat it. What he mainly insisted upon was money, more money, and intelligent agents to disperse it to advantage. He had also a more complete plan developed, which is to be found, for the first time, in the present papers, under date of the 23rd December, 1790.

In a note of the 15th of September, 1790, he had already declared his opinions. "The king has only one stay, and that is his wife. There is no safety for her except in the re-establishment of royal authority. I feel convinced that she would not care for life without the crown, and I feel assured that she will not be able to preserve her life if she cannot preserve her crown." "The moment will come," he also said, in another note, "when it will be necessary to see what a woman and a child can do on horseback."

For some time the relations of Mirabeau with the court were confined to the above-mentioned reports and written advices, but after a time an interview at St. Cloud took place, which was publicly stigmatised in a paper called *L'Orateur du Peuple.* The visit was further questioned and evaded in the Assembly, but there were not wanting persons in the streets to cry out, "*La grande trahison de M. de Mirabeau!*" The king in the mean time, with his usual indecision, would neither change his ministry, nor even select a member of the cabinet to whom the newly-

established relations with Mirabeau could be confided. Everything at the Tuileries was carried on with the most extraordinary apathy and indifference; they seemed merely to live from day to day. On the 13th of August, 1790, the court, however, received a note from Mirabeau, which roused their fears to the utmost. In this memorandum he pointed out that civil war was inevitable, and suggested, as a means of defence, that the army should be duly disposed, more particularly the Swiss, on whom he placed (and, as events showed, not without reason) great reliance, and regard should be had to the choice of officers. He also recommended the king to withdraw to Fontainebleau. The little attention in this, as in other matters, that was paid to his advice, greatly discouraged Mirabeau. "Must I write more notes?" he said. "What use are they? My advice is never followed." What added still more to his discouragement, was finding himself most thwarted at court by a M. Bergasse, more distinguished as a mesmerist than a politician.

On the 27th of March, 1791, Mirabeau, who had never been able to bring his great plan for saving the monarchy into effect, fell ill. He had had an attack of jaundice at the opening of the Assembly, and this was followed by an affection of the eyes, which nothing could relieve. Strange to say, the very next day of his illness—the 28th of March—the populace assaulted and dispersed the club of constitutional Royalists, and from that day forward the supremacy of the Jacobins was established. On hearing this the sick man exclaimed, "I carry away with me the mourning of the monarchy; after my death the factions will dispute with one another the possession of the rags."

Mirabeau was attended in his illness by the celebrated Cabanis; he became much worse on the 29th, and finally expired on the 2d of April, 1791. Sixteen days after his death—the 18th of April—all that he had foretold began to take place, and the king wishing to go with the queen and his children to Saint Cloud, the whole of the court were detained prisoners in the Tuileries. The memory of so extraordinary a person was much in need of the light that this voluminous and most comprehensive correspondence has thrown upon it. We are not bound to believe, that with so turbulent and restless a spirit, irritated as he was against all in authority, that his correspondence or his friendship, with so placid an aristocrat as M. la Marck, was altogether frank, confidential, and sincere. Their natures were too distinct to admit of such a supposition. But there can be no doubt that Mirabeau's tendencies were towards a constitutional monarchy, never to a republic, and it is, therefore, to be opined that he kept up his close relations with M. la Marck, in order to counteract the harm done to his conscience and his political principles by the part which his position and his passions forced upon him in the Assembly and in public life. He had also, it is evident, private ambition to gratify. As to his having been subsidised in the progress of the very peculiar and yet very comprehensible political game which he had to play, it signifies nothing, nor does it reflect discredit on the political character of the man, although it does, as does the whole history of his life, upon his prudence and morality. Mirabeau was no exception to a very common rule, and without taking into consideration the position in which he was placed after his connexion with the court, with respect to the Assembly and to ministers, apparently acting with both, and yet anxious for their overthrow, for the avowed purpose of establishing a constitutional monarchy, it is as impossible to understand the man as it has hitherto been impossible to write anything like an accurate biography of him.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

An individual of no mean celebrity, once a distinguished contributor to the *New Monthly*, is gathered to his fathers. Richard Lalor Sheil belonged to more stirring times than the present generation knows anything about. He had won his honours bravely, and by his death has lessened the few, of whom a large proportion of the living must acquire the tale from the lip of individuals of advanced life or the page of the historian.

Employed in destroying letters, the accumulation of a long period of time, I had some of Sheil's in my hand when the newspaper was brought which contained the account of his decease—one of those coincidences from which the superstitious strengthen their irrationalities. I put the letters aside; they had become relics consecrated by nearly thirty years' acquaintance, and their preservation was natural. His moral courage, his brilliant eloquence, his well-digested learning, and the sensations he sometimes caused in the public mind, all these became more strongly depictured on recollection from that moment. There is a religion in sanctifying and preserving the memory of rare qualities. Few, it may be truly said, were impelled by honester motives than Sheil. He saw and suffered from the vices of the prevalent system of his day in Irish rule. He abhorred the venality of its instruments, and he determined to assist in changing both the rulers and their measures. He had a predominant desire to see his countrymen rise in the social scale to the level of English privilege; and he lived to find his wishes fulfilled, in no small degree owing to his own exertions. That level once attained, it belonged to themselves to make the most beneficial use of it.

The great stimulus of Sheil to exertion as a public character ceased when the Emancipation Act placed England and Ireland upon the same footing. The ardour of the patriot subsided into the negation of the statesman. Hence, while in office, comparatively little was heard of one of the most intrepid and eloquent advocates of salutary freedom of which his country had to boast. A speech now and then flashed forth in parliament to sustain the views of the party to which he belonged, and thus the country was made acquainted with his political existence; but the walls of the House of Commons of late years have deadened rather than quickened that fervid oratory with which they once echoed. They have become the dumb auditors of homely conversation, and sometimes of unseemly squabbling. They no longer witness animated scenes of senatorial eloquence. Not that such displays ever operated upon a division,

but they acted upon the country, and that reacted upon the house. The orator feels little excitement when his patriotism is no longer outraged, and the peccadilloes of a ministry are never defended but excused. Hence, with perhaps some little *vis inertiæ* of temperament in addition, the speeches of Sheil in parliament became rare. His ardent mind required something better and more truthful to draw it to full exertion than the subterfuges of official routine would supply. Not ambitious of fame, he lacked even the stimulant that had before animated him. He had once to make his way against the narrowness of fortune and the baseness of religious prejudices. He had felt where his power lay, and had in himself encountered the obstacles to progress his countrymen had so long endured. Here was a great end for which he might well overcome personal considerations, and fling himself bodily into a contest worthy of his abilities.

Sheil expired at Florence on the 25th of May, and was interred on the 28th in the church of San Michele. He was born in Waterford, in 1790. His father had attained opulence in Cadiz as a merchant, but after his return home, entering into some unfortunate speculations, he lost much of the property he had laboriously acquired. It is probable that Sheil's tendency to gout, of which he died, was derived from his father, who suffered much from it, and, as a friend, Mr. Kirwan tells me, who knew him, was of an irritable constitution.

When young Sheil had attained his tenth year, he was sent over to Kensington to school, embarking at Waterford for Bristol under the care of a French abbé, who had been his tutor at home. The evening upon which he left his native city remained imprinted in vivid colours upon his mind. His embarkation, the smooth water, the shipping, the white sails, the loveliness of the sky, and the evening bells—never did any other scenery appear half as lovely as that youthful impression upon its recurrence to his memory. The sound of the distant ocean breaking on the shore, the woods of Faithleg, the grassy churchyard, and the romantic river, came back on recollection in after-life, as he heard and saw them from the place he was leaving in his boyhood. To that spot he often said he still hoped to return, that his old age might decline there. He added, "It is not in the midst of those woods that I shall fall into the sear and yellow leaf!" How prophetic!

The abbé, after showing young Sheil the Tower of London, Exeter Change, and some of those objects which make an impression upon the youthful stranger, proceeded to business, and informed him he was about to leave him under the care of a college of French Jesuits, he himself proceeding to Languedoc, from which part of France he was an exile. The school at which he left Sheil was kept by a French emigrant, the Prince de Broglio, the son of the marshal of that name. The house stood, perhaps still stands, opposite the avenue leading to Kensington Palace. Sheil was distinguished here for quickness of parts, and a rapid acquirement of the French language. This was not wonderful, as almost all the boys were the children of emigrants. Young Sheil did not long remain in Kensington. The school in a year or two was broken up. His friends removed him in 1802, at which time he knew little of Latin and Greek, but spoke French well, and made French rhymes. He was twelve years of age when he left Kensington, and was placed under the principal at Stoneyhurst College, Dr. Stone, a very good man, somewhat too sleek in appearance for a Jesuit. The masters he described as men of

sterling sense, who were exceedingly careful of the youth entrusted to their care. One or two only carried the ultraism of their creed to the full extent. The purest morality reigned within the seminary. The greater part of the brethren were more devoted to literary than political studies, and were nearly all English Catholics, with a strong attachment to their country. Among the collegians the same spirit reigned. The English and Irish youths were always arrayed on opposite sides; and in their contests at games, or otherwise, Sheil remarked that English coolness and self-command foiled the Irish impetuosity. Sheil won much of the favour of his tutors. He left them, to their regret, in 1809, having that year finished his rhetorical course.

Repairing to Dublin he entered at Trinity College, where he did not particularly distinguish himself. This, no doubt, arose from his attention being more directed to the stirring politics of the Catholic board, than to the quiet studies of the university; thus early was he struck with his own degradation, as well as that of his countrymen. He spent much of his time at the hall, where the board met; and, though only turned twenty-one years of age, proved himself a match for most of the speakers, except O'Connell, to whom at that time he was vehemently opposed; a striking proof of talent in one so young. He belonged to the Veto party, antagonists to the anti-Vetoists under O'Connell. The higher ranks of the Irish Catholics were with Sheil, but O'Connell even then swayed the great body of the clergy and people with that extraordinary skill in their government which no individual ever possessed in an equal degree. Sheil soon found himself proscribed, and that the influence of the higher classes was but a cold and inefficient support. His opponents falsely charged him with betraying the Catholic faith, always more solicitous as the world is about the end than the means. The priests hinted away his orthodoxy. He went to London and entered himself at the Temple in 1814. A tragedy he had written, called "Adelaide, or the Emigrants," was enacted at the Crow-street Theatre in Dublin, and met with complete success. The plot was founded upon a French revolutionary incident, and Miss O'Niel played the heroine under the author's instruction. His mind was highly poetical, ardent, and full of feeling, but his three or four dramas scarcely enable the critic to pronounce his genius dramatic. It is sufficient that they were full of fancy, feeling, animated language, and, at the moment, successful. In London, Sheil joined several of the debating societies, where by practice he strengthened his forensic powers. After the usual routine of qualification, called to the Irish bar, he was not at first fortunate in getting business, the attorneys being afraid to hand over their briefs to one declared by his opponents to be of dubious orthodoxy. His splendid talents were admitted, but neither talents nor virtues reckon against political antipathies. His residence in London did not change his political predisposition. He was more ardent than ever on the side he had espoused. In the midst of his political labours he fell in love with Miss O'Halloran, the niece of Sir William M'Mahon, the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and married her. His enemies declared that the match was made with a view to business in the uncle's court; but Sheil was far above such a sordid motive, nor did he obtain through his marriage the slightest accession of business.

"Adelaide" was also played in Covent Garden, Kemble, Young, and Miss O'Niel performing in it. He again appeared as an author in a tragedy called "The Fall of Tunis, or Bellamira;" and in "The Apostate,"

which came out at Covent Garden, and was as well received as his first production had been. But the critics thought his style too metaphoric, florid, and not enough chastened for tragic composition. In 1819, "Evadne, or the Statue," another work of his pen, was equally fortunate, Miss O'Niel contributing to his success by her delightful acting. The tragedy abounded in fine flights of fancy, but exhibited several improbabilities, and a want of insight into human nature. He is said to have assisted Banim subsequently in his dramatic piece of "Damon and Pythias," which met with a good reception from the public. He soon, however, took leave of the drama, and devoted himself to the bar, and to the composition of occasional articles in the *New Monthly*. He bore a considerable share in the "Characters of the Irish Bar," which made a great sensation; and he contributed other articles, either descriptive, or connected with his profession, always marked with those liberal political sentiments which he lived to see triumph in the counsels of the United Kingdom, and at last raise his country to that position of which it had been deprived, and for the want of which he himself had been so long shackled in professional qualification.

He became intimate with Talma, the great French tragedian, subsequently to his own dramatic writings. Had that intimacy previously existed it might have been turned to good account. For this great actor Sheil expressed his high respect. He could hardly, from his own ardent temperament, credit many of Talma's avowals to him about an impassiveness when playing the most terrible parts, which had succeeded to the emotion they once raised in their performance. He admired the great actor's reform of the French stage. It was natural, too, he should be partial to Talma; the latter, like himself, agreeable and equable in private society, was easily roused to vehemence, as I well recollect, knowing him before Sheil knew him. There is a knowledge of the human heart needful to success in the drama, which it may be doubtful if Sheil possessed, but the brilliant passages, striking metaphors, and finished declamation of the French school make a compensation with many clever individuals, while they startle by their novelty.

In his essays and sketches Sheil was remarkably successful. The sketches of the Irish bar in this Magazine have given rise to many amusing comments. They were not the work of one hand. Sheil has received credit sometimes where he had no title to it. How could Sheil, with the gentlemanlike feeling of that time in literature, sketch the character of O'Connell, masterly as the article is, while they were both engaged in the same political undertaking, and in each other's confidence? That it was masterly enough for Sheil may be admitted, but the fact was clear against the authorship. Writers in those days were not then as lax in conduct as many are in later times. There was a propriety which honourable men could not violate, and preserve their self-esteem, although the anonymous authorship might have been kept an inviolable secret.

Sheil's articles were distinguished by a happy flow of language, a choice phraseology, and cutting sarcasm. Nor could it be said that they were destitute of moral effect. There were too many in place and power in Ireland at that time, who would not have been tolerated in any post in England, the relics of the past immoral system of government there. Some admitted justice under the most foreign aspect; and the courts of law witnessed violations of propriety unheard of elsewhere. A

judge, who commenced his career in life with a brace of pistols and 200*l.*, was a fair subject for attack. A species of judicial buffoon, who set the court laughing, when he was above eighty years of age, by his jests, the miserable criminal before him standing in suspense between life and death, until, the merriment over and the fate of the wretch decided, the black cap was put upon the jester's head, and, by a harlequin shift, the countenance a few minutes before so jocular, assumed the features of the King of Terrors. Lord Norbury was called to the bar in 1770. He had been a sort of bully for his patrons previously in the Irish House of Commons, and reached the bench through interest alone. He was tolerated as late as 1826. How admirably Sheil worked up this sketch is well known, and how, in describing the tumult of the court and the characters that attended, even to Judge Mayne on Lord Norbury's left hand, the latter seeing a man with his hat on, called out from the bench, "I see you standing there like a wild beast with your hat on." The description of his lordship's study was admirable. Mr. Colburn demurring about this anecdote, Sheil was written to. He answered, "I am half displeased at the note about Judge Mayne, who deserved all that was said of him. He was a solemn blockhead; besides, he did positively say so." Mr. Lefroy, the leader of the Dublin "saints," and other "oily-tongued barristers," were well visited. In court, this party ascribed all the agrarian crimes of Ireland to the instigation of the devil, at which O'Connell would call out "leather." The wily and purely legal Saurin, the exemplar of a *Diabolus regis*, the able Mr. Doherty, the late Chief Justice of Ireland; Lord Manners, and his testimonial; Blackburne; O'Loghin, the Dane; and Leslie Foster; who have all passed away, were graphically sketched. Of Sheil's descriptive manner, take for example Lord Norbury's study—not a fictitious, yet a sarcastic picture. "In the centre of the room lies a heap of old papers covered with dirt, mingled with political pamphlets written some fifty years ago, together with an odd volume of parliamentary debates, recording the speeches of Mr. Serjeant Toler. On the shelves, which are half empty and exhibit a most beggarly account, there are some twenty motheaten law books, and by their side appear odd volumes of 'Peregrine Pickle' and 'Roderick Random,' with the 'Newgate Calendar' complete. A couple of worn-out saddles, with rusty stirrups, hang from the top of one of the bookcases, which are enveloped in cobwebs: and a long line of veteran boots, of mouldy leather, are arranged on the opposite side of the room. King William's portrait stands over the chimney-piece, with prints of Eclipse and other celebrated racers, from all which his lordship's politics and predilections may be gathered." Walter Scott would have delighted in this picture for one of his characters. Again, speaking of an Irish ex-Chancellor and Mr. Joy delivering an address to him, Sheil wrote: "He" (Mr. Joy) "is the great master of mockery, and looks like Goethe's Mephistophiles. So strong is his addiction to that species of satire which is contained in exaggerated praise, that he scarcely resorts to any other vituperation. Nature has been singularly favourable to him. His short and upturned nose is admirably calculated to toss off his sarcasms; his piercing eyes, gleam and flash in the voluptuousness of malice, and exhibit the keen delight with which he revels and luxuriates in derision. His chin is protruded like that of the cynic listening to St. Paul in Raphael's cartoon," &c.

Sheil once designated Dr. Magee as "a mixture of Cardinal Wolsey

and Dr. Syntax;" and of an Irish sheriff who had made a fortune in Canton, and assumed a peculiarly solemn and consequential delivery, he said that "he imparted the cadence of Westley to the pronunciation of Confucius."

A proof of Sheil's kindly nature is to be found in his address to the Irish landlords, after the defeat of Vesey Fitzgerald at Clare, in 1828. He was fearful they would retaliate, according to old custom, upon their tenantry, for voting against their wishes: "Gentlemen, forgive me, if I venture to supplicate on behalf of your poor tenants, for mercy to them. Pardon them in the name of that God, who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of others. Do not, in the name of that Heaven before which every one of us, whether landlord, priest, or tenant, must at last appear—do not persecute these poor people; do not throw their children out upon the public road; do not send them forth to starve, to shiver, to die! For God's sake, Mr. Fitzgerald, and for your own sake, and as you are a gentleman and a man of honour, interpose your influence with your friends, and redeem your pledge." The whole of the address, well worthy of perusal, is one of the best-tried, patriotic, and feeling, that can be found anywhere, delivered, too, at a moment of extraordinary triumph, without one taunt, one sign of exultation, one smile that could wound the feeling of the vanquished.

The Catholic Association of 1828 had been founded by O'Connell and Sheil in union. The latter had long before given up the Veto, and made common cause with O'Connell in the great object of Emancipation. He had now obtained much business at the bar. Such is the advantage of moving with the masses, as Napoleon phrased it, if we are to force our way, even at the expense of flinging private opinion to the winds. The idea of the Association was struck out between the Emancipators in a casual meeting at the house of a mutual friend, in the mountains of Wicklow, after they had been lamenting the low state to which the minds of the Catholics of Ireland had been reduced. The first meeting, with not twenty persons present, took place in Sackville-street, Dublin, in 1821. Thence grew up the mighty engine that ultimately achieved religious liberty for the Roman Catholics in no great time afterwards, and elevated the leaders to full citizenship, and the summit of political importance.

It was only a few months after this that Sheil, with an intrepidity that seemed to border upon rashness, considering the state of the county of Kent, and the narrowness of mind it exhibited, determined to attend a meeting on Penenden Heath, convened by Lord Winchelsea and others, at the head of the party called in those days the "Cumberland Brunswickers," or more correctly "English Orangemen," who styled themselves "the only true Protestants." The liberal party was led by Lords Darnley and Camden; while a radical party, under Cobbett and Hunt, served to confuse further a scene certain to be confused enough without them. The reasonable party had no chance against the Radicals and Brunswickers, who, hating each other in every possible way besides, were sworn brethren against Irish emancipation or anything Irish. Sheil could not obtain a hearing of ten minutes' duration. He commonly wrote his speeches, and had given the draft of that he intended to deliver to an evening paper. Though not fifty consecutive words of what portion of it he did speak were heard, the early publication of his speech had the

effect of making the public acquainted with his arguments—a much more material thing than that the bevy of clowns assembled round the speakers on the heath should have heard them. It was late in the day, and I was leaving my lodgings, when I met Sheil at the door. He told me what had occurred—and inquired if I was going out? Saying it was immaterial, we adjourned up-stairs, pen and ink were got ready, with some refreshment, and he sat down and wrote the account of that day's proceedings, which appeared in this Magazine. It was far in the night before the article was completed. He exhibited no symptoms of mortification at the result, nor did he appear at all dispirited, for he was a man of bold integrity. The furious passions of that time and the interest of the question have now faded into the twilight of the past, and we are led to wonder how they ever had an existence.

There was a great dissimilarity between Sheil and his fellow-labourer in Ireland, O'Connell, not less in appearance than in speaking. The brawny figure of O'Connell contrasted strangely with the small frame of Sheil. Their voices were equally dissimilar. There was less self-command in Sheil, equal mental vigour and strength, a more cultivated intellect, and more refined feeling. O'Connell was better versed in the world, and in that management of mankind acquired from observation and tact, united with complete self-possession. Sheil was superior in all acquirements which are the result of education and study; hence he was not half as well fitted for swaying the populace. He wanted the superiority of his own mode of thinking to be appreciated by the every-day race who heard him. But his rapid utterance, his violence of gesture, his metaphoric language, and his sincerity, compensated for the want of personal appearance, and fixed attention irresistibly. He was far less practical than O'Connell; he dealt in the poetry, not the prose of action. Pulling in the same political direction, the different mode of acting peculiar to each individual, brought to bear on one point, strengthened the effect which was finally successful, and which, being attained, Sheil sat down contented. He was much more given to theorise and to embrace objects in their totality than O'Connell. His vision was more enlarged. He was an original thinker. He exerted himself less equably, or more by impulsive action. His style of eloquence made his insignificant person forgotten. His great disadvantage, even with the effort which he exerted in speaking, was the shrillness of his voice, though he sometimes, in his lower tones, managed it with surprising discretion. His eyes were remarkably fine, full of intelligence and fire when he was roused. Animated and impassioned as a speaker—and he would not have suited his countrymen otherwise—he sometimes exhibited the wish to be so, perhaps, too conspicuously. Hence he was now and then led to elevate trivialities, and to border upon inflation where simplicity would have been preferable. But he did not make his appeal so much to the reason as to the passions. He would fain force his way by the shortest route, and lead the hearer captive by the brilliancy of his rhetorical flashes rather than by the rules of logic. There was scarcely a figure in rhetoric he did not in turn adopt. He felt the real truth about operating upon the public mind. He knew that conviction is produced as effectually for good or evil by impressions made through ridicule or sarcasm as through the calm deductions of reason, the mere manner in which a topic is enforced constituting too often the sole difference in the result. Sheil had to awaken his countrymen to a sense of their injuries. The Irish are an inflammable people. It was not by ratiocination,

calmly and deliberately put, that they were to be swayed, much less united, into a compact phalanx of agitation, which should shake to their overturn the grievances which they sustained.

The speeches of Sheil in the House of Commons were greatly moderated in style from those which he delivered upon the occasions to which I allude. In reference to his countrymen, whom he well understood, he was not without deep regrets at many traits in their character. He was possessed of a kind heart, and lamented that he could not sometimes control himself. "How often," said he, "have I reproached myself with having joined in the boisterous merriment which either the jests of the counsels or the droll perjuries of witness have produced during the trial of a capital offence! How often have I seen the bench, the jury, the bar, and the galleries of an Irish court of justice in a roar of tumultuous laughter, while I beheld in the dock the wild and haggard face of a wretch, who, placed on the verge of eternity, seemed to be surveying the gulf on the brink of which he stood, and presented, in his ghastly aspect and motionless demeanour, a reproach to the hilarity with which he was to be sent before his God." In a letter which he wrote me while on one of the circuits where there were frightful exhibitions of the savage nature of the peasant, and describing examples of the wild justice of revenge of the most extraordinary and painful character, he observed, in allusion to them at a trying moment—

"——— quoque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui!

—I was counsel in almost every case!"

He understood his countrymen. He was awake to their virtues, vices, temperament, and the ascendency of passion over them. He used as an advocate every rhetorical means calculated to produce effect upon them—metaphor, invective, jest, invocation, ridicule, apostrophe—he gave his fancy free play in all—sometimes in vivid and original imagery, sometimes with his rapid speech and peculiar intonation in sketching pictures which he intended their imagination should heighten, but he did not approach O'Connell's dexterity in the management of a jury or of an awkward witness. Seconded by his violent gesticulations, he seemed regardful that the disadvantages of his voice and manner should be lost in the torrent of excited feeling he raised as he poured out his redundant tropes and figures.

On some occasions Sheil was logical and argumentative, but then he was addressing a class that he well knew required conviction, through reason or some other medium, rather than the passionate appeal which unreflectingly convinces. He was not, therefore, wanting in the judgment that can adapt itself to circumstances. Of this the attention bestowed upon his speeches in the House of Commons is ample proof. If he was less worldly than some of the other speakers in his political views, he was not surpassed, on the few occasions upon which he spoke, in the soundness of his judgment or the character of his eloquence. The petty details and wearisome speeches of the dead-weights in the house filled him with ennui. When physical difficulties, as the disadvantages of Sheil in person and voice may be truly styled, are overlooked in the superior endowments of mind, it is no small augmentation of individual merit. The harshness of his voice, almost amounting to a scream, could not be removed as easily as the defect in the utterance of Demosthenes. But with his mental acquirements the matter compensated for the manner. The

violence of his action, excited by strong feelings while pouring forth with impetuosity his figurative and lively imagery, attracted and diverted that attention which might otherwise have been more directed to his defects. At times, too, the feelings of the advocate were so strongly enlisted on behalf of his client, that he forgot his professional character in that of the man; he threw himself soul and body into the cause, and his addresses told with irresistible effect. When this happens, all disadvantages in the speaker's manner are passed over. He was once employed on behalf of a young lady who had been cruelly slandered by another of her sex jealous of her. Never was a charge more groundless, nor more easily disproved, as far as related to the slander itself.

The plaintiff was attending the bedside of her dying father at the moment the slanderous fact laid to her charge must have occurred. Sheil worked himself up to a pitch of eloquence of the most effective and touching kind, with that heart-enthusiasm which advocates in general cannot assume, however consummate in their "profession." He obtained a verdict at once, and with it the applause of all who heard him, in a degree highly flattering to his feelings. It was not wonderful that his speeches at the Catholic board produced an effect scarcely second to those of O'Connell even with the admirers of that leader. To others the effect was often fully equal. The great agitator swayed his hearers by tact, long experience of the Irish disposition, a disregard of means, amid a strong sympathy for his peculiarities on the part of his hearers, added to unshaken perseverance, an undaunted bearing, and a spirit of which nothing seemed to quench the natural vivacity.* But Sheil went directly to the heart, arousing the feelings, charming by the felicity of his language, and sometimes by its extravagance, when revelling almost out of bounds in the luxuriance of his rich imagination. His was eminently the domain of fancy, prodigal of the graces that borrow their hues from the rainbow. Thus throwing his utmost energies into his speeches, he disputed the merit of the victory ultimately achieved with the great apostle of agitation himself.

Sheil's entrance into parliament for Melbourne, upon the measure of Emancipation being carried, and his elections for Louth, Tipperary, and Dungarvon, were almost matters of course. His acceptance of place under several liberal administrations, showed his opinion that the great object of his former labours was fulfilled. In parliament his speeches were specimens of eloquence, with a just discrimination adapted to his new audience. Without detracting from the merit of his former style, they were chastened and sobered down. It was a proof of extraordinary ability, both in Sheil and O'Connell, that they were able to adapt their styles to their change of position. Sheil's eloquence, indeed, was always adapted to a higher order of intellect than he was in the habit of addressing in Ireland. He was far more aristocratical than O'Connell, and he had to descend, when addressing his countrymen, somewhat below his natural level. O'Connell, on the contrary, had to raise his mode of address in the House of Commons. He at first attempted his Dublin style, and saw its utter failure. He changed it with extraordinary versatility, and that

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* Dining one day with O'Connell when only one stranger besides myself was present, I expressed my surprise that being nearly seventy years of age he was able to go through so much fatigue—that it must have an end. "My dear boy," he replied, "my mother lived to eighty, and I hope to go on to that age, too, for the honour of Ould Ireland."

change altered the aspect of his reception, exciting a degree of apprehension of him among the second-rate speakers that never diminished. Even Sir Robert Peel dreaded O'Connell's replication. Two public characters, so similar and dissimilar at the same time, and yet so successful, have rarely been exhibited, striving together at the same public object in any country, unless in one undergoing revolutionary convulsion.

The bar-sketches, a portion of which only, as before observed, belonged to Sheil, did not make more noise than some of his other articles. It was under the viceroyalty of the Marquis Wellesley that his hits told, with no small effect, at the second-hand court of Dublin. The vice-king, full of the ideas of his former Asiatic pomp, imagined he was too lightly spoken of, or the satraps of the castle imagined it for him. The excitement was considerable. The semi-sovereign, his courtiers thought, was treated with leze-majesty. This and that person were accused of writing the "Letters to a Friend," signed "Crito." The true man was not suspected. Mr. Luke Whyte, the *millionaire*, of Dublin, was coming over to see Mr. Colburn, and demand redress, with hair triggers, *à la Lord Norbury*, for some allusions to himself. Who was it could dare to speak so slightingly of Irish dignities? The secret was kept, however, to this day, and survived the "dignities." The writer, as well as those to whom he alluded, have gone into the eternity of time. What matters it now to Norbury, Saurin, Lefroy, M'Mahon, Blackburne, Doherty, Manners, Leslie Foster, and others, who it was that lashed their failings or chronicled their virtues?

Sheil was exceedingly amiable in his private character. A repugnance to exertion at times, seemed to gain ground as life advanced, the general concomitant of an hereditary tendency to gout. He held different offices under several Whig administrations, attained the professional rank of Queen's Counsellor, became a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Judge-Advocate-General, and Master of the Mint. He married, in 1830, a second wife, Mrs. Power, of Gurteen, Ireland, the relict of John Power, Esq., and daughter of John Lalor, Esq., of Crenagh, near Clonmel. The news of the death of that lady's son by suicide had given a shock to Sheil's susceptible temperament. The gout in his stomach attacked him suddenly as he was preparing to go out, and he expired after a very brief suffering.

That Sheil might have been a more remarkable man still than the world esteemed him is well known to the circle of his friends, highly as his abilities were publicly estimated. It was impossible, in directing the attention to great popular objects in the earlier part of his life, and at the same time having to follow a laborious profession for the means of existence, that any individual can gratify that love of honest fame in any branch of literature which his disposition may prompt him to pursue. Sheil would have become eminent as a writer, had he possessed leisure, before middle life, to complete any considerable work; but he had then no time for speculating with publishers. His literary labours were brief though effective, and in those days the *honorarium* was a great consideration. When he became in easier circumstances, he was past the age of toil, in one constitutionally formed as he was, as the desire of literary distinction had become too feeble to subdue the labour. This was to be lamented, because, had it been otherwise, I am persuaded he would have added a name to our literary annals which would have contributed to their lasting adornment.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JOHN RAYNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC."

I.

It was the strangest and most beautiful sight in the world—certainly the most beautiful they had ever seen or dreamt of; and the party, after surmounting the perils of the ascent, stood gazing in astonished admiration. "The Falls of Niagara may be very grand," observed they; not that they could speak from experience, never having crossed the Atlantic to view them; the sight of the Pyramids of Egypt, worth a pilgrimage thither, and all the other known wonders of the earth, natural and artificial, equally imposing and sublime, but it was scarcely to be conceived that any one of them could vie in beauty with the Glaciers of Switzerland.

The party, some half-dozen in number, and of the English nation, had arrived at Chamouny in the night, later by some hours than they ought to have done, owing to the break-down of their nondescript vehicle, called a char-à-banc, just after they had quitted St. Martin, a quiet little village, whence the view of Mont Blanc is splendid in the extreme.

They were weary with travelling, and sought their beds at once, the earliest riser amongst them—and he not until the sun was up—rushing to his window, before his eyes were half open, to see if any view was to be obtained.

He pulled aside the curtain, and stood transfixed; utterly regardless of the bipeds, male and female, human and animal, whose attention might be attracted upwards by the unusual apparition of a gentleman exhibiting himself at the open window in his costume *de nuit*, his tasseled nightcap stretching a yard into the air. But John Rayner was a man much more accustomed to act from impulse than from reflection, and it is possible that in this instance the scene he beheld excused it.

The Glacier de Bosson was before him—the large, unbroken Glacier de Bosson—with its colour of bright azure, and its shining peaks of gold, rising to a sky more deeply blue than we ever see it in England, glittering along as far as the eye could reach. A glimpse of the Mer de Glace was caught in the distance, its white surface presenting a contrast to the blue of the glaciers.

John Rayner soon summoned his party; and, after a hasty breakfast, they commenced preparations for a visit to the Mer de Glace. They were soon ready—considering that some of the party were ladies, and one a staid damsel of five-and-forty, methodical and slow; another, a fair young bride, indulged in every wish and whim. The usual appendage of mules and guides accompanied them, and they were a long while ascending the mountain—five hours at the least—but the road was sufficiently exciting, and to some minds sufficiently dangerous, to keep away ennui. The young girl, too, and indeed she was little more, was perpetually throwing them into a state of agitation with her sudden screams of terror, although the guides, with their Alpen stocks, seeing

her fears, were more attentive to her than to all the rest of them put together. Once they thought she had certainly gone over, mule and all: it was when a descending party appeared almost right above their heads, advancing towards them, and she was just at a broken and rugged corner, where there was scarcely room for one mule to step, without being precipitated into the depths below. But the danger was surmounted, and on they went, the mules nearly on end; for it is scarcely possible to conceive a more perpendicular ascent. Part of the way lay through groves of tall pine-trees, and flowers and wild strawberries were growing around.

But now they gained the height, and how strangely beautiful was the scene that broke upon them!—it certainly, as the gazers observed, could have no rival in nature. It was one of the sunniest days, too, that ever rose on that picturesque land: had it been less fine, the greater part of the scene's beauty would probably have been lost.

The azure-tinted plains of ice, in their rugged sublimity, were stretched out broad and large, their surface glittering as if all sorts of precious stones were thrown there. The bright-green emerald, the pale sapphire, the gay amber, the purer topaz, the sweet-tinted amethyst, the richer garnet, the blue turquoise, the darker lapis lazuli, the rare jacinth, the elegant onyx, the delicate opal, the gaudy gold, and the brilliant diamond. All gay and glittering colours were there, presenting a dazzling profusion of tints such as the eye had never yet rested on. Pinnacles of snow rôse up to the heavens, and frozen torrents, arrested mid-way in their course, hung over the waves of ice below. Plains, plains of ice were extended there, clear and transparent; masses of white, shining snow, in all fanciful shapes, were crowded, as if they were rocks, one above another, and magnificent pinnacles, or aiguilles, as they are appropriately termed, rose their golden tops to the dark blue sky, numbers of them upon numbers, as far away in the distance as the eye could reach. It is impossible to do justice in description to the exquisite colouring of these heaps or rocks of ice, between each of which yawned a fissure or abyss, fearful to look down upon. You may have witnessed the blue of a southern sky, and the rich blue of the Rhone's waters—wondrously dark and rich as they roll on from Geneva's lake; you may have seen the bright blue plumage of rare birds, rivalling the exquisite tint that is known as "ultra marine," but never, never have you imagined anything so lovely as the transparent azure of portions of these masses of ice.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Hamlet tells us, than are dreamt of in our philosophy. It is very probable; and there are certainly more places. When John Rayner's geographical master at school expounded to him the dreary, repellant attributes of the Icy Sea, making him shiver as he listened, he little thought there was *another* icy sea nearer home, one that he might sometimes visit, and whose strangely magnificent beauty would cling to his recollections for all his future years.

The guides began pointing out to him some of the glistening peaks by name: the Aiguilles Rouges, the Col de Baume, the Grands Periades, the Grands Mulets, the Egralets, and others. And—strange, strange scene! in the midst of this region of petrifaction, this enduring ice of ages, the green banks, verdant as our plains in the spring-time, lay on the edge of the white waters; causing them to think of the blending of climes;

that they would never see blended—the smiling pastures of Arcadie in the midst of the desolation of the North Pole.

They were gathered in a group close to the little châlet, as it is called, partaking of the refreshments they had brought with them, all save that pretty plaything, the young bride, who, her terrors subsided, sat twisting some wood-strawberries round her straw bonnet, much to the staining and detriment of its white ribbons, as John Rayner's staid aunt kept assuring her, when some fresh comers appeared upon the scene. They consisted of a lady and gentleman, a man servant, in undress livery, and some guides. He, the gentleman, was young and remarkably handsome, aristocratic to the last degree, and there was an air of reserve and hauteur about him, conspicuous at the first glance. But he was forgotten when his companion, whom he had assisted from her mule and placed upon his arm, turned her countenance to their view. Seldom has a human face been formed so classically faultless, and though there was not the slightest colouring in her features, the delicate beauty of their form was such, that could a painter have transferred them to canvas, he would need to toil for fame no more. Her hair was of the deepest shade, next to black, and her eyes were blue, but such a blue—dark and lovely as were the edges of the masses of ice she was looking at. They did not advance towards our party, preferring, no doubt, to shroud themselves in their habits of aristocratic reserve, and keep themselves aloof from promiscuous travellers. Once she withdrew her arm from his, and began slipping about on the waves of ice, trying hard to climb them; and, as she thus amused herself, he strolled away and approached nearer the other party. But he took no notice of it, save one or two involuntary glances of admiration which shot from his eyes as they fell upon the fair young wife before mentioned, who still sat weaving her strawberries, not quite consistent, as John Rayner's maiden aunt stiffly observed, with his devotion to *his* young wife down there.

"I wonder if they are English?" quoth Miss Rayner—the first "wonder" an English woman expresses, and that invariably, when strangers appear in sight in a foreign land.

"English! of course not!" retorted her young lady relative, pushing up the wreath to see how many stains she could count upon her bonnet, and who, since she crossed the Channel, had been pleased to express a mania for everybody and everything that was foreign.

But the day at length wore away, with its pleasure, toil, and excitement; and not sorry were they, after their perpendicular descent, to find themselves safe in the inn at Chamouny.

Early the next morning they went out to visit the source of the Arveyron; but it calls for little notice here, and its description would scarcely be read after that of the Icy Sea. They were standing by the grove of pines that skirts the rivulet, bargaining with some little children for the minerals they so anxiously displayed, when the same couple they had seen the day before, amidst the glaciers, advanced towards them, but this time quite unattended. The gentleman was attired in a sort of shooting coat, his tall slender form appearing to advantage in this mode of dress; and the young lady was enveloped in a cashmere, her lovely features colourless as ever; but she hastily shook her veil over them as she neared the strangers.

They had scarcely passed, when the gentleman, in drawing something from his pocket—a sketch-book it looked like—let fall a gold pencil-case, probably out of the book. It was unperceived by him, and he continued his way, the pencil-case rolling to the feet of John Rayner. He picked it up, and stepping after the stranger, returned it into his hand.

He proffered his thanks politely and very courteously. There was something extremely prepossessing in his manner when he spoke, and in his smile also, in spite of the hauteur visible in his features when they were at rest.

"He is an Englishman, then!" cried John's good aunt, who had been watching and listening.

"And a nobleman to boot," added John.

On the blood-red stone of the chased pencil-case was engraved an elaborate coat of arms, surmounted by a viscount's coronet.

During their quiet journey back to St. Martin, in the char-à-banc, they, having nothing better to do, began discussing the episode, as John Rayner himself named it. Miss Rayner, who, many years before, had owned a real countess for a godmother, and still boasted of a cousin—she did not say how many removes—in an ambassador's lady, had, as a matter of course, all the peerage at her fingers' ends, and knew the names and ages of everybody in it, as well as she did the Church Catechism. So she began speculating upon which of the peers' sons it was, and trying to recollect who amongst them had recently wedded.

"I have it!" she cried at last. "It is Lord L——. He was married just before we left England—to that old admiral's daughter, you know, John, with the wooden leg: he is something at the Admiralty. An exceedingly fine young man is Viscount L——, but so was his father before him, though I dare say he is altered now. He stood for our county in early life, and I saw him ride round the town the day of his election."

"My good madam," interrupted a gentleman, leaning down from his seat by the driver to speak, "the party we saw this morning is just as much like Lord L—— as you are like me. He is a regular dwarf, is L——; stands five feet one in his boots."

"How do *you* know Viscount L——?" snappishly demanded the lady, vexed at finding herself, with all her aristocratic lore, at fault.

"I was at college with him," was the reply, as the speaker threw away the end of his cigar.

"It is useless to discuss the matter further," observed John Rayner. "We have seen the last of them, and the prospect here is worth all the coronets in Europe."

They were leaving the Glacier de Bosson, with its form of grace, and its colour of brilliant blue shading itself off above to snowy whiteness; but shining cataracts, silvery and beautiful, were rushing down from the heights, amidst the trees, the rocks, and the green, green banks. And further on, as the char-à-banc continued its way out of the valley, the snowy range of mountains appeared, their outline sharply cut against the clear summer sky, and the pinnacles, domes, and obelisks, as they might be fancied, shooting up to it; with Mont Blanc—Mont Blanc so splendidly radiant seen from thence, standing forth in all its glory.

II.

It may have been several months prior to the date of events recorded above, that a family party were gathered one evening in the drawing-room of a handsome house, situated near to one of those parts of London much frequented by lawyers. A lady of advancing years sat in an easy chair; the worsted-work with which she had been occupied was thrown aside, and she had placed her hand fondly upon the head of a young girl, who knelt before the recently lighted fire, enjoying its blaze, for the autumn evenings were growing chilly. A stranger would have been struck at once with the girl's beauty. Had a masterly hand sculptured out her features from marble, they could not have been more exquisitely moulded, and they were pale as the purest ivory. She seemed to be about eighteen, and a cherished, petted child.

Two ladies, each more than thirty years of age, sat also in the apartment. They were quiet-looking women, dressed with a plainness which formed a contrast to the elegant attire of the younger lady. One sat before her desk, the other—having drawn close to the window, for she was near-sighted—sat reading attentively.

"Louisa, my dear," observed the mother, removing her hand from her youngest daughter's head, "I think you should put your writing aside: it is getting too late to see."

"In a few minutes, mother: my epistle is just finished, and I want to send it by to-night's post."

"Is it for the convent?" inquired the youngest girl.

"It is."

"As a matter of certainty," she rejoined; a saucy smile—in which might be traced a dash of derision—illuminating her features.

The expression was observed, and a deep sigh broke from the two elder sisters; the one looking up from her book, which was a Roman-Catholic edition of the "Lives of the Saints," to give vent to it.

At the same moment a servant entered, and presented a salver to his mistress. She took a note from it, and broke the seal. The man quitted the room, and Frances, like a spoiled child, leaned her head upon her mother's lap to look at the handwriting.

"It is from your papa, my dearest, written from the office; but a couple of lines. He says he shall bring home a client to dinner—a nobleman, who will probably take a bed at our house. It may be as well, perhaps, that I order some trifling additions to the table."

"The dinner is very well, madam," meekly observed one of her elder daughters. "It is handsome and good: will not the enlarging of it savour much of worldly vanity?"

"Additions! to be sure, mamma!" cried Frances. "What are you dreaming of, Mary—it is a nobleman who is coming, did you not hear?" And bending forward, she pulled hastily the bell, that Mrs. Hildyard might issue her orders.

But whilst they are up-stairs dressing, it may be as well to give a short intimation of who the parties are.

Mr. Hildyard was an eminent lawyer, ranking high in his profession, of unblemished character, and of great wealth. He was of the Roman Catholic persuasion. His family consisted but of the three daughters we have already seen. The two elder ones, Louisa and Mary, had been

placed in early childhood at a convent in one of the Midland counties. Merry-hearted girls they were when they entered it; but at their departure, after a sojourn there of several years, their joyous spirits had been subdued to gloom. The world and all its concerns was to them a sin; and they decidedly deemed that no person was worthy to live in it, save those who were continually out of it "in the spirit," and whose time was passed in the offices of religion, and in ecclesiastical acerbities. They returned home young women, whilst their little sister, the wilful child, Frances, was but eight years of age. Most passionately fond of this child, coming to them so many years after the birth of the others, were Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard; and, like too many fond parents, they merged her future well-being in present indulgence. Oh! better had it been for Frances Hildyard to have turned into stone her heart's best feelings, and to have lived a life of contented gloom as her sisters did, than to have grown up the vain, self-willed girl which she had done, revelling in the world and its vanities as if it were to be her resting-place for ever.

It is impossible to tell you how Frances Hildyard was idolised—how indulged. This is no ideal story, and I speak but of things as they were. When only seven years of age, she dined at table with her parents, at their late dinner-hour. Her will was law in the house; the very servants, taking their tone from their superiors, made her their idol, or professed to do so. The most insidious flatteries were poured into her ear, and every hour in the day, one eagerly drank-in theme was whispered there—the beauty of Miss Frances. This indulgence, coupled with that fostered vanity, brought forth its fruits—and can you wonder at it? Good seeds were in her heart,—good, holy seeds, planted in it by God, as they are in the heart of all; but in lieu of being carefully fostered and pruned, they were let run to waste, and the baneful weeds overgrew them.

A governess was provided for her, a kind, judicious Catholic woman. Send Frances to the convent, indeed! What object would Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard have had to dote upon had their precious child been removed from their sight? Mrs. Mainwaring was anxious for the welfare of her charge, and to do her duty; but Frances was the most rebellious pupil. The governess appealed to the mother, and Mrs. Hildyard, with showers of kisses and presents, implored Frances to be more attentive; but Frances heard her whisper to the governess not to be harsh with her darling child. It was a continued scene of struggle for mastery, and Mrs. Mainwaring threw up her engagement. A French lady was procured in her place, who had the accommodation, to use no more reprehensible term, to assimilate her views to those of Miss Frances. And so she grew up; her extreme beauty palliating to the household all her little wilful faults, and the admiration she excited filling the very crevices of her heart. To hear the echo of the word "beautiful" coupled with Frances Hildyard, was of itself, to her, worth living for. But soon one was to come, for whose admiration she would alone care, one for whose step she would learn to listen, and in whose absence existence would be irksome.

She was the first, on the evening which has been mentioned, to enter the drawing-room, after dressing for dinner. Her attire proved she had not forgotten that a noble stranger was to partake of their hospitality. Mr. Hildyard was standing before the fire with a gentleman. They both moved as she advanced, and her father, taking her hand, said, "My love,

allow me to introduce Lord Winchester.* Your lordship sees my youngest daughter, Miss Frances Hildyard."

She saw that he was young and handsome,—she saw that he was noble and courteous beyond any that she had hitherto formed acquaintance with, but she saw not the whole of his fascinations then.

He led Mrs. Hildyard into dinner, and sat next to her; Frances was on his other hand. The two elder sisters, in their quiet grey silk dresses, sat opposite, and Mr. Hildyard occupied his customary place at the foot of the table.

Vain girl! She was looking her very best, and she tried to look it. She was conscious that he regarded her with no common admiration. She was used to that; but she was *not* used to this homage from a nobleman.

The secret of his visit was made known to the family—to no one else. Viscount Winchester, but following the example set him by many another noble viscount, had got himself into a scrape: plainly speaking, he had run headlong into debt, and was in the hands of the Jews. The respectable old earl, his father, shocked and astonished, had, in the first flush of anger, refused to assist him, and the viscount, threatened with arrest, and not daring to apply to the family solicitor, had flown to Mr. Hildyard, of whom he had a slight knowledge. So here he was located, *en famille*, in the lawyer's house; it may be said, secreted, for the servants were left in ignorance of his name and rank, and the family were denied to visitors.

Upon Frances chiefly devolved the care of entertaining him. Louisa and Mary—even had the necessity of any task so vain and useless as that of amusing a handsome young gentleman occurred to their minds—possessed not the time to attend to it, what with their voluminous correspondence kept up with the convent, and their multifarious religious duties at home, and its ceremonies abroad; and Mrs. Hildyard was in delicate health, and rarely descended from her apartments until late in the day.

It was nearly a week before he left the house. For four days the earl had continued obstinate; and after he relented, it took two more to arrange matters, so that Lord Winchester might be free again. He and Frances had become very friendly with each other; it is too early yet to say, attached—but the seeds for that were sown. He quitted the house, but not to remain absent from it for ever—now a morning visit, now a friendly dinner with them. Neither did it seem anything but a natural occurrence that he should frequently return to his friends from whom he had received so much kindness. But it needed not his whisperings to Frances, to convince her that she was the magnet that drew him thither, for she saw it in every look, and traced it in every action.

III.

The winter had come. Frost and snow lay chillingly upon the ground, when one afternoon the visiting carriage of Mrs. Hildyard drew up to her house, and Frances, followed by her mother, leaped lightly out of it. A radiant smile of happiness was on her beautiful face, for a well-known

* Both the names, Winchester and Hildyard, are feigned ones.

cab, elegant in all its appurtenances, was in waiting at the door, giving sure token that its owner was within.

Lord Winchester's visits had been frequent and constant; and oh, the change that had come over the feelings of Frances Hildyard—over her whole life! She had learnt to love; but few could imagine how wildly and passionately.

There he was, as she entered the morning room, striding up and down it impatiently. A hasty embrace, while they were yet uninterrupted, and Lord Winchester walked forward to shake hands with Mrs. Hildyard.

"So, Frances," he whispered, when an opportunity offered, and others were in the room to draw off attention from them, "you are tiring already of your conquest?"

Tiring of him! A faint blush upon her pure cheek, and a look of inquiry, formed her only answer.

"It was unkind not to reply to my note, when I so earnestly urged it."

"What note?" she asked.

"The one I sent you yesterday."

"I had no letter from you yesterday."

"Think again, my love. James tells me he delivered it as usual into the hands of your own maid."

"Then she never gave it me," answered Frances, earnestly.

"Some negligence!" ejaculated Lord Winchester.

But the visitors who had been present were leaving, and their conversation was interrupted.

As soon as she was at liberty, Frances hastened to her room, and ringing for her maid, a chattering French girl, demanded if she had not received a note for her on the previous day.

"Most certainly," answered the girl, jabbering on with her false accent, and occasionally introducing a word of her native language. "It came when you were out, mademoiselle, and I placed it here on your toilette-table."

"Then where is it?" inquired Frances.

"Mais—I supposed you took it," replied the attendant, looking puzzled; and she was beginning to scan the ground, as if thinking it might have fallen there, when Miss Louisa Hildyard entered the apartment, and the servant was dismissed.

"I—I took the liberty, Frances," began Miss Hildyard, clearing her throat, and speaking in the mild, monotonous manner which distinguished her and her sister, "to open a letter yesterday which was addressed to you."

The thoughts of Frances reverted to the lost note, and the impetuous flush of anger rose to her brow. Her answer was delivered in a tone of the utmost astonishment.

"You—opened—a—letter—addressed—to—me!" was her exclamation, with a pause between every word.

"I did," meekly replied Miss Louisa.

"And you presumed—was it from here? Did you find it here?" reiterated Frances, pointing to the dressing-table.

"It was—I did," responded the elder lady, scarcely above a whisper, "and I am now come to converse——"

But Frances, with a perfect torrent of passion, overwhelmed her words. "And how could you—how dared you break the seal of a letter which bore my address ?—how dare you presume to stand in my presence and assert it?"

"The superscription was in Viscount Winchester's hand-writing, and the seal bore his arms," was the placid reply. "A sufficient warranty for my proceeding, for I had suspected there was a private understanding going on between you, and deemed it my duty to look into it."

"And don't you know," exclaimed Frances, stamping her foot in her passion, "that the act you have been guilty of is so vile, that, but recently, one committing it was deemed worthy of a felon's death upon the scaffold ? That degradation so utter can have been committed by my father s child!"

"This storm of passion and violence is very bad," deplored Miss Louisa Hildyard, crossing her hands upon her chest. "May the Virgin bring your mind to habitual meekness !"

"May the Virgin bring you to a sense of the shameful act you have stooped to, and keep you out of my apartments for the future !" retorted the exasperated girl, who, truth to say, was looked upon as little better than a heathen, in religious matters, by her pious sisters.

Miss Louisa took a small ivory crucifix from her bosom, kissed it, and crossed herself, whilst ejaculating audible aspirations for patience.

"Retire from my presence," resumed Frances, haughtily, "and return to my maid, whom I will send after you, the letter you have robbed me of."

"It is no longer in my possession," sighed Miss Louisa, coolly taking a seat as if in open defiance of her sister's imperious command. "I am in the habit of consulting Sister Mildred, my dear old preceptress at the convent, upon all points, and I submitted Lord Winchester's communication to her by last night's post, requesting her advice as to what course we ought to pursue with you upon this deplorable matter."

Frances turned quite wild. "You eavesdropper—you impersonation of all jealousy—how dared you do so ? This is worse and worse ! Consult the nuns about yourselves and your own concerns; go and live with them and stop with them if you like ; but who gave you right or power over mine?"

"The right and the power that one soul has to concern itself for the well-being of another. Had Viscount Winchester——"

"Had Viscount Winchester come with his coronet in hand, and laid it at *your* feet," interrupted Frances, vehemently, "you would have grasped at the offer—unsuitable to him as you would be in years. We should have had no saintly appeals to the convent then."

Miss Louisa gave a faint scream, and nearly fainted. To do her justice, it was not so much her sister's ill-judged words that affected her—not even the irreverent allusion to her age—as the coupling her holy and catholic person, though only in idea, in union with one who was a sworn enemy to the true faith.

"Oh that you had been reared amongst our pious sisterhood !" she aspirated, looking on Frances with compassion, "you would then know the terrible sin you have been guilty of in encouraging the addresses of this lost man."

"I wish the pious sisterhood had been in the sea before they had taught you these disgraceful tricks," retorted the young lady. "Why don't you attend to your priests, and your visitings, and your week-day masses, and your holy robes, and leave rational people to pursue their way unmolested?"

This last was a hint at her sister's embroidery; they never were without a "holy robe" in hand, intended for the decoration of some priest or another.

"Thanks be to the saints and to their blessed servants who tutored me, you cannot provoke me to anger, Frances. What I have done, I have done for your good. It is incumbent on us to stop this affair in the bud, rather than suffer you to become deeply attached to this young nobleman. Alas! that hearts, still dead to the spirit, *should* be guilty of passion so reprehensible for a fellow-creature!"

"Whatever attachment there may be between me and Lord Winchester, it does not concern you."

"You can never marry him."

"I shall not ask your consent."

Miss Louisa Hildyard fell upon one knee when she heard these words, and prayed for reformation to the sinful heart of her young sister.

"You might as well marry the—the—" she seemed to hesitate for a mild expression, "the person down below who is not an angel," she continued, tapping the floor with her foot, lest Frances should mistake her meaning; "you might as well marry *him*, as a man professing the religion they call Protestant."

The pale face of Frances bore a tinge of red—always a sign in her of deep emotion. She liked not the turn the discussion was taking, for she had been nurtured in the doctrines of the Romish faith, and even she, careless as she was of fulfilling the duties of her religion, owned to prejudices against those of an opposite creed, though her all-potent love for Lord Winchester willingly buried in his case these prejudices in oblivion.

"Oh, Frances! think of your soul! How can that be saved if you wilfully ally yourself with one who can never enter into the fold of Christ?"

"Have you increased my obligations to you," interrupted Frances, trying to smother her sister's words, "by informing papa that you are a breaker-open of other people's letters?"

"My lips are sealed upon the subject until the arrival of the answer of Sister Mildred," replied Miss Hildyard. "I shall be guided, as I ever am, by her advice."

IV.

The answer of "Sister Mildred" was not long in coming. It was a voluminous epistle, partly consisting of pathetic lamentations over the "stray lamb who seemed prone to wander;" and earnestly urging, nay, commanding, her dear daughter Louisa to consult at once with her confessor, and to let him see and explain the danger to Mr. Hildyard.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard were sufficiently confounded when the unwelcome news was made known to them. That they were taken with Lord Winchester as a fascinating man and pleasing companion, could not be denied; but that their greatly-beloved daughter should have become attached to one lying under the ban of their faith, was an overwhelming blow. The first time that Mr. Hildyard entered his drawing-room, after

hearing the tale, appearances seemed to confirm it, for there sat Frances at the piano, playing ever and anon a few bars with one hand, and his lordship was leaning over her and speaking in whispers. Mrs. Hildyard had dozed asleep upon the sofa, her frequent habit after dinner, and Miss Mary Hildyard sat at the table underneath the light of the great chandelier, forming a wreath of flowers, intended, when worked, to ornament a veil for the profession of a young friend who was about to become a nun. Altogether, what with the old lady's doze, and the younger one's preoccupation, they had it pretty much to themselves, and Mr. Hildyard walked across the well-carpeted room without being perceived, in time to see the viscount toying with his daughter's ringlets. Frances started up when she saw her father.

"What do you do, Frances, so far from the fire?" he cried, with asperity, the first time in her life she ever remembered harsh tones used to her.

"Is it so cold a night?" inquired the young man.

"Very cold, my lord," was the short reply.

"This room is warm anywhere," observed Frances, as she slowly approached the table where her sister was sitting.

"Shall I sing you your favourite songs to-night, papa?" she inquired.

"No. I am in no mood for singing."

"Will you give me my revenge at chess?" asked the viscount of Mr. Hildyard.

"If your lordship will excuse me, I shall feel obliged."

So with this chilling reception of course his lordship soon walked himself off, and then Mr. Hildyard spoke to Frances.

Kindly and cautiously he pointed out to her how impossible it was that she could ever marry Lord Winchester, or any one save a professor of her own creed. He told her to choose from the whole world—that he and her mother had but her happiness at heart, but she must choose a Roman Catholic. "I hope," he continued, "that a mistake has arisen upon this point, and that you do not love Lord Winchester—that it will be no pain to you not to see him again."

Her heart beat tumultuously, and a film gathered before her eyes; but she turned her face, with its agitation, away from their view, and gave an evasive answer.

"Because to-morrow I shall write to him," proceeded Mr. Hildyard, "that a stop may be put to this at once, and for ever."

V.

ASTONISHED as Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard may have been, that was nothing compared with the indignant amazement of the earl when the affair broke upon him. For Mr. Hildyard, not contented with writing fully to Lord Winchester, had dropped an explanatory note to the earl, intimating his hope that the latter would urge upon his son the futility of the expectation that Miss Frances Hildyard could ever become Viscountess Winchester.

That the viscount admired Frances was beyond a doubt; nay, that he loved her; but that he had entertained any serious thoughts of making her his wife, was a mistake. He was not so ready to give up the attractions of bachelorship. He had passed his leisure hours most agreeably

by the side of Frances, without any ultimate end in view, and without giving a thought to one.

What commotion there was in the house when the supercilious letter of the haughty old peer arrived at Mr. Hildyard's. A lawyer's daughter a fit mate for the heir to one of the most ancient earldoms! Had Mr. Hildyard and his wife ever entertained so aspiring a thought, they were now plainly undeceived.

Lord Winchester was forbidden the house; all intercourse with him, even but a passing nod, should they meet in public, was denied to Frances; and she who had never been chidden or crossed, who did not know what control was, had her mother and sisters constantly peeping and peering over her, night and day.

But their vigilance was sometimes eluded. There were servants in the house, who, devoted to Frances's interests or to the viscount's bribery, frequently passed letters from one to the other, and even contrived to bring about interviews between them. One unlucky evening, however, that Frances was missing from the sitting-room, her eldest sister bethought herself to go in search of her—a suspicion, it may have been, rife in her heart.

Reception-rooms and other chambers were searched in vain, and the lady stealthily made her way to the apartments of the servants, scaring one that she met on the road by her unusual appearance there. The housekeeper's parlour was at the end of a passage, and Miss Hildyard advanced to it, and turned the handle of the door, and—she did not faint, but sank down upon a chair with a succession of groans so loud, that they might have been heard at any given place within three miles —Lord Winchester stood there, clasping her sister in his arms, and, to use poor Miss Louisa's expression to her mother afterwards, actually KISSING her!—kissing her cheek as fast as he could kiss.

The retiring Miss Louisa had never in all her life received such a shock. It was enough to turn her hair grey. Such a thing had never been heard of in the convent. And that she should witness a young sister of hers, almost an infant it might be said, quietly suffering herself to be upon such dreadfully familiar terms with one of the other sex—and he *not* a holy priest, or even a Catholic! What a humiliating confession she should have for her spiritual director the next day!—what an octavo budget for Sister Mildred and the nuns!

Lord Winchester, instead of sinking through the floor with contrition, appeared little daunted. He raised his head proudly up, and placing Frances's hand within his arm, demanded of Miss Louisa if she had any commands for him.

This hardihood put the finishing stroke upon Miss Louisa's agitation. She fell into hysterics, and screamed so loud, that the housekeeper, followed by the servants, came rushing in.

But the scene next day was terrible. Mr. Hildyard had been at a political meeting, but the next morning he assembled the whole of the family in conclave.

"Will you," he cried to Frances, after an hour spent in fruitless discussion and recrimination, "will you, or will you not, give up this man?"

"I will not," she murmured.

"Frances, do you remember how I and your mother—there she

stands—have cherished you? Do you know that you are entwined round our hearts as never child was yet entwined? Will you outrage this affection of years for the sake of a stranger—and he an apostate?"

Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard, you now see the effects of your wofully indulgent training. What response does Frances make? Why, she turns away her head, and makes none.

"Frances, for the last time," continued her father, "will you undertake to renounce all friendship with Viscount Winchester—that he shall be to you henceforth as if you had never met? It must be sworn upon the crucifix."

The faint crimson shone in her cheek, and her voice and hands trembled as she replied, in a low tone,

"I will never promise it."

VI.

"If anything can recal her to a sense of her duty," remarked Miss Louisa Hildyard, as she consulted that night alone with her father and mother, the family priest being alike present, "it will be a prolonged residence in that blessed convent. There her mind may be led to peace. Oh, that she had been brought up in it!"

"You say right, my daughter," acquiesced the priest. "I see no other way to reclaim her; for here, alas! the temptations of worldly life must ever interfere, and counteract all good effects that might be wrought. Place her in the convent. I myself will be her conductor thither, and will offer up my prayers that the step may conduce to her spiritual welfare."

Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard started, and the former smoothed his hand across his brow, as if pain had settled there.

"Your inclinations may be at variance with this counsel," continued the holy father, breaking the silence which had followed, "but will you oppose them to the salvation of her immortal soul? *I see no other way to save it.*"

And so it was decided; but not until the night hours had grown into morning.

"Oh, the holy work that will have been wrought, should the heart of this erring lamb be won over to a peaceful life, and embrace the veil!" uttered the priest in the ear of Miss Louisa, as he bestowed upon her the night benediction, ere retiring from the council. "We shall say then that that carnal-minded apostate was sent to this house in mercy."

VII.

But three days had elapsed, when a travelling-carriage drove into the outer yard of the convent of the Nuns of the Visitation in ——shire. A young lady descended from it, and those in attendance gently led her forward, now through one court-yard, now through another, until the interior of the convent was gained. Then the great gates closed with a bang that almost shook the building, and Frances Hildyard was shut out from the world she had so idolised.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The imperfect record of a strangely-spent life, and the yet imperfect collection of the writings of one, who never reached the position which he might have attained had his habits of life been other than they were, are comprised in the four small volumes now lying before us.* Two more are still to come, and then the public will be in possession of all that a brother's affection deems worthy of the fame of Hartley Coleridge. In the mean time, enough is presented to enable the world to form its own estimate of his genius, and enough may be gathered from the history of his early career to account in a great degree for the desultory character of his works. We purpose to take these materials in the order in which they have been compiled; premising that due allowance must be made for biographical incompleteness, when we find that, for a period of full thirty years, no personal intercourse took place between Hartley Coleridge and his brother and biographer. All that Mr. Derwent Coleridge is able, of his own observation, to narrate, refers to their mutual infant and schoolboy days; respecting Hartley's university career his knowledge is admitted to have been very slight; and for what concerns this period as well as his brother's after life, he is indebted to Hartley's own memoranda and letters—apparently neither copious nor frequent—"and these failing, to the information of others," obtained "not without difficulty and uncertainty."

Hartley Coleridge, the eldest son of the great poet and metaphysician, who, with his name, transmitted some rays of his genius, was prematurely born at Clevedon, near Bristol, on the 19th of September, 1796, and the event was celebrated by his father in lines which, in addition to their intrinsic beauty, breathe something of a prophetic strain. Prophecy, indeed, appears to have hovered more than once over his tender years, for when "six years old" Hartley Coleridge was the theme of Wordsworth, in verses which, while they painted him what he then was, were full of the fears and divinings that afterwards became realities. Nurtured in poetry and metaphysics—with his father, his uncle Southey, and the philosophic bard of Rydal Mount, to exercise their influence over his mind, and living amidst the romantic scenery of the Lakes, it is not to be wondered at that Hartley Coleridge developed a precocious tendency towards the "maker's" art and the metaphysician's meditations. The latter appeared, in the first instance, to predominate, for at five years of age his father described him to Charles Lamb as often "in agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence" and his own identity. But metaphysical speculation did not increase with his growth; he was, says his brother, far more remarkable for invention and the far-fetched fancies of a poet, and this property he exhibited in a very striking manner. "As regards book knowledge," observes Mr. Derwent Coleridge, who was four years his junior, "his early education was interrupted and desultory, and his progress by no means remarkable. His father began to teach him Greek before he had learnt any Latin, when he was ten years old, and commenced the compilation of a Greek grammar for his use. . . . Beginning Greek

* Poems, by Hartley Coleridge. With a Memoir of his Life, by his Brother. 2 vols. Moxon. 1851. Essays and Marginalia, by Hartley Coleridge. Edited by his Brother. 2 vols. Moxon. 1851.

nearly at the same time, and being somewhat more regularly instructed, I was soon sufficiently on a level with my brother to share his lessons, and thus became his class-fellow. His verbal memory was stronger than mine, but his real superiority lay in his flow of thought and invention, and was shown rather out of school than in it."

This equality in the educational pursuits of the brothers gives value to the early reminiscences of their boyhood, but that value is increased when we are told that Hartley's biographer was "his constant companion, at home and at school, at work and at play;" that "by day and night they read together, walked together, slept together;" and that the younger "became the depositary of all the elder brother's thoughts and feelings," and in particular of "the strange dream-life which he led in the cloud-land of his fancy." For the sake of this earnest confidence, if for no other reason, we regret the long *hiatus*, which casual observation has alone attempted to fill up.

The school days of Hartley Coleridge were passed at Ambleside, under the care of a country clergyman, whose mental attainments seem scarcely to have been his highest distinction, and who had more of the stature and manners of Dominie Sampson than his learning, though he possessed a vigorous understanding, and was "sufficiently exact in the discharge of his scholastic duties." He had also the Dominie's kindness of heart, for, "deeming it, as he said, an honour to be entrusted with the education of Mr. Coleridge's sons, he refused, first for the elder, and afterwards for the younger brother, any pecuniary remuneration." This worthy gentleman encouraged play as much as study; but Hartley Coleridge was no proficient in boyish games. "He never played. He was, indeed, incapable of the adroitness and presence of mind required in the most ordinary sports. His uncle used to tell him that he had two left hands. Hence he was much alone, passing his time in reading, walking, dreaming to himself, or talking his dreams to others. . . . He stood apart,—admired and beloved by all, but without intimacy. He could do nothing for or with his schoolfellows, except construe their lessons and tell them tales." His associates, indeed—though he had some youthful friends—seem rather to have been men than boys during the period of his school-life. "It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated;—by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson, and De Quincey,—and again by homely familiarity with town's folk and country folk, of every degree; lastly, by daily recurring hours of solitude,—by lonely wanderings, with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear."

At this school and with these associates, Hartley Coleridge passed his youth till he had reached his eighteenth year, and at this point the actual recollections of his biographer cease, the periods being brief, and the intervals distant, when he afterwards saw him. Of Hartley's character up to this time his brother speaks in the strongest and most affectionate terms, as developing nothing but what promised good, though he admits that a certain infirmity of will, "the specific evil of his life," had already shown itself. "His sensibility," he adds, "was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain,—he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it can hardly be called—

during which he bit his arm or finger violently." (This was a trick which his uncle Southey ridicules in a very amusing letter republished in this memoir.) "He yielded, as it were, unconsciously to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection."

A year after leaving school, through the active intervention of Southey and other of his father's friends, Hartley Coleridge went to Oxford, and was entered as a scholar, or "postmaster" of Merton College. At the university he was more distinguished for general talent and information than for technical scholarship. The Rev. Alexander Dyce, who knew him well while there, bears testimony to the fact of his possessing an intellect of the highest order, with great simplicity of character, and considerable oddity of manner, and gives the following sketch which, in many respects, might serve as the portrait of the elder Coleridge:

"His extraordinary powers as a converser (or rather a declaimer) procured for him numerous invitations to what are called at Oxford 'wine parties.' He knew that he was expected to talk, and talking was his delight. Leaning his head on one shoulder, turning up his dark, bright eyes, and swinging backwards and forwards in his chair, he would hold forth by the hour (for no one wished to interrupt him) on whatever subject might have been started—either of literature, politics, or religion—with an originality of thought, a force of illustration, and a facility and beauty of expression, which I question if any man then living, except his father, could have surpassed."

The Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend also gives a very interesting description of the impression which Hartley made upon him at the close of his university career, while on a visit to Mr. Southey at Greta Hall, and says of his conversation, that "the merest trifle, coming from his lips, acquired a spirit and an interest which the gravest matter might have missed in being moulded by another tongue." The hopes which indications of this nature gave rise to amongst his friends, were not long afterwards confirmed, when, after taking a second-class degree *in literis humanis rebus*,—which, had his talents been rightly appreciated, ought to have been a first,—he stood for a fellowship at Oriel, and obtained it with high distinction.

But the joy which this event gave to his family was, unhappily, only short-lived: for, at the close of his probationary year,—we give his biographer's own words,—"he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance." We shall not seek to probe this wound deeper than he has done who thus manfully acknowledges the fatal error of his brother's life,—an error from which not even the severity of this visitation could scare him. Sad though it be to think so, Hartley Coleridge is far from being the only man of genius who, in our own time, has wrecked his vessel on this rock: this one, it may be, in a spirit of reckless defiance; that, in a morbid craving after excitement,—another, in the futile expectation of drowning care or dulling the edge of memory. Mr. Derwent Coleridge ascribes this infirmity in his brother partly to a certain facility of disposition, but chiefly to a passionate despondency, arising out of disappointed vanity from having failed in his repeated attempts to gain the Newdigate prize at Oxford; and in confirmation of this opinion he cites

a "confession" made by Hartley in one of his note-books, where, speaking of his failure, he says:

"I was as one who discovers that his familiar, to whom he has sold himself, is a deceiver. I *foresaw* that all my aims and hopes would prove frustrate and abortive; and *from that time* I date my downward declension, my impotence of will, and melancholy recklessness. It was the first time I sought relief from wine, which, as usual in such cases, produced not so much intoxication as downright madness." He who could reason in this vein, "foreseeing" the future from so low a stance, and fixing such a period as the date of his downward declension, when a career was before him which soon afterwards opened so brightly, must have been vain and despondent indeed; but we will not argue the cause; enough for us to learn that "the ruin of his fortunes served but to increase the weakness which had caused this overthrow."

It is painful to dwell at all on this subject, but, unfortunately, it supplies the key-note to most of the eccentricities that are known of the after life of Hartley Coleridge. Deeply as he must have felt the shock which the deprivation of his fellowship occasioned his father and his friends, he did not immediately give way under the calamity. He came to London to win position and independence by his pen, but, from want of will, from the absence of steadiness of purpose, from the seductions of society, to which he yielded himself too readily—he failed—and "this," says his brother, "led him to a habit of wandering and concealment, which returned upon him at uncertain intervals during the middle portion of his life, exposing him to many hardships, if not dangers, and his friends to sore anxiety."

There was, however, a brighter side to the picture than the unhappy failing to which we have adverted would lead us to expect. In spite of the aberrations, which all who knew him regretted, "he retained not merely his love and admiration for moral beauty and excellence, but a high moral purpose and an enlightened creed," the evidences of which are multiplied in his works, while personally his temper was sweet and engaging, his conversation and manners preserved all their charm, and his letters were full of wit, wisdom, and affection.

He resided in London and its neighbourhood about two years, during which period he was a contributor to the *London Magazine*, and wrote a good deal of poetry; but as it was seen that he could not remain with advantage, and was unable to obtain any professional engagement, it was proposed that he should take a school in the north of England. He showed a strong repugnance to this course, and urgently besought another trial in London; but he would not oppose his father's wishes, and went to Ambleside. There, with the best resolutions, and every prospect of success, he entered upon the field left vacant by the retirement of his old master; took pupils at first, and afterwards kept a school, in conjunction with a Mr. Suart, who, relying on the name and talent of his new associate, endeavoured to establish it on a very large scale. But this attempt failed like the rest. He was unable to maintain the necessary discipline for carrying on a school; the scholars were gradually taken away; "his habits became less regular; and, after a struggle of four or five years, the undertaking was abandoned."

We would fain quote the reasons which he gives for his unfitness,

physical as well as mental, for school-keeping, to which, we think, he ought never to have been urged, but we are obliged to hurry on.

Hartley Coleridge must have been about thirty years of age when he resigned the *ferula* to rely for the future on the pen alone, for we find that from 1826 to 1831 he was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which appeared many of the essays to which we shall have occasion to refer.

The reputation he had now acquired caused him to be sought by a young publisher, Mr. Bingley, for whom he undertook a biographical work on the worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and in whose house at Leeds he appears to have been domesticated. But though the work proceeded as far as the third number, and a volume of poems also appeared under the same auspices, all was stopped by the bankruptcy of Mr. Bingley, and Hartley was obliged to return to Grasmere, and had some trouble of mind in getting released from his engagements with Mr. Bingley, whose handsome conduct in the end proved that this vexation, amongst others which his susceptible feelings caused him to magnify, might have been spared him.

The style of these biographies prove that the compiler would have succeeded well in this department of history had he persevered in it; "but," says his brother, "they are more than they profess to be. They run over with acute observations and ingenious speculation on all sorts of subjects . . . are expressed in an easy, vivacious diction, and supported by a large amount of miscellaneous information."

In the autumn of 1834 the world of letters had to deplore the loss of the elder Coleridge. The letters of Hartley to his mother and brother on this occasion are characteristic, and dictated by that remarkable impression in which he indulged, that with him "coming events cast their shadows before." He says, "I had been forewarned by that mysterious presentiment which the future still throws before—I could not but feel that something was coming."

This last grief bade fair to break the spell of infirmity which weighed him down; and his struggles to emancipate himself from the degradation into which his failings were leading him, were at this period great; but "mere feeling is useless to break through the despotism of habit, or to reinstate the broken springs of action."

The tenderness of the elder Coleridge in providing, with suitable restrictions, in his will for his unfortunate son's positive support, does credit to his feelings as a parent, and betrays his conviction of the hopelessness of anticipating his escape from the trammels that fettered him.

Poor Hartley, after his mother's death, independent as far as wordly affairs were concerned, lived but three years to profit by the circumstance. It is mournful to reflect that one so formed to be loved and respected, should have allowed his "soul to be stolen away" in the sad manner which rendered his visionary life a blank to those who would fain have been his friends. There are not wanting testimonies, both from strangers and intimates, to prove the fascination of his manners, the charm of his wit, the varied pleasure of his conversation; and he seemed to possess the power of attaching others to him in spite of the weakness which they could not conceal from themselves.

His brother names with grateful recollection the young farmer and

his wife who, for twelve years, watched over him with unceasing solicitude, and attended his sick couch with "affectionate devotion."

It is, after all, a pleasing reflection to his kind brother, that Hartley's last days were passed in the immediate neighbourhood of his father's friend, William Wordsworth: "Living in such neighbourhood together, and with no greater distance of affection, they were not far divided in their deaths, and now they lie almost side by side."

It were, perhaps, vain to pursue the painful history of his life longer; suffice it to say that he "was taken to his rest on the 6th of January, 1849," ten days after the arrival of his brother, who had been summoned to his dying bed by Mrs. Wordsworth.

Does not the following marginal note, which Hartley Coleridge wrote in an odd number of the *London Magazine*, fitly close this account?

I have no particular choice of a churchyard, but I would repose, if possible, where there were no proud monuments, no new-fangled obelisks or mausoleums, heathen in everything but taste, and not Christian in that. Nothing that betokened aristocracy, unless it were the venerable memorial of some old family long extinct. If the village school adjoined the churchyard, so much the better. But all this must be as He will. I am greatly pleased with the fancy of Anaxagoras, whose sole request of the people of Lampsacus was, that the children might have a holiday on the anniversary of his death. But I would have the holiday on the day of my funeral. I would connect the happiness of childhood with the peace of the dead, not with the struggles of the dying.

Our biographical notice ended, we turn to the works of Hartley Coleridge for specimens of his various powers. We do not rate his poetry so highly as his prose, but the thoughts to which he gave utterance in verse deserve no unworthy place in poetic annals. It is not easy for a sonnet to please, yet here is one whose merit few will contest:

I loved thee once, when every thought of mine
Was hope and joy,—and now I love thee still,
In sorrow and despair:—a hopeless will
From its lone purpose never can decline.
I did not choose thee for my Valentine
By the blind omen of a merry season,—
'Twas not thy smile that brib'd my partial reason,
Tho' never maiden's smile was good as thine:—
Nor did I to thy goodness wed my heart,
Dreaming of soft delights and honeyed kisses,
Although thou wert complete in every part,
A stainless paradise of holy blisses:
I lov'd thee for the lovely soul thou art,—
Thou canst not change so true a love as this is.

Nor is the following less pleasing:

Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I;
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep, and waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May:
And still I am a child, tho' I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

Yet though "melancholy" had "marked him for her own" in a very

peculiar manner, he had flashes of wit and approaches to humour which relieve the too-often recurring theme of self-condemnation and self-pity. These lines "To the Magpie" have in them something singular and original, which invest the otherwise homely subject with interest:

TO THE MAGPIE.

What shall we say of thee, pert, perking Mag,
  Whose every motion seems to fish for praise,
Whose whole existence is a game at brag?
  Art thou a stranger quite to poet's lays,
With black and white thy pretty self adorning,
Like a blithe widow in her second mourning?

Thou wert the pet bird of the God of wine,
  And dear thou art, and should'st be very dear,
To that great Son of Jove whose mighty line,
  After long strife, and many a toilsome year,
Regain'd at last their lawful heritage,
And reign'd in southern Greece for many an age.

For great Alcides never had a home—
  No wonder if his loves were vagabond.
Once in a hollow vale he chanced to roam,
  And of a village maid grew sudden fond.
What shall we say?—The buxom village lass
Became the mother of Æchmacoras.

The brawny sire, as usual, went his way,
  New loves to woo—new monsters to destroy.
But the poor mother—she that went astray—
  All husbandless, with her unfathered boy—
What can she do? Her ruthless father's curse
Bids her conceal a small sin with a worse.

She wrapt her baby in a lion's skin,
  The lion's skin her roving lover gave,
And left the helpless witness of her sin
  In the dark wood. Ye happy wood-nymphs, save,
As ye would keep your innocence secure,
The helpless thing—like you—so sweet and pure.

Nought that the poet feigned in happiest mood,
  Or pagan priest invented in his trade,
Was ever half so beautiful or good
  As the kind things that Nature's self hath made:
O'er the poor babe the magpie chatters still,
Soothes with its wings, and feeds it with its bill.

Ere long the strenuous foe of Hydra came—
  He came in pride of some new conquest won;
But when he saw how pale the hapless dame,
  The childless mother, by himself undone,
Enraged he rushed into the forest wild,
To seek the pledge of love, the hapless child.

I will not say how loud the thickets crash'd,
  For he would never step an inch aside;
Or how far off the timid lions lash'd
  Their sides; or how, less wild, the serpents eyed
The trampling terror. Nought he cared for this—
For lion's inward growl, or serpent's smothered hiss—

But ever onward he pursued the cry,
  The still repeated one note of the bird,
That faithful sat where that poor babe did lie.
  Still he pursued the note, and never err'd;
And there he found them both—the babe and Mag—
In the dark wood, beneath the mossy crag.

The babe became a hero in its time;
The bird, its task performed, it fled away.
To the good bird I dedicate this rhyme;
The hero lives in many an antique lay.
Oh could my song preserve thy nest of briar,
As thou the babe Herculean for its sire!

Quaint thoughts and images abound in certain lines—"To a Red Herring"—"To a Cat"—and to the renowned "Goody Twoshoes." *Nugæ* these, but of a slight or fragmentary nature are all the poems in this collection;—not excepting the "Prometheus," which we look upon as a flight somewhat too ambitious for a poet of the order to which Hartley Coleridge belonged.

But it is in his "Essays," according to our estimate, that he appears to the greatest advantage. How much beauty as well as originality there is in the following passage from an article on the poetical use of the Heathen Mythology:

No act in the life of a Grecian was below the notice of a deity. Business and pleasure, food and exercise, study and meditation, war and traffic, the best and the vilest deeds, alike were hallowed. His creed was associated with all visible greatness, with art and nature, with high aspirings, and tender thoughts, and voluptuous fancies, with the stars of heaven, with mountains and rivers, with the tombs and the fame of his ancestors, with temples and statues, with music and poesy, with all of beauty that he saw, or loved, or longed for, or dreamed of as a possibility. His devotion was no work of a sabbath—it mingled with his whole existence. Love was piety, a sigh was a prayer, and enjoyment was thanksgiving. The clamour of the city, the riotous joy of the vineyards, the tumultuous pleasure that blazes itself to darkness, the enthusiasm which makes a man a trifle to himself, the intoxication of wine and of glory, these "were no feats of mortal agency;" and who might blame the madness which a God inspired? And yet the stillest and the saddest soul that ever loved the moon and the song of the nightingale, stealing apart from the

"Barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers,"

might find a goddess to smile on him, and turn his melancholy to a rapture. Oh! what a faith were this, if human life, indeed, were but a summer's dream, and sin and sorrow but a beldame's tale, and death the fading of a rainbow, or the sinking of a breeze into quiet air; if all mankind were lovers and poets, and there were no truer pain than the first sigh of love, or the yearning after ideal beauty; if there were no dark misgivings, no obstinate questionings, no age to freeze the springs of life, and no remorse to taint them.

"Brief Observations on Brevity" furnish a theme full of quiet humour and sudden antithesis, as the annexed extract will show:

But of all *long* things, there are three which I hold in special abhorrence: a long bill, a long coach, and a long debate. Bills, it must be observed, are apt to grow long in proportion as the means of paying them are short; and tradesmen do not, like "honourable gentlemen," move for leave to bring them in. But it is not the appalling sum total that I regard. It is the mizzling insignificant items, the heart-breaking fractions, the endless subdivisions of misery, that provoke me. It is as if one were condemned to be blown up with a mass of gunpowder, and at the same time to feel the separate explosion of every grain.

Here are some odd notions of a semi-comic quality:

"Perfect melancholy," says honest Ben, is "the complexion of the ass." I have heard it asserted that the observation is no longer applicable. This is certainly a broad grinning age. A grave face is no longer the frontispiece to the apocryphal book of wisdom. Gravity is laughed out of countenance. But melancholy is not the fashion of an age, nor the whim of an individual—it is the universal humour of mankind—inasmuch as I think that melancholy is a passion properly and exclusively human. The ass and the owl are solemn, the cat is demure, the savage is serious, but only the cultivated man is melancholy. Perhaps the fallen spirits may partake of this disposition.

Melancholy can scarce exist in an undegraded spirit—it cannot exist in a mere animal. It is the offspring of contradiction—a hybrid begotten by the finite upon infinity. It arose when the actual was divided from the possible. To the higher natures, all possible things are true; the lower natures can have no conception of an unreal possibility. Neither, therefore, can properly be supposed capable of melancholy. They may be sad, indeed; but sadness is not melancholy, nor is melancholy always sadness. It is a seeking for that which can never be found—a reminiscence or an anticipation of immortality—a recognition of an eternal principle, hidden within us, crying from amidst the deep waters of the soul.

There is truth in this passage from the same essay:

The world is a contradiction—a shade, a symbol—and, spite of ourselves, we know that it is so. From this knowledge does all melancholy proceed. We crave for that which the earth does not contain; and whether this craving display itself by hope, by despair, by religion, by idolatry, or by atheism,—it must ever be accompanied with a sense of defect and weakness—a consciousness, more or less distinct, of disproportion between the ideas which are the real objects of desire and admiration, and the existences which excite and represent them.

A humorous picture of conventional antiquity:

A smack of the antique is an excellent ingredient in gentility. A gentleman, to be the *beau idéal* of his order, should live in an old house (if haunted, so much the better), well stocked with old books and old wine, and well hung with family portraits, and choice pieces of the old masters. He should keep all his father's old servants (provided they did not turn modern philosophers), and an old nurse, replete with legendary lore. His old horses, when past labour, should roam at large in his park; and his superannuated dogs should be allowed to doze out their old age in the sun or on the hearth-rug. If an old man, his dress should be forty fashions out of date at least. At any rate, his face should have something of the cavalier cut—a likeness to the family Vandykes; and his manners, without being absolutely antiquated, should show somewhat of an inherited courtesy. In all, he should display a consciousness, that he is to represent something historical, something that is not of to-day or yesterday—a power derived from times of yore.

In the "Preface that may serve for all Modern Works of Imagination" there is more force than is usual with him, and the hits are hard and well placed. *Ex. gr.*:

The people who are generally called originals are, for the most part, those who have the least claim to the title. They are, in nine instances out of ten, deplorably affected; and affectation is the antipodes of originality. Hypocrites are never original; and affectation is the hypocrisy of manners, as hypocrisy is the affectation of morals. Those who try to be original never succeed. The completest originals in the world are your plain, matter-of-fact, every-day folks, that never utter a word but what they mean. . . . . . A fashion prevailed some time ago of imitating the old ballads, and talking of their delightful simplicity. True, they are delightfully simple, and so is a child of two years old; but what should we think of a man of forty, who set up for simplicity by lisping and babbling like his youngest daughter? . . . . .

Never was there an age which strained so hard after originality as the present, —yet it is not an original age. It is, indeed, somewhat original, to discover that Pope and Dryden were no poets; and so it would be to demonstrate that the moon is made of green cheese. . . . . .

We now seek in books for knowledge; but there is little knowledge to be gained, except from life and observation. A man would not be very vigorous, if, instead of eating and drinking, he took a fancy to support himself by injecting ready-made chyle into his vessels. . . . . .

There is one thing which I trust has been repeated from generation to generation, which is, nevertheless, a complete original, without which all originality is worse than good for nothing—an overflowing fountain of noble thoughts and kind emotions, which are its own, and none can take from it—a thing which must ever be original, for no art can copy it, and God alone can bestow it—a good heart.

Amongst the many essayists on "Hamlet" few have discriminated the

character of the royal Dane better than Hartley Coleridge. Let this final extract suffice in proof of our assertion:

Let us, for a moment, put Shakspeare out of the question, and consider *Hamlet* as a real person, a recently deceased acquaintance. In real life, it is no unusual thing to meet with characters every whit as obscure as that of the Prince of Denmark; men seemingly accomplished for the greatest actions, clear in thought, and dauntless in deed, still meditating mighty works, and urged by all motives and occasions to the performance,—whose existence is, nevertheless, an unperforming dream; men of noblest, warmest affections, who are perpetually wringing the hearts of those whom they love best; whose sense of rectitude is strong and wise enough to inform and govern a world, while their acts are the hapless issues of casualty and passion, and scarce to themselves appear their own. We cannot conclude that all such have seen ghosts; though the existence of ghost-seers is as certain, as that of ghosts is problematical. But they will generally be found, either by a course of study and meditation too remote from the art and practice of life,—by designs too pure and perfect to be executed in earthly materials, or from imperfect glimpses of an intuition beyond the defined limits of communicable knowledge, to have severed themselves from the common society of human feelings and opinions, and become as it were ghosts in the body. Such a man is Hamlet; an habitual dweller with his own thoughts,—preferring the possible to the real,—refining on the ideal forms of things, till the things themselves become dim in his sight, and all the common doings and sufferings, the obligations and engagements of the world, a weary task, stale and unprofitable. By natural temperament he is more a thinker than a doer. His abstract intellect is an overbalance for his active impulses. . . . . Sorrow contracts around his soul, and shuts it out from cheerful light and wholesome air. It may be observed in general, that men of thought succumb more helplessly beneath affliction than the men of action. How many dear friends may a soldier lose in a single campaign, and yet find his heart whole in his winter quarters; the natural decease of one whereof in peace and security, would have robbed his days to come of half their joy! In this state of mind is Hamlet first introduced.

AGNETE OF HOLME VALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF JENS BAGGESEN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

"Agneté var uskyldig,
Var elsket, var tro;
Men stedse var hun eensom,
Hun aldrig haode Roe—
Aldrig Roe;
Hun frydede vel Andre;
Men aldrig var hun fro."

AGNETE she was guileless,
She was beloved and true;
But solitude it charmed her;
And mirth she never knew—
She never knew;
She made the joy of all around,
Yet never felt it too.

Over the dark blue waves,
Agneté, gazing, bends;—
When, lo! a Merman rising there,
From Ocean's depths ascends—
Up he ascends;
Yet still Agneté's bending form
With the soft billows blends.

His glossy hair it seemed as spun
  Out of the purest gold;
His beaming eye it brightly glowed
  With warmest love untold—
      With love untold;
And his scale-covered bosom held
  A heart that was not cold.

The song he sang Agneté
  On love and sorrow rang;
His voice it was so melting soft,
  So sadly sweet he sang—
      Sadly he sang;
It seemed as if his bursting heart
  Upon his lips it sprang.

" And hearken, dear Agneté,
  What I shall say to thee;
My heart—oh! it is breaking, sweet,
  With longing after thee—
      Still after thee.
Oh! wilt thou ease my sorrow, love?—
  Oh! wilt thou smile on me?"

Two silver buckles lay
  Upon the rocky shore,
And aught more rich, or aught more bright,
  No princess ever wore—
      No, never wore.
" My best beloved," so sang he,
  " Add these unto thy store."

Then drew he from his breast
  A string of pearls so rare,
None richer—no—or none more bright
  Did princess ever wear—
      Oh, ever wear.
" My best beloved," so sang he,
  " Accept this bracelet fair!"

Then from his finger drew he
  A ring of jewels fine,
And none more rich, and none more bright
  Midst princely gems might shine.
      " Here, here, from mine,
My best beloved," so sang he,
  "Oh place this upon thine!"

Agneté on the deep sea
  Beholds the sky's soft hue,
The waves they were so crystal clear,
  The ocean, 'twas so blue—
      Oh, so blue!
The Merman smiled, and thus he sang,
  As near to her he drew:

" Ah! hearken my Agneté
  What I to thee shall speak;
For thee my heart is burning, love,
  For thee my heart will break—
      Oh, 'twill break!
Say, sweet, wilt thou be kind to me,
  And grant the love I seek?"

"Dear Merman, hearken thou!
Yes, I will list to thee,
If far beneath the sparkling waves
Thou'lt downward carry me—
Take thou me!
And bear me to thine ocean bower,
There I will dwell with thee."

Then stoppeth he her ears,
Her mouth then stoppeth he,
And with the lady he hath fled
Deep, deep beneath the sea—
Beneath the sea;
There kissed they, and embraced they,
So fond, and safe, and free!

For full two years and more,
Agneté, she lived there;
And warm, untiring, faithful love
They still each other bear—
Fond love they bear:
Within the Merman's shelly bower
Are born two children fair.

Agneté she sat tranquilly,
And to her sons she sang;
When hark! a sound of earth she hears,
How solemnly it rang—
Ding—dong—dang!
It was the church's passing bell
In Holmé Vale that rang.

Agneté from the cradle
Springs suddenly away;
She hastes to seek her Merman dear—
"Loved Merman, say not nay.
Grant me, I pray,
That I, ere midnight's hour, may take
To Holmé Church my way?"

"Before 'tis midnight wishest thou
To Holmé Church to go?
See, then, that thou ere day, art back
Here, to thy sons below.
Go—go—go!
But promise to return again
Ere the bright sunbeams glow!"
He stoppeth then her ears,
Her mouth then stoppeth he;
And upwards they together rise,
Till Holmé Vale they see.
"Now part we!"
They part; and he descends again
Beneath the deep blue sea.

Straight on to the churchyard
Agneté's footsteps hie;
She meets—oh, God!—her mother there,
And turns again to fly.
"Why—oh, why?"
Her mother's voice her steps arrests,
Thus speaking, with a sigh:

"Oh, hearken my Agneté,
What I shall say to thee;
Where has thy distant dwelling been,
So long away from me?—
Away from me?
Say, where hast thou, my child, been hid,
So long and secretly?"

"Oh, mother! I have dwelt
Beneath the boundless main,
Within a Merman's coral bower,
And we have children twain
Beneath the main.
I came to pray, and then I go
Back to the deep again!"

"But hearken thou, Agneté,
What I to thee shall say:
Here thy two little daughters weep
Because thou art away.
By night, by day,
Thy little girls bemoan and grieve—
With them thou'lt surely stay?"

"Well! let my daughters small
For me both grieve and long;
My ears are closed—I cannot hear
Their cries, yon waves among.
Oh! I belong
To my dear sons, and they will die
If I my stay prolong."

"Have pity on thy babes—
Let them not pine away!
Oh! think upon thy youngest child
Who in her cradle lay!
With them O stay!
Forget yon elves, and with thine own,
Thy lawful children, stay!"

"Nay—let them bloom or fade—
The two—as Heaven may will!
My heart is closed—their cries no more
Can now my bosom thrill—
Oh, no more thrill!
For now, my Merman's sons alone
All my affections fill."

"Alas! though thou canst thus
Thy smiling babes forget,
Yet think upon their father's faith,
Thy noble lord's regret—
The fate he met!
As soon as thou wert lost to him
His sun of joy was set.

"Long, long he searched for thee—
He went a weary way;
At last from yonder shelving rock
He cast himself one day,
One dismal day;
His corpse upon the pebbly strand
In the dim twilight lay!

"And here, 'twas not long since,
His coffin they did bring:
Ha, list!—my daughter, hearest thou
The midnight bells they ring!
Ding—dong—ding!"
Away her mother hastens then
As loud the church bells ring.

Agneté o'er the church door
Stepped softly from without;
When all the little images
They seemed to turn about.
Round about!
Within the church the images
They seemed to turn about.

Agneté gazes on
The altar-piece so fair—
The altar-piece it seemed to turn,
And the altar with it there:
All where'er
Her eye it fell within the church
Seemed turning, turning there.

Agneté on the ground
She gazed in thoughtful mood—
When lo! she saw her mother's name
That on a tombstone stood—
There it stood!
Then, sudden from her bursting heart
Flowed back her chilled life's blood.

Agneté—first she staggered back,
She fainted—then she fell—
Now may her children long in vain
For her they loved so well—
Oh, so well!
Now neither sons nor daughters more
To her their wants may tell.

Aye, let them weep, and let them long,
And seek her o'er and o'er!
Dark—dark are now her eyes so bright,
They ne'er shall open more!
O, never more!
And crushed is now that death-cold heart
So warm with love before!

LONDON SHOPPING, CARRIAGE HIRING, BUYING, &c.

THE success of the lodging-house legislation in our last number induces us to try if we can be of any more service to our country friends in other matters appertaining to London life. There is, perhaps, no place in the world where people can get so much for their money as they can in London, provided they know how to go about it; but there is no place where the truth of the saying that there are "two ways of doing everything" is more frequently exemplified than in London. One person will buy the same article for half the money that another will give for it, and this more by dint of caution, and inquiring beforehand, than by any fortuitous circumstances of time, sacrifice meeting, or bargain-catching.

The rule holds good in small as well as in large purchases. We wanted a pair of soda-water nippers the other day, and the first shop we went to they asked us four-and-sixpence, at the next they were three-and-sixpence, the third eighteenpence, and we ultimately bought a pair for a shilling. The shilling ones were not so strong, or perhaps so highly-finished as the four-and-sixpenny ones, but they were quite strong enough for the purpose to which they were to be applied; and, as they were not to be appended to a chatelaine, or worn on state occasions, the inferiority of finish was of little importance. So with razors; one gets a capital razor now-a-days for a shilling; but a scientific, plate-glass windowed cutler would argue, that you can get nothing fit to shave with under five. The fishmonger opposite will charge you twopence a pound for rough ice, while the confectioner further along will send it for a penny.

A stranger generally wants a map of London as soon as he gets to town. Well, if he goes into a bookseller's shop and asks for one over the counter, ten to one but he will have to give half-a-crown or three shillings for a great stiff-backed thing, full of advertisements and useless information, that will bulge out his pocket like a labourer's dinner wallet, while, if he had looked about him a little, he would have found plenty of sheet ones in the windows, labelled from sixpence down to a penny each, that will fold into a very small compass, and answer every purpose. If he goes to Mr. Wyld's model of the globe in Leicester-square he will have plenty pressed upon his attention—case and all—for a shilling. These sort of instances are within the limits of almost every one's experience.

Bargain-hunting, at sales, is more for regular London residents, who follow the thing up systematically, than for the mere chance visitor for a few weeks; we will, however, say a few passing words on the subject of auctions.

It may appear superfluous to caution any but the veriest tiros against the seductions of the mock auctions—places where the parts of keen competitors, exulting purchasers, and disappointed bidders, are enacted in a way that would do honour to the stage. The poor smock-frocked countrymen are the parties generally imposed upon by these—people who cannot afford the luxury of the *New Monthly Magazine* to caution them against such deceptions, or rather robberies.

It may, however, be laid down as a general rule, that all sales by auction are dangerous; for if a man goes to one with the vain expectation of bidding and buying for himself, he will find himself opposed by a knot of brokers, united to resist all such intrusion; while if he gives one of them

a commission—especially if, in addition to a commission, he asks the broker's advice—he will very likely find after the sale that he has given more for the article than he could have bought it for quietly in a respectable shop. The only way is, where a man has a knowledge of the value of the article, to tell a broker what he will give for it, who, of course, being paid by a percentage (five per cent. on the purchase), will take care not to let him get it for less than the sum named, while employing one of the fraternity will most likely protect the employer from the opposition of the rest. But the party must use his own head, not the broker's. Their idea of value, especially of pictures and articles of *vertu*, is greatly regulated by the appearance and apparent eagerness of the party. One broker will estimate his simplicity at fifty per cent. more than another. Although bargains undoubtedly are picked up at sales, we incline to think that, on the balance, the bad bargains will preponderate.

We will now pass on to regular shopping, addressing ourselves principally to our fair friends, in whose province shopping undoubtedly is.

When country ladies resolve upon taking the town by storm, they generally overhaul their wardrobes, and then proceed to Mrs. Somebody in the High-street or the market-place to supply any deficiency they may happen to discover. The consequence is, that they arrive in town twelve months after date, as it were, and are very much surprised, indeed, to find that they are not dressed like other people. The wiser course, undoubtedly, is to wait till they get to London, where, in all probability, they will find as good an assortment in Wapping or Whitechapel as they would in the High-street or the market-place at home.

We believe it may be laid down as a rule that ladies, notwithstanding all their quickness and caution, rather like to be cheated than not; else how can we reconcile their patient submission to the impertinent parade by jackanape shop-lads of all sorts of frightful finery, under the appellation of "Very elegant!" "Very genteel!" "Become you amazingly, m'em!" "Won't you take two of them, m'em?" "What's the next article, m'em?" and so on.

Perhaps one of the most marvellous sights in nature is to hear a French milliner talking an English lady into an ugly fashion, the glib volubility and repetition upon repetition of the milliner completely talking the poor lady off the legs of any opinion she may have had of her own, who in vain comes limping along with her bad French, consoling herself with the reflection that, at all events, she is getting a lesson in the language. Then contrast the plausible subtleties and pleasantries of Madame —— with the bluff, independent manner of an English woman, who, perhaps, being disturbed over her early dinner, comes smelling of beef and cabbage, and appears determined to force the poor lady into buying, whether she will or no. We say "poor lady," but she must be anything but poor if she employs one of the high-flown order in the millinery line.

A great change, however, has come over public opinion within the last ten or a dozen years with regard to the possibility of buying good things at other than first-rate old-established and high-charging shops, the proprietors of which, with a convenient and well-affected dignity, look down with supreme contempt on everything that is cheap, or rather that is not of their production. "I dare say, m'em, you may meet with such an article, m'em, at some of the cheap—the inferior—shops, but *we* don't

supply it at any such price, m'em." And they don't supply it at any such price, simply because, being rich and independent, they can afford to lose a chance customer occasionally; while Mr. Somebody-else, with borrowed capital and a large family, perhaps cannot.

The high-priced shops will say their articles are better—and perhaps in some instances they may be—but there are many things required in a house where a low-priced article will do quite as well as a high-priced one—where the high-priced one, indeed, is only the low-priced one with a little higher polish or finish, the finish in no way contributing to its utility. Take a set of blacking-brushes, for instance: what better are they for being mahogany-backed, or varnish-backed, or even for having portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert upon them? But send a servant for a set, and see if he does not come back with the best—the dearest that is to say.

Between the very high—stiff—standing-out-for-price shops, and the very low, tricky, puffing, enormous sacrifice, and continually selling off, and disreputable ones, there has arisen a class of pushing, ready-money establishments, the owners of which make up by quick returns and small profits for the inordinate gains of the higher class. At many of these, purchasers—ladies in particular—will find a great choice of really good wearable articles, that will last quite as long as the fashion will allow anything to last. Sewell and Cross, in Compton-street, Soho, for instance, is a capital shop for household as well as for ladies' goods, and many of the high aristocracy have no objection to a quiet deal there *incog.*—that is to say, in the morning—when fashion supposes them to be invisible, and they pass their dear friends as if they didn't see them.

A lady's dress differs from a gentleman's dress, inasmuch as a lady's dress is nothing unless it is smart, new, and in the fashion; whereas a gentleman may wear his coat as long as it will last—a well-made London coat, like a Turkey carpet, being respectable to the last. There is no economy in a cheap coat, or rather there is nothing more expensive than a cheap coat; they are only passable at the best, and after a shower of rain they are not passable at all. Nevertheless, an amazing number of people indulge in cheap clothes, and there are no more splendid or increasing establishments in London than the puffing advertising tailors. Not only are they in London, but most large towns, particularly manufacturing ones, have their "slop palaces" also. But to the ladies. Whatever we may think of milliners' bills, we cannot but admire their extraordinary ingenuity in inventing new styles, so that the fashion of this year shall be the fright of the next. An interesting department might have been fitted up at the Crystal Palace with dummies, showing the changes made in ladies' dress during the present century, from the time when they had their waists up to their shoulders and coal-scuttle bonnets on their heads, through the short petticoat and "kiss-me-quick" bonnet times, down to the present ground-sweeping days, and bonnets that look as if they had been encountering a gale of wind, and were just on the point of departure down the wearers' backs.

In conjunction with these should be a few first-rate fashionable London milliners' bills, exhibited as prodigies in the art of charging. It is marvellous how ladies, with their knowledge of the intrinsic value of the material, can be induced to pay such prices as they do for merely having it twisted into queer fantastic forms. First-rate dressmakers are quite as

bad, and it is impossible to bind some of them to terms; for if they agree to let a lady have a dress for a certain price, they will add some trifling looking article or other that will figure for perhaps half as much as the dress itself when the bill comes in. Bonnets are, perhaps, the most extraordinary things, for they assume every form, colour, look, feature, and variety, and yet there will not be a lady in Great Britain but will fancy the last fashion becomes her, though it may be as different to all its predecessors as possible.

Some of the first-rate (charging) west-end milliners have begun to mark the prices on their bonnets, either to show their own exorbitance, or the simplicity of their customers; but although it would not be prudent to mention the names of these conscientious parties, we may add that ladies travelling eastward, along much-derided Oxford-street, or even Bloom-bury wards, will get two bonnets, and nice ones too, for the price of one at the high-flown shops. For country people this is all that can be required—a London bonnet being a London bonnet when they get home, whether it comes from Whitechapel or the Edgeware-road; after all is said and done, it is the becomingness of the bonnet that is the question, not where it comes from.

Then some of the first-rate (charging) people are so unaccommodating. They grumble at being asked to cross the parks to a victim, and will not hear of making up a bonnet on approval. All this would be rectified, and patronage diverted into a much healthier and more meritorious channel, if name and imperious fashion did not exercise such important sway. What good does it do Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Widesleeves having her villa and equipage at Willesden? Poor Miss Garret is very likely stitching her fingers off to keep her own body and soul and Mrs. Widesleeves' equipage together.

Ticketed shops, which used to be held in abhorrence, are coming very much into favour; and a most convenient system it is for a customer, stamping as it were the price of the article to the whole world, and not leaving it to the genteel young people to charge Lady Flauntey twenty or five-and-twenty per cent. more for coming in her carriage with two powdered footmen than Mrs. Tramp, who arrives on foot. Some of the high ruination shops even have adopted the system. Apsley, Pellet, and Co., have as beautiful a collection of china and glass at the Baker-street Bazaar as it is possible to see, with the prices attached to everything. The curious in roguery will see some nice specimens of ticketing ingenuity in some cheap muslin dress shops at the Tottenham-court end of Oxford-street, and also in a furniture shop in Tottenham-court-road. In the former, part of the price is printed so small as to be almost invisible; and in the latter, by inverting the ticket, the price is made quite different to what it at first appears.

We think we have now said all that can be usefully told with regard to the intricacies of shopping. Our advice is but the old doctrine of "caveat emptor" extended, and may be summed up in the old adage of "buy in haste, repent at leisure." As the present uncleanly practice of ladies sweeping the streets with their petticoats makes walking almost impossible, we will now devote a few words to the subject of getting about, and the means of locomotion generally.

The public vehicles of London, though still capable of great improvement, are a wonderful advance upon what they were fifteen or

twenty years ago—indeed, upon what they were before the introduction of railways. Not only is there a great improvement in the vehicles, but there is also a wonderful improvement in the common sense of the public which allows it to use them. Indeed, when to be "so-o-o poor" is the fashion as it is now, it would be inconsistent not to act up to the doctrine in every way.

Railways have taken the starch out of a good many people, and the rarity of private carriages on railway trains shows how great must be the use of job or public vehicles in London. Formerly a job was an onerous affair, involving a seedy-looking coachman, a pair of gaunt horses with crested harness—most likely at variance with the heraldic device on the carriage panel—and either the owner's own varnishless, lack-lustre vehicle at their tails, or a good, plain, roomy tub of a coach, that no effort of the imagination could convert into anything but a "day, month, or year job."

Railways first suggested to country people what town ones were before aware of, namely, that time is valuable. After coming up like a flash of lightning by the railway, dawdling about the streets as if they were paralysed, with a machinery equal to double the occasion, seemed inconsistent, and forthwith a rush of one-horse, one-man vehicles sprung up, enabling people to do in half a day, and at half the cost, what it took them a whole day, and a large cost, before.

As on the one hand there is nothing aspiring about a brougham, even in its utmost magnificence, so on the other there is no wasteful extravagance in pretending to be what a job carriage can never appear—namely, a private one; and people can now roll about the town, without provoking either criticism or envy, in very convenient vehicles, which they can engage for just as long or as short a time as they want them. In all parts of the town there are one-horse broughams and clarences to be hired by the day or hour—three shillings an hour for the first hour, and two-and-sixpence for each subsequent hour, with, in some cases, a shilling an hour to the driver for the first hour, and sixpence an hour for each hour after; or, in other cases, sixpence an hour throughout, being the usual charges. By the day, it is more matter of agreement, depending upon what the hirer considers a day; a space of time that admits of a good deal of difference of opinion, a country person, perhaps, thinking it all fair to commence with Covent-garden Market by daybreak, and finish off with the Opera at night, while some livery men would very likely think that equal to three days.

We may here caution our country readers that there is an abominable description of vehicle, neither a brougham nor a hackney-coach, but a vehicle partaking of the bad qualities of both, which unscrupulous job-masters often palm off on the unwary in lieu of a brougham, when all their broughams happen to be engaged. This is a long, ugly, hearse-looking affair, without shape, make, or design, drawn by one horse, generally as uncouth as the vehicle itself. The only redeeming quality these frightful-looking things have is, that they carry a great number,—four aldermen, for instance, or half a dozen ordinary-sized people; but they must be patient-minded individuals, who do not want to go any great pace, and whose nerves are equal to the abandonment of the horse by the driver when he gets down to unfold the rusty iron-steps to let the passengers out. They must either be prepared for this, or increase their ex-

penses, and also the burden on the already over-laden horse by adding a footman — real or extemporised — to the cargo. These unsightly things have nothing of the brougham about them but the fact of being drawn by one horse, while their height from the ground, their stiff-jointed iron steps, above all, their inordinate length, completely deprives them of the quick, easy turning character of the brougham. What can be more provoking to a person in a hurry, accustomed to the inside opening brougham, on pulling up at a door, to see the slovenly man on the box (for they always send the worst men out with these affairs), having at length brought his crocodile-shaped horse up into what he considers a period, or full stop, and tied his reins to the rail, slowly descending from his box, limping up the steps to tap timidly at the door, returning with a clutch of the greasy hat and a self-satisfied grin for orders, while the occupant of a brougham would have been on the flags as the carriage stopped, and half through his business in the time? Some of these coloured hearses have the inside handle to the door, and also the permanent step in lieu of the iron shake-downs; but still they are heavy, unsightly vehicles, and if a person orders a brougham, he does not mean a hearse. A clean street cab is infinitely preferable to one of these lumbering vehicles; and, whenever a livery-stable keeper sends one of them round in lieu of a brougham, or even a shabby inferior brougham instead of a particular one that has been ordered, the hirer will do well to send it back and take the pick of the street cab-stand instead.

Indeed, livery-stable keepers will do well to remember that a clean, well-horsed street cab is preferable to a dirty, ill-turned-out job one, and that the cost of the one is little more than half the price of the other.

Talking of public vehicles, we may observe that it would be a great convenience if job-masters would establish some sort of open carriages, such as they have at Brighton, Leamington, and all large watering-places, whereby people might get a mouthful of fresh air, as well as be jumbled about from place to place. It is an absolute fact that there is not such a thing as an open carriage to be hired except from the coach-maker's, who will "accommodate" people with one for a month, who, perhaps, in reality only want it for a day. The Belgrave and Bayswater districts are now like watering-place off-shoots of the great metropolis, and there is no reason why there should not be stands for little open four-wheeled phaetons with heads to them and postilions, which might be admitted into the parks to the great benefit of invalids and others. Already these localities have their donkey-depôts, their invalid and children's carriage-stands—some of the latter drawn by goats, some by hand —and no doubt the brisker portion of the population would patronise such useful health-giving vehicles as open carriages.

Having discussed the subject of hiring, we will now consider the purchasing of carriages, things that country-people are often desperately cheated in. Without going the length of some coachmakers, in saying that all the *Post*, *Times*, and other newspaper advertisements we see, offering this or that sort of carriage for sale for mere nothing, are impositions, we must, nevertheless, admit that many of them are, and those too of the most flagrant kind. There is no doubt that great bargains are occasionally picked up in the carriage line, but only by people who know how to go about it,—people who ferret out information, inquire into the truth of the "going abroad," "reducing establish-

ments," or other representations, and not by parties who go slap-dash on the faith of a newspaper advertisement.

Swindling has become such a science, and the professors of the noble art are so skilful, that it is almost impossible even for a Londoner to say what is genuine and what is not. What, for instance, can look more plausible or real than an advertisement offering a carriage—say a Queen's colour town chariot, with hammercloth and all complete, fitted up "regardless of expense" for a nobleman recently deceased, to be sold a bargain, and to be seen at the coachmaker's? A nobleman deceased is quite a different thing to a John Brown deceased, and the reference being to the coachmaker apparently guarantees the validity of the transaction. The bait takes.

Mr. Fairfield, struck by the curiousness of the coincidence that there should be a cheap carriage for sale just at the very time he wants one, hurries over his muffin and *Morning Post*, pulls on his boots or high-lows, as the case may be, and, with unbrushed hat, rushes into a patent Hansom, thinking every cab he sees going in the same direction contains parties after this redoubtable bargain. He gains the street—a tolerably respectable one, perhaps,—say a street leading out of Oxford-street, Oxford-street being the longest street in London—and is set down at the open front of a wide-extending warehouse, with the name "DOTHEFLATS, Coachmaker to his Serene Highness the GRAND DUKE of GREENHORN," in aspiring gilt letters along the top. Two fustian-clad porters are brushing, dusting, and airing the many-shaped vehicles, and intimate that master is in the glass-fronted counting-house, which stands like a summer-house in the middle of the repository. Mr. Fairfield is pleased to see Mr. Dotheflats' benign countenance poring over a capacious ledger, instead of finding him getting pulled to pieces by contending parties for the carriage. Dotheflats sees at a glance that the advertisement has told on the ruddy-faced gentleman before him, and, closing the heavy-clasped ledger with a slap, meets him greetingly at the door with a courtly bow and a lofty lift of the hat.

"I want—I've come—I've seen an advertisement," stammers Fairfield; "carriage for sale—chariot, that's to say—Lord Somebody's, I forget who's; advertisement doesn't say, I think."

"The Earl of Sobersides," observes Dotheflats, solemnly, with another bow, telegraphing with his arm towards where the carriage stands.

"The Earl of Sobersides," repeats Fairfield; "the Earl of Sobersides," and he thinks he recollects having noticed his lordship's demise in the papers—perhaps read a neat biographical memoir of him in the *Times*, or scanned his virtues beneath his coroneted arms in the *Illustrated London News;* at all events, he is certain that his lordship is gone to where carriages will be of no use to him, and he proceeds to follow the now advancing coachmaker to the vehicle in question.

"Yes, sir, indeed, sir," observes Mr. Dotheflats, as he worms his way among the intervening vehicles—"his ludship's death was very sudden—great shock to us all—mind, sir—yes, sir, there's a step, sir—very old client of mine, sir. Just stoop your 'ead a little, sir—carriage just newly done up—ludship meant to have gone to the birthday levee in it—John!" (to a porter) "just draw this barouche a little aside, and then we'll get a better light;" which being done, a very neat, dark-coloured chariot, picked out with red, and an earl's coronet on the panel, stands imposingly before them.

"Humph!" grunts Fairfield, staring at it, and thinking how his own crest—a Porcupine—will look in lieu of the coronet.

Meanwhile Mr. Dotheflats opens the door, to exhibit the fine flowery lining and binding and luxurious squabs and cushions, expatiating on his ludship's love of the comfortable, mingled with regrets at his noble client, as he again calls him, having taken his long journey, instead of the short ride he anticipated. Everything seems most consistent and respectable, and the price is the only thing Fairfield feels any difficulty about. Recollecting, however, that it is advertised to be sold a bargain, he boldly puts the question. Dotheflats, who has been eyeing Fairfield in the lynx-eyed way that none but a real London rogue can eye a man, represents how that, in consequence of its having been fitted up expressly to his ludship's order, the executors, in the generous way some people deal with others' property, had agreed to allow him such a sum as would enable him to sell it for a 'under'd and fifty guineas, the real cost to his lordship having been two hundred and thirty-five, sixteen shillings, and fourpence.

After a good deal of difficulty and many protestations, he at length consents to take a hundred and fifty pounds, substituting Mr. Fairfield's crest for his lordship's coronet into the bargain; and, highly pleased with his purchase, Mr. Fairfield returns to the "West" of England—a part from which the wise men did not come—and the squire's new carriage becomes the general topic of conversation. Its career of calling is, however, suddenly cut short by one of the wheels suspending payment; and, thinking it may have sustained a little derangement by railway travelling, it is sent to Mr. Compassperch, the country coachmaker, for readjustment. Mr. Compassperch meets Mr. Fairfield with rather a knowing look when he calls to ask when it will be done; and, finding he had bought it for a newly-done up three-year old carriage, proceeds to inform him that it's as "old as the hills, and the wheels so rotten that they'll hardly hold the nails."

"But it had just been newly done up for Lord Sobersides!" exclaims Mr. Fairfield. "His coronet was on it when I bought it."

"Oh, sir," replies Mr. Compassperch, with a bland smile, "that's a way some of these London gents have when a great man dies; they do up a carriage, and declare it was his; and a very taking custom it is. A dead man's things, sir, always sell, sir." And so poor Mr. Fairfield finds to his cost.

If any country Fairfield would like to know what he can buy a second-hand carriage for, he will do well to attend one of the sales at the Baker-street Bazaar. We recently attended one of the periodical resurrections of that great vehicular mausoleum, and certainly a greater set of curiosities in the way of carriages it would be difficult to conceive. The inventors of some of them must have sadly puzzled their brains to devise such things. There was a brougham bevelled off in front, as if to make it utterly impossible for more than one person to ride in it, and then, as if by way of atoning for its selfishness, a nondescript covered van-looking thing, described as "the property of a lady of rank, deceased," which, for lack of a more descriptive name, was inserted in the catalogue as "a sporting carriage to carry nine persons, painted green, and lined blue, with movable canopy and curtains." There were other equally curious ones, but we will waive a description of them in favour of more ordinary every-day vehicles.

The sale, which was advertised "at one o'clock for half-past one precisely," began a little after two, before a very limited assemblage—not a score of people—and some of these of the most tatterdemallion order, looking like anything but people wanting carriages; the sale, we say, began a little after two, with a set of wheels, then a set of ditto, followed by a set of patent axletrees, then a set of hind brougham springs, next a large carriage dash-box, with lace, three aprons, and brougham seat, which brought the magnificent sum of five shillings; the whole of these lots looking like the legs, wings, and heads of gigantic flys, moths, beetles, and other insects.

After the fragments were disposed of, the auctioneer introduced a whole insect, not a fly, but a brougham. It was thus described in the catalogue: "A single-seated brougham, painted brown and lined drab, with patent axletrees and lamps." If we had been describing it in a letter to a friend, we should have said it *had* been painted brown, and *had* been lined with drab, for much of the paint, that on the wheels in particular, had disappeared, while the lining had assumed a rich grease, tinted with a delicate mould colour. Still, there was the foundation of a brougham—nay, a brougham itself, if people were not particular to a shade or two of paint—and this elegant equipage was knocked down for eighteen pounds. "A new van body" followed, which illustrated the effect a resale may have upon property. The first time it was knocked down for four guineas, but, after another lot or two had been disposed of, the auctioneer announced that the lot, being in dispute, it would be put up again; when, instead of a spirited competition as there was before, the biddings, with difficulty, reached three pounds ten.

Perhaps the most comical lot was what was described in the catalogue as "A four-in-hand drag, painted brown." On reading the description, we concluded it was the property of some great man giving up his team, and expected to find all the subdued but costly taste and elegance that generally characterise those affairs. We wondered whether it was Sir Henry Peyton's or Lord Sefton's, or could it be Mr. Pennington taking Mr. Hardwicke's advice, and giving up four-in-hand. Judge, then, of our astonishment, on seeing a great, nasty, dirty, clumsy, misshapen old stage-coach, without the lettering,—as bad a vehicle as any we ever saw piled with sailors' hammocks on the Greenwich road. It produced the magnificent sum of four guineas!

A dirty old barouche, like a turbot-boat on wheels, brought five guineas. A single-seated, roomy brougham, hung on elliptic and cross-springs behind, compass-beds, painted brown and lined blue, with patent axles, lamps, &c.—not such a bad-looking affair altogether—sold for nineteen guineas. Then came a chariot, painted green, lined drab, with hind-seat and lamps; a style of carriage that for usefulness—especially in the country—is not surpassed. Our readers will possibly have had the estimates of London coachmakers for supplying carriages of this description, and will probably recollect how much or little change they got out of three hundred guineas for one of them. We should fancy, from its looks, that this one had been estimated for a good many years since—five-and-twenty at least—when weight was more in demand than it is at present; still, there was a very roomy, substantial-looking tub, with great broad-tyred wheels, that looked as if they would struggle through the stiffest clay of the worst cross-road the owner ever

got into; and yet this ponderous house on wheels, with all the appurtenances, only brought seven pounds ten!

Let not, therefore, Squire Hawthorn, when he goes to his country coachmaker to ask what he will allow for his old yellow jingle, towards the price of a new clarence, turn up the whites of his eyes at being told ten pounds. We should not be at all surprised if this green chariot, with the aid of those valuable auxiliarics—paint and putty—could not have been made into a much better carriage than Mr. Fairfield gave a hundred and fifty for.

The fact is, that carriages are to be had at all prices; and it does not follow that he who gives the least is taken in the least. In an article which so few people understand, or really know anything whatever about, character is of the utmost importance, and with character we may reasonably hope to get ability. If people merely want a rattletrap on springs to get about in, an honest cartwright, with seasoned wood and sound materials, might supply them; but a carriage in its ordinary acceptation, being an article which combines taste with utility, having to a certain extent an architectural effect, it is requisite that its several parts should bear a proper proportion to that whole, and that the various lines of which it is composed should be arranged with due regard to the general design. It is the little more or less, imperceptible to vulgar eyes, which gives grace, and establishes the superiority of one maker over another. One man is famous for one sort of carriage, another for another sort; and a buyer having decided what kind of a carriage he wants, should seek out a respectable man who has a name for that particular kind.

The Crystal Palace Exhibition will not, we think, contribute much to the vehicular resources of the country. Few of the first-rate coachmakers have condescended to send, while many of the carriages there are gingerbread-looking things, fitter for Madame Tussaud's wax works than to drive about the streets, much less about the country in. From this description we must exempt Mr. Rock, a Hastings, and Messrs. Corben and Sons, of Davies-street's Dioropha carriages, which contain a great deal of neat and valuable utilitarianism. They are three carriages united in one—a close carriage or clarence, a half-close carriage or barouche, and an entirely open carriage, and all for one tax and one maintenance. We anticipate no small popularity for these carriages; the "s-o-o-o poor" mania eminently qualifying people for their adoption. The only awkward thing we see about them is, if the head should happen to blow off some stormy night, suddenly making the close carriage into an entirely open one, and exposing the fair ball-going inmates say to the rigour of a storm.

Having now fired a random shot all round, we will conclude by taking a parting one at the Royal Commissioners themselves, who, from their published receipts, cannot be included in the "s-o-o-o poor" category. It is said they will have a difficulty in appropriating their surplus. We will help them away with a portion of it. Many of the subscriptions were—not forced, perhaps—but *rather* coerced—or say *coaxed*—from parties who, in some cases, could ill afford it. Let all the subscriptions be returned, and let those who are above taking theirs, direct them to be left at the office of the *New Monthly Magazine* for the writer of this most instructive article.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK II.

Chapter XVII.

THE VISITING MEMBER OF THE "FRAUD-PREVENTING SOCIETY."

Hester's success, as a teacher of music, exceeded her expectations, and her prospects daily grew more bright. The monotony of Mr. Somerset's existence was relieved and cheered by the assurance of his child's welfare. That she would ever by any exertions, although extending through a series of years, save sufficient to procure his release, he held to be a chimera and a dream; yet he did not discourage her in the prosecution of her design, for whatever money might be accumulated would be her own, when death should put an end to his trials, and his child be thrown without a protector on the world. Nevertheless, he was surprised when Hester informed him how much, in so short a period, she had laid by. Her progress, too, was a sufficient proof how greatly she was esteemed by the families into which she had the good fortune to obtain an introduction.

Meantime, we must not imagine the venom of Hartley's hatred was stayed, or that Mr. Pike had fallen asleep. The latter had made himself acquainted with the fact that Hester had deposited a sum of money in a savings bank. The information was duly communicated to the revengeful Hartley, and caused him great irritation and rage. The two consulted together, and the happy scheme which they concocted for defeating their puny enemy, will presently appear.

Day after day, the indefatigable attorney dogged at a distance the steps of Hester; when he saw her enter a house, he would with his pencil quietly mark down the address. This course was persevered in for a week, until the respective places at which Hester called amounted to twenty—a number, he had reason to believe, including the entire round of her musical engagements.

It was about five o'clock, just after the family dinner, that a gentleman knocked at the door of a house in the neighbourhood of Bedford-row. His appearance was that of a clergyman, for he was dressed in black, with a stiff white neckerchief, shovel hat, and black silk stockings. His look was very respectable and very sedate, although he might not have been called a personal man, so broad was his thin lipless mouth, so small and round were his twinkling eyes, and so flat in the front his receding skull.

"Is the lady of the house at home?" asked the stranger.

The servant girl said that she was, and inquired the gentleman's name.

"The Reverend Mr. Smith. I have business, my girl, which interests your mistress."

The reverend gentleman was accordingly introduced into the little parlour, for the owner of the house was not a wealthy though a respectable tradesman. Mrs. Greatheart (such was the female's name) presently

appeared, and curtsied to the visitor with that respect in her manner which his walk in life seemed to demand.

"Madam," began the Reverend Mr. Smith, "my visit is one of philanthropy—no, no," he quickly added, perceiving the lady look grave, and press her hands to her sides, as if forming a strong determination not to introduce them into her pockets—"I do not call to beg for any charity—I do not go about collecting money for the building of churches—oh! no; my object is to do you, madam, a *personal* service."

Mrs. Greatheart, at this assurance, was immediately all smiles, and seated herself opposite to Mr. Smith. Alas! for human nature! so widely different are the sentiments we experience, when our own individual interests are concerned, and those of the great family of mankind!

"I am a member, madam, of a society whose object is to prevent fraud being practised on innocent and unsuspecting families. We, the members, take it in turn to visit all houses where we suspect or fear evil designs are meditated."

"An excellent society, truly; but, bless me! I hope no wicked persons are plotting evil against us."

The gentleman in black shook his head, which shake seemed to intimate a great deal, and, more than words perhaps would have done, excited Mrs. Greatheart's curiosity and alarm.

"I trust you will not suffer any injury, madam; however, information has been given at the 'Society's Rooms'—for we employ many officers in this good work—that certain evil-disposed parties have gained occasional access to your house."

"I am astonished, sir, and yet I thank you for this timely notice. Where, pray, may your 'Society's Rooms' be, that I may communicate, if necessary, with you?"

"Excuse me, madam, answering that question; we—we," added the reverend gentleman, with a short cough,—"we are compelled to be very secret in our laudable exertions; if our rooms—in fact, if the 'Fraud-Preventing Society' were once generally known to exist, we should soon be crushed by a coalition of the wicked, and the ends of justice and virtue would thus be defeated."

"Very well—I understand—your reasons are quite satisfactory. But pray, tell me, sir, what suspicious characters visit our house?"

"Fraudulent persons, madam—thieves, madam. Our great aim is to save private families from being robbed."

"Ah! perhaps the servant——"

"No, our officers have learnt that she is an honest creature; but they have seen entering your door occasionally a young female who assumes the guise of a lady."

Mrs. Greatheart started, uttering a slight exclamation.

"There is a gang of thieves, madam, just now employing young girls, educated for the purpose, to teach music and the languages. These girls, being once installed in houses, take all they can in the shape of plate, coin, and watches. The scheme, hitherto, we learn, has been remarkably successful, and much booty has accrued to the gang. Oh! London, madam, is a dreadful place—knavery here is carried on in so refined and clever a manner—yes, it requires all the exertions of such societies as ours to combat with, and put down, the iniquity of the times!"

The Reverend Mr. Smith's eyes were raised to the ceiling, and he sighed from the bottom of his philanthropic breast.

"Sir," said Mrs. Greatheart, much moved, "this is, indeed, terrible, and yet to us, housekeepers, most useful information. But I don't think," continued the lady, visions of brooches and silver spoons flitting through her brain—"I am not quite certain we have lost anything yet."

"Very probably not, ma'am; the opportunity hasn't come."

"Of course, reverend sir, you allude to the young lady who teaches my children music?"

"Yes; by what name do you call her?"

"Miss Somerset."

"Oh—ah!" said the wily gentleman, careful not to commit himself too far—"I don't know that name—Miss Somerset! 'tis a pretty and an innocent kind of name. The officer who traced the young woman here told me she is called Mary Sparks—the youngest lass employed by the gang."

"That is strange," observed Mrs. Greatheart.

"Not at all strange, madam. I dare say the unhappy female goes by a different name at every place where she teaches music. Bless you! London thieves are the most adroit set of people on earth."

"But then the girl is so gentle, so kind to the children, so beautiful, and so lady-like, that I can scarcely believe her guilty." Mrs. Greatheart said this in a sorrowful tone, for her heart yearned secretly to Hester, and human nature spoke out. The Reverend Mr. Smith smiled, and brushed the crown of his clerical hat with his coat sleeve.

"Madam, as a clergyman, I respect your sentiments and feelings; they bespeak a generous heart; yet, believe me, it will be wrong to yield to such kind but mistaken notions. These young thieving girls are taught bland, gentle, and insinuating manners; in fact, it forms a part of their education and their training."

"True," cried Mrs. Greatheart, thus enlightened; "I dare say you are right. But, reverend sir, what shall I do when this Hester Somerset——"

"Mary Sparks, madam."

"This Mary Sparks calls again, shall I give her in charge to the police?"

"I think not," answered the member of the Fraud-Preventing Society. "You say you have lost as yet no plate or other valuables; therefore, though morally convinced that she intends theft, being employed by the gang, we lack proof to convict her. I am of opinion, in order to save needless trouble and unpleasant proceedings, you had better quietly at once dismiss the young woman, cautioning her never again to enter your house. Thus your interests will be protected, and the wicked designs of the knaves upon a respectable family defeated."

"I will follow your advice, sir," said Mrs. Greatheart; "and I most sincerely thank you, and the excellent society to which you belong, for your timely information. Bless my soul! what an escape I have had! But won't you honour me by taking a glass of wine before you leave?"

Mrs. Greatheart brought forward the decanters, at the contents of which Mr. Smith cast a very longing eye: he, however, shook his head, and murmured something about its being contrary to his principles and his practice to indulge in vinous drinks: and yet, smiling benevolently,

he said, on second thoughts, as he felt much exhausted in prosecuting the duties of his office, he would take one glass. This being done, the reverend functionary retired to pursue his philanthropic way through the streets of iniquitous London; while the excited Mrs. Greatheart hastened to reveal all she had learned to the divers members of her astonished family.

Mr. Pike having, as we have seen, made himself acquainted with the addresses of the respective parties in whose families Hester gave her music lessons, found no difficulty in following up rapidly his plan of action. The consequence was, that, in two days, he had called at all the houses frequented by the poor pianoforte teacher. We have given the above visit as an example of his mode of proceeding; and since he carefully concealed the "whereabout" of the Society's Chambers, and had adopted the widely-spread and most blinding appellation of "Smith," he ran little or no risk of detection.

His mission being done, the Reverend Mr. Smith, with his white neckerchief and black silk stockings, vanished from the scene, and the "Fraud-Preventing Society" was solemnly entrenched in its accustomed secrecy; the terrible effects, as they bore on the fortunes of Hester, only remained.

Chapter XVIII.

MISFORTUNES ACCUMULATE ON HESTER.

It so happened that the house of Mrs. Greatheart was the first which Hester visited after the labours of Mr. Pike had been brought to a close. Little suspecting what a tale had been communicated to the inmates, the young teacher came, as usual, to give musical instruction to Mrs. Greatheart's two daughters. The servant opened the door to her as at other times, and she proceeded to the drawing-room; but the piano remained locked, and there was something extraordinary in the demeanour of the children, who did not welcome her, or hang upon her arm as on former occasions, but shrank away in aversion or fear.

Presently Mrs. Greatheart, in a cold and stately manner, entered the room. She gazed slowly around, apparently in search of some object, and muttered to herself: "No, nothing is gone, and there is nothing here to take—we are safe."

The lady then bent a keen inquiring look on Hester, neither bowing nor nodding. The surprise of the latter increased.

"So, you are come, Miss Innocent. Very well; now, perhaps you will have the goodness to leave the house again."

"And why, dear madam?" asked Hester, in great trepidation.

"Of course you don't know why—you are ignorant of everything—ah! this is a part of the system, as the 'Fraud-Preventing Society' informs me."

"System? Fraud-Preventing Society?"

"Yes, part of the education, the training—apparent innocence, kindness, gentleness, and so on. Oh! it is shocking! What a dreadful world we live in!"

"Madam! what does all this mean? tell me!" cried Hester, in her eagerness and distress, seizing the arm of Mrs. Greatheart.

"Off! girl!" exclaimed the other, repulsing her. "Pollute me not

with your touch." But presently, half-relenting, she added, "Poor child! I pity you nevertheless; so early to be led into the paths of vice—but not you so much as your employers are guilty—that dreadful gang!"

"A gang, madam?"

"Of course: that gang, that regularly organised body of thieves, those clever adepts at knavery who send young girls such as you into respectable London families. Your name is not Hester Somerset; that is only an assumed one. But words are useless. The labours of the excellent 'Fraud-Preventing Society' are fast breaking up the iniquitous system."

"Where is this society, that I may fly to them and defend my character?" cried Hester, wildly.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Greatheart, in a cold accent; "it is a secret."

"Ah! did a man—did a lawyer named Pike tell you this?"

"Certainly not; I know nothing of such a person; my information was given me by a clergyman. But words, I repeat, are utterly thrown away. I cannot attempt to reform you; I can only pity; and since no plate, or any other valuable article seems to have disappeared——"

"This is dreadful! insupportable!" cried Hester, feeling acutely the implied accusation of theft.

"I shall not, young woman, give you in charge to a constable. Indeed, I am instructed to let you go."

"Hear me, madam!" exclaimed Hester, sobbing and dropping on her knees; "you are deceived in the person; there is some dreadful mistake. My father, though in prison, is an honourable man, and I am his honest child, who would rather starve than commit a theft. Pause, then, and make further inquiries."

"I cannot do it—I cannot be mixed up in the matter. I hate police-courts, and I tremble at giving evidence at the Old Bailey. I took you, girl, to teach my children more on your pretty appearance and pleasing address than on any real recommendation. I shall be wiser for the future. Now, if you please, quietly leave the house. Stay, I owe you for two lessons: here is the money—go!"

"And without any further explanation, madam? Bitter—bitter, indeed, is the persecution I bear!" Hester looked at the two children, for whom she had conceived a strong affection; her eyes brimmed with tears, and in spite of their coldness—for they had been instructed how to behave by their mother—she stooped to embrace them. "Will you, too, believe me wicked and guilty? One day, if God be willing to spare my life, you shall love me again."

The children, as Hester's tears dropped on their faces, felt all their former affection revive; and, swayed by Nature's instincts, they forgot the stern lessons of their parent. They clung around her neck, and said she should not leave them; and Hester, in the depth of her own sorrow, and love for her little pupils, lost all command of herself. Even Mrs. Greatheart, for the moment, was affected; she turned her head aside, and whispered, "Poor being! she must have a good heart after all. Alas! that one like her should be made an instrument of evil by abandoned men. No, I see through it—she is 'acting'—'tis the part she is taught to perform. I must do my duty."

The mother then advanced, and drew her children away from the embracing arms of Hester. She calmly rang the bell, and desired the servant to show the "young woman" out. The poor music teacher, for-

bearing to offer another observation, quitted the room, Mrs. Greatheart herself suspiciously following her to the door, to see that nothing was purloined. Then that lady returned to her children, her mind greatly relieved, and feeling very grateful for the kind warning given her by the benevolent Mr. Smith.

What was Hester's consternation when, during the following week, she found every house at which she called to instruct her pupils a place of hostility! Here she was received with threats, there accosted with bitter and cutting reproof; while some, giving no explanation at all, drove her from their doors.

Again, in her heart-brokenness, she applied to the magistrate; but that functionary, remembering her situation in connexion with Mr. Pike, and the delusion under which, he considered, she laboured, would not grant a summons for the attorney to appear. He could not, said the magistrate, consistently with his duty, continue to annoy a respectable professional gentleman by these groundless and frivolous accusations. Who came forward to show that Mr. Pike was the clergyman, the Mr. Smith, the member of the "Fraud-Preventing Society?" No one but Hester Somerset, the singularly deluded young woman. The idea was absurd; and such statements he (the magistrate) had not by any means time to attend to. Then very sagely he gave Hester advice to dismiss these strange notions from her mind with respect to the attorney who acted for her father's creditors. He pitied her friendless situation, but, alas! there were too many young women circumstanced like herself in London. He hoped, indeed, that she would never join a gang of thieves; that she would profit by his friendly words, and continue to get an honest living.

Hester would spare her father pain, and avoid exciting in him that anger, fearful but unavailing, which, on some occasions, he had evinced against his persecutors: she forbore, therefore, disclosing to him what had happened. Let him drag on his monotonous days in the prison, sorrowful enough, but not in torture. She only would drink of the last bitter cup—she only would writhe under feelings insulted, exasperated—she only would witness the frail canoe her hand had been preparing to save her father from fortune's wreck, shattered to pieces on the pitiless rocks: let him believe the slender ark still breasts the waters; for even that idea may cheer and beguile his weary hours.

Chapter XIX.

HARTLEY AND MR. PIKE HAVE ANOTHER CONFERENCE.

"The fountain has been cut off again, and the stream must dry up," said Mr. Pike to Hartley. "You see I grow quite poetical, sir—ha! ha! In plain words, our plan has answered admirably; the people have all shut their doors against the girl, so her money-making in that way is for ever at an end."

"You are a clever knave, my friend—a very clever knave!" said Hartley, shaking the little man by the hand.

"Not a knave, sir, if you please. Through these exertions, do I not gain a title to my annuity, which, being laid by, will form a provision for a peaceful and happy old age? Do I not, by baffling the designs of the

daughter, aid in working out a just punishment for the father? Yes, a just punishment for his pride, and for his having—pardon me—blighted your happiness by defrauding you of the woman you loved. How then can I be a knave for keeping Mr. Somerset in a place he so richly deserves? I should rather deserve the character were I to assist him in escaping from prison, and so violate the laws of this country. No, no, Mr. Hartley, call me not a knave."

The moody Templar smiled, and begged the attorney's pardon. The word was not uttered as a term of reproach, but of commendation. Mr. Pike was satisfied, and bolted his office door, lest any client might enter without first knocking.

"But your inner door," observed Hartley, "stands open; I hope your servant is not there to overhear us."

"I have no servant," said the fundholder: "I—I can't afford such a thing. Servants are ruinous beings, and I am endeavouring to save a little for my old years."

"Well, I confess this girl, this Hester Somerset, troubles me greatly; indeed, she seems so persevering, that one would think the creature really imagines she shall ultimately defeat us; that is, obtain her father's freedom. No sooner do we drive her from one point, than she flies to another."

"Exactly: we cut off the plant one day, only to see it sprout up the next as vigorous as ever."

"Can we not put an end to this altogether?"

"How?" said Pike, turning up inquiringly his shrivelled face.

"By removing the girl."

"Removing her?"

"Yes, that she may trouble us no more."

"There is danger in that," said Mr. Pike, thoughtfully; "danger to yourself as well as to me."

"Pshaw! danger."

"Miss Hester is no infant; the other was an infant, and couldn't tell tales; we carried that other off, and it was dropped in the street. Wherever the child may now be—if she isn't dead—I hope she is an honest servant, and so not the worse for the change. Oh! yes, I trust the dear innocent I bore away from the halls of pride and luxury, is now happy."

"Never mind that child, and don't allude to things of past years; in truth, I had nearly forgotten that matter of Somerset's eldest child," observed Hartley, moving in his chair rather uneasily.

"What can we do with this young woman?" asked Mr. Pike.

"Thrust her out of the way—stop her hand, and silence her tongue."

The emaciated limbs of the miser trembled in his old black clothes, and his cheek took a livid hue, as he slowly turned his eyes to Hartley.

"What ails thee, friend?" whispered the Templar.

"'Tis dangerous, I say; far too dangerous."

"What?"

"The—spilling—of—her—blood!"

"Dismiss such a thought; you mistake me entirely. I would not have thee burden thy sensitive conscience with the memory of a murder. I meditate nothing against the life of the girl."

Mr. Pike breathed again, and, wiping his forehead with his coarse cotton

handkerchief, his agitation passed away, while a satisfied smile drew up the corners of his thin mouth.

"I simply wish," observed Hartley, "that she should be taken out of London—quietly, but permanently, out of London. Can you devise no means?"

Mr. Pike mused, his chin resting on his hand; in a few minutes he spoke:

"Mr. Hartley, I have, on several occasions, run considerable risks. The matter of the Regent-street milliner, with the feigned illness of Mr. Somerset, and the alleged robbery in Oxford-street, went off well enough; but the affair of the spoiled picture was rather an awkward business, for I was summoned before the magistrate; while this last transaction—my personating the Reverend Mr. Smith, member of the 'Fraud Preventing-Society,' would, if discovered, place me in a very dangerous position; nevertheless, I will never flinch—I am again at your service."

"Worthy man," said Hartley, "you shall lose nothing by your fidelity, depend upon it."

"It has just occurred to me that we might cause Miss Hester to be carried away from London in a very natural manner. I mean, that the act, should it come to light, will appear to the world by no means strange, but only one of those bold deeds which so frequently occur, prompted by human passions. At the same time, come what may, the party who decoys the young woman will have to bear all the odium that may attach to the outrage."

"A very good—a capital idea. But who will be fool enough to elope with this needy child?"

"I have gained information that a young man is deeply in love with her, and that Miss Hester has rejected his suit, probably because he is deformed—a hunchback."

Pike's meditated project was instantly apparent to the clear head of Hartley, and he saw how much might be made of the incident.

"A hunchback?—is he in a low walk of life?"

"He is a violin-player in the orchestra of a minor theatre."

Another idea rose in the fiendish mind of Hartley. Even his family pride was second to his revenge. He would rather that his niece were the wife of a ploughman than of a peer. Hester borne off, and married to a theatrical musician, a hideous deformed being—here again he should humiliate his enemy, proud, although in prison; and here turn one screw more in the instrument of torture.

"Mr. Pike, I approve of your scheme, but I leave the details, and the carrying out of the business, entirely to yourself, being satisfied as to your sound judgment and unvarying sagacity. Remember, my friend, however great your exertions may be, you shall lose nothing, I repeat, by your fidelity."

Chapter XX.

A COFFEE-HOUSE NEAR THE FLEET PRISON.—THE HUNCHBACK MUSICIAN IS TEMPTED TO COMMIT A VILLANY.

As the pedestrian passes through Farringdon-street, the paving-stones of which cover the renowned Fleet River, up which, in days of old, Dutch and

other European ships were wont to sail, on hostile or commercial purposes intent, as far as the bridge that spanned the stream at the foot of Holborn-hill,—as the pedestrian, we say, wends through the time-honoured thoroughfare, his attention is drawn to a remarkable fact. It consists in the melancholy exhibition of a continued series of spirit-vaults and undertakers' shops. On the east side above the Fleet Prison the principal portion of the houses belongs to publicans and undertakers, and their places of business occur, as if by the mutual consent of the owners, nearly alternately. The common observer will conclude that the men of black, those friends of death, those familiars of the charnel-house, have ensconced themselves there because spirit-shops abound, well knowing that these invariably bring great custom to their dark profession. They might naturally reason on the advantage of being upon the spot, for as the draught of fiery poison kills, so no time would be lost in huddling the victims into their narrow homes, and bearing them away where the "dram" shall cease to excite, and the tavern brawl be heard no more.

We are, however, induced to ascribe the phenomenon to another cause. We must travel back even a few centuries on the great dusty road of London records, in order to obtain a solution of the enigma. We think, then, the memorable "House" connected with our narrative, the Fleet Prison, originally gave rise to this superabundance of spirit-marts and undertakers' shops. Who so thirsty as prisoners? The Red Indian pants after the "fire-water" not more eagerly than, generally speaking, the man of sorrow and of debt. Spirits might not have been publicly sold in the prison, but the old wardens, for a small bribe, winked at their introduction through the gate. Where did men die so fast as within those damp, unwholesome dens? Physical suffering was there, when Newton and Bambridge had recourse to the chain, and plied the scourge; broken hearts were there, when many an unhappy inmate, virtuous, but unfortunate, pined without hope.

Oh! yes, the Fleet Prison was the great patron of the spirit-seller and the coffin-maker. The "House" brought them large custom; they drove a thriving business within the shadow of its grim walls; and therefore these merchants established marts close by; while, generation after generation, the sons have perpetuated the trade, and are loth, even at the present hour, to quit the scene where their forefathers amassed so much money.

At the time of our story, the street was called Fleet Market, vegetable stalls and butchers' shambles being ranged along the centre of the thoroughfare. We must enter a small coffee-house which stood at the corner of an alley on the west side. The room was divided into a series of little boxes painted red, the partition between each box being about five feet high. In the early part of the day, the house was much frequented, because gardeners and other market folks usually rise with the sun; after its setting, the place was solitary enough.

At this coffee-house, Flemming, when not engaged at the theatre, frequently spent his evenings. He had now drawn himself up in the corner of the inner box. His usual cup of coffee was drunk, and he was busily engaged with the old stump of a pen copying music. He continued for a considerable time absorbed in this occupation, when a

gentleman, dressed in rusty black, quietly stole into the box, and seated himself on the extremity of the form. The coffee-room was almost deserted; Flemming, therefore, turned rather angrily towards the intruder, and looked at him as much as to say, "Could you not seat yourself elsewhere? there is plenty of room."

But the stranger did not take the implied hint; he only looked hard and kindly at the hunchbank, and even shuffled a little nearer towards him.

"Oh! is it you, Mr. Jones?" said Flemming. "I beg pardon; I am glad to see you."

Mr. Jones extended his hand to the hunchback, smiling benignantly. He did not take off his hat, the brim of which was remarkably wide, but he quietly pressed it further over his eyes; his drawn-up shirt-collar, too, concealed much of the lower part of his face, the mouth only being seen, extending from one white linen point to the other.

It was at this coffee-house that Flemming first met Mr. Jones, who appeared to him a singularly discreet and quiet person. Mr. Jones introduced himself as a man of letters and an author; but, becoming acquainted with Flemming's pursuits, he immediately, in addition to his literary predilections, professed a great love for the divine art of music. Indeed, Mr. Jones had seemed to take a strong interest in the welfare as well as the occupation of the solitary young man; and the poor deformed, rarely receiving courtesy or attention, felt his gratitude awakened, while his heart warmed towards this stranger.

"May I presume," said the gentleman in rusty black, after a little desultory conversation, and edging more closely to Flemming—"may I presume to wish you joy?"

"Joy!—on what account? Because we brought out a new piece last night at the theatre? Yes, it was rather successful."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jones. "I allude to more personal matters. I allude to a subject which, it appears to me, will greatly affect your happiness in life. Ah! I scarcely know why, my dear young gentleman, but I have taken a great fancy to you; my heart yearns to you even as to a son."

Upon this, the worthy man looked tenderly at the hunchback, and gently pressed his hand.

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for the interest which you take in me."

"It may be," pursued the old gentleman, "that having lost my own beloved son, having mourned over the grave of my only child, I see in you his likeness, his thoughtful, intelligent features renewed. But spare me, I beseech you; these sad remembrances are too much for me. Enough that I watch over your destinies, and pray for your happiness. I am poor, very poor, or I would immediately do something for you in a pecuniary way; as it is, I can only advise and direct."

Mr. Jones was silent for a few minutes; his manner was deeply abstracted; yet, in familiar phrase, we may say he was meditating on the best way to spring upon his game, and was beating carefully about the bush.

"Yes, my dear youth, I wish you to be happy; consequently I must feel much interest in your connexion with that young and amiable lady,

who, I have reason to believe, possesses your heart. Ah! the tender passion—I speak from the experience of early years—is the great source of all real joy in this poor and barren world. Tell me, I ask, may I not wish you joy? Has not the dear young creature accepted your suit?"

Deep gloom shadowed the countenance of Flemming, and he cast at the man who addressed him a look full of anguish, but did not speak.

"Poor youth!—unhappy child!" said the sympathising Mr. Jones, alias our old friend, Mr. Pike. "I read the truth; she has refused you. But why so cast down? There is hope yet."

"None—none!" said Flemming, with a groan.

"Oh! yes, there is hope. I know what woman is; experience has taught me the grand secret. The love of woman is always to be won."

"But not by me—not by a being like me!"

"Yes, by one like you. Your features are fine—Antinous-like—your mind is the mind of a philosopher and a poet. I affirm, Mark Flemming, you are in every respect worthy of Miss Somerset!"

The poor hunchback looked incredulously at the speaker, and shook his head.

"Partiality, my good friend, has rendered you blind."

"No; I can see," said Mr. Pike, for so shall we now call the counterfeit Jones; "and I can appreciate, too. But listen. If the dear and beautiful girl has, through ignorance of your merits, indeed refused you, I am not one to advise humility on your part. Humility never won a victory over the will and heart of woman. Believe a man deeply read in the book of human nature, who says it: we must not kneel, but rather take higher ground after being repulsed. And why? because man is the superior animal; yes, remember this—the superior animal, my boy. 'Tis ours not to cringe and pray, but to conquer and command!"

The little lawyer, on making this bold, and, in his opinion, manly and philosophical assertion, struck the table with his clenched fist.

"Alas!" said Flemming, "what you say may be true or false; it concerns me little. I only feel that Miss Somerset is lost to me for ever —she loves another!"

"That's it, is it? So much the better; more glory in triumphing over a rival."

"Why, you speak as though the task were nothing to conquer a woman's antipathies, and bend her to our will."

"And it *is* nothing," said Mr. Pike, in a confident tone; "that is, nothing when one is resolved to do it. The brave of heart must triumph; it is the law of nature. But tell me candidly, do you think your happiness would be enhanced by Miss Somerset becoming your wife?"

The eyes of the hunchback sparkled and flashed, until, like diamonds, they seemed to be instinct with light; the glow of enthusiasm mounted from his cheeks to his forehead. Rising from the form, he whispered into Pike's ear:

"To possess her would be paradise—to live without her is——"

"Very well; I understand. Your passion is precisely what it should be, and, if gratified, will form the spring of all earthly bliss. My dear youth—my adopted son—if I may be allowed to call you so—the young lady, never fear, shall be yours!"

Mr. Pike moved out of the box, and looked cautiously around; no

listener was near; one old man only, at the extremity of the room, hung asleep over his toast. The time had come when the house was usually closed for the night; but he crossed to the waiter and ordered two cups of coffee, saying that he and his friend wished to remain half an hour longer, having some particular business to transact.

Pike returned to Flemming, and he now spoke in low, cautious whispers. For a long time the hunchback was a patient listener, while the other appeared to be proposing some plan for execution. Pike was cold and calm, but the nervousness and excitability of Flemming were roused to a fearful degree.

"I would win her—I would marry her!" cried the latter; "but to disregard her own feelings and wishes—to compel her to become my wife—this is base; this is an outrage not to be contemplated."

"You reason falsely, dear youth. I am a man of experience; I know the world, and human nature; I am a strong advocate, too, for all that is humane and honourable. Look you, what peasant or beggar-boy is this she has set her affections on? A scamp, no doubt; a drunken, idle vagabond, who, fit for nothing else, enlisted as a common soldier, and is now sunk in dissipation, or worn by disease, in a foreign land."

"Ah!" said Flemming, eagerly, "that's a good view of the question; such an idea never struck me before. Thank you, thank you! I will believe this."

"Why, to save her from such a wretch would be a meritorious deed. Women will not understand or believe what is good for them. Obstinacy is the besetting sin of the dear, pretty creatures. But be it yours to rescue Miss Somerset from her evil position, and make her happy."

"Against her will?" asked Flemming.

"Yes, against her will."

"This is singular reasoning, I confess, and quite new to me."

"It is philosophical, sound, and good, nevertheless."

"But a serious difficulty occurs to me. How, in the name of law and the holy church, shall I induce Miss Somerset to marry me?"

"Why," answered Pike, "in these cases, we cannot always do as we wish. Circumstances are our masters. We must use compulsion."

"Fiend!" said Flemming, winding his muscular, trembling fingers about Pike's arm; "are you a man or a devil?"

"The first, I hope; and, perhaps, your good genius."

"An infernal one, rather, leading me on to sin and perdition!"

Mr. Pike saw at once that Flemming possessed high and stern principles. He had, therefore, to call into requisition all his logical powers in order to bear these principles down. His sophistry so far succeeded, that, in a brief time, he lulled to rest the first rebel emotions which virtue and a sense of right raised in Flemming's breast.

"But admit you reason rightly," said the hunchback, "in asserting that, to work out good ends, we must frequently have recourse to means apparently evil, is it probable or possible that Miss Somerset, after such a terrible transaction, would ever love me?"

"Certainly she would; your kindness will soothe her; she will become acquainted with your worth and superior intellect. Her former prepossessions will vanish, and love, the deep and entire love of a wife, will be the result."

"Now could I believe this, or that such indeed would be the happy consequence, I would risk breaking for once the law of man, and beg pardon of God for violating his."

The clock on St. Andrew's-hill struck twelve.

"Please, gentlemen," said the waiter, drawing near to the box, "the half hour is up, and we must shut the house."

The two rose together and, having paid for their refreshment, walked forth into the street. A little longer Pike urged his friend to make up his resolve on the subject under consideration. Flemming wavered and argued, being tossed on a sea of perplexity. One moment he repulsed his companion as a monster, and the next, listening to his reasonings, and blinded by his own passion, he regarded him as an oracle of wisdom. Nevertheless, he prayed for another day to consider of the matter; and once more thanking the pseudo man of letters for the warm interest which he took in his welfare, the hunchback returned to his lodgings.

Chapter XXI.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN VICE AND VIRTUE.

Flemming threw himself upon his bed, yet it was not to slumber. The brain was in a state of too intense activity; the blood rushed along their "tingling channels" too tumultuously to admit of the approach of the balm-distilling angel of sleep. Thoughts, schemes, hopes, fears, horrible ideas, like wave on wave, followed each other, and flooded his soul. Yet the fair being, the subject of all his wild cogitations, was asleep in the apartment above him. Her mind, though steeped in sorrow, was free from guile, therefore the angel spread his downy winnowing wings over her, and soothed her with visions of radiance and beauty, and opened to her pure spirit glimpses as of a fairer world.

Flemming regarded Hester as his victim, and yet in the light of his cherished wife. Then the idea presented itself of her aversion, of her horror at his deformity; and such thoughts were followed by the conviction that nothing short of stratagem or force would ever make her his.

The wily arguments of the Tempter possessed their due weight; yet Flemming's judgment was sound enough to enable him to distinguish right from wrong; and he could not disguise the fact that, in carrying Hester away from her home and her father, and urging her to become his wife against her will, he should commit a heinous crime. The question to be decided was, should he, preserving his honour and honesty, stoically abandon her, or, listening to his passion, perpetrate the wrong?

Had his mind, by a course of profligacy, become hardened, or had his principles been less high and fixed, his line of conduct would soon have been adopted, and the struggle, if any, easily brought to a close. But now, all that was pure and noble was opposed to all that was black and selfish. Virtue combated with Vice. His heart, in a word, was like a battle-ground, where the fiends strove with angels.

"Mine—mine!" he muttered to himself; "she shall be mine. The

despised hunchback, the mocked, the trampled on, the loathed, shall know one bliss at least before he dies."

His hands clutched the bed-clothes; his eyes in the darkness gleamed wildly, and he lay for some moments in a dream of happiness. But speedily his better feelings revived; the voice of conscience sounded through the chambers of his soul: the distress of Hester, the anguish of the imprisoned father, appalled his fancy, and above all, the unprotected, friendless position of the dutiful child made appeal to his mercy, and the thought of doing her this grievous wrong cut him to the heart.

Alas! poor wanderer on the desert of a despised existence! weak struggler with the strong passions of humanity! we would throw a veil over that night of mental conflict and keen suffering. Thou didst strive long against the sweeping tide of all that is evil in our nature; but the Tempter was there. The fiends held out to thee the intoxicating joy of sin, and the barren bliss of virtue. They maddened thy soul with their hellish cup, and they triumphed. Thou wouldst make the helpless one thy victim.

THE FLOWER GATHERERS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

FIRST VOICE.

Gathering flowers at the break of morn,
Ours is no life for the world to scorn;
Roving the woods, or the meadows green,
Seeking the nooks where the elves have been.

SECOND VOICE.

Plucking earth's gems from their mossy bed
Where the modest violet hides its head;
Or culling the blooms of the sweet hare-bell
Down in the dells where the fairies dwell.

BOTH VOICES.

Lady, arise from your golden sleep
Laden we come from the forest deep;
Here are the flowers of your early dreams
Cull'd from the banks of the woodland streams.

FIRST VOICE.

Ho! for the woods at the break of day!
Up with the sun and away! away!
Oh! what a healthful life is ours,
Shaking the dew from the woodland flowers.

SECOND VOICE.

Seeking the spots where the cowslips lie
Hidden all from the world's dull eye,
Laden we come with our flowrets fair
Scenting the path with their perfume rare.

BOTH.

Lady, arise, &c.

HODGE-PODGE.

Many legions of fond fantasies.
King John.

Bid thy tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.
Twelfth Night.

CHURCH BELLS.—Napoleon's heart was not one easily touched, nor is there proof that he ever loved any one or anything; and yet the sound of village bells moved him to his soul. At such times he trembled with emotion, broke off the most serious conversation, and would stop to listen. It recalled to his mind the days of his youth which he spent at Brienne. He was then happy, and never since. This king-maker, this Colossus that did bestride the world, who toyed with crowns, and chained enslaved nations to his iron car, was great, but unhappy. His mighty mind fed upon itself, for want of that sympathy for which it unconsciously longed, but was in very deed incapable. He was what Bacon calls "a heart eater."*

NATIONAL CHARACTER.—A bundle of anecdotes, perhaps, will throw more light on this than a duller and more elaborate dissertation. Voltaire, who called Holland the country of "*canards, canaux, canaille*," hit off a truth when he said "the English are grown-up men, the French children, and the Germans old creatures in their dotage." I am uncertain whether it was the same toad-hearted, sneering infidel who said "the French rule the land, the English the seas, and the Germans the clouds;" and added, that "the English had all the hardness of their own steel, without its polish: and, in the spirit of old Froissart, who, speaking of some great festival of Richard of Bourdeaux, says, the "English took their disport melancholy, after their own fashion," he calls us, in *Candide*, I think, "les Anglais qui ne rient pas." It was an English poet who wrote:

"There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

Of the triple race that inhabits Great Britain, there are many characteristic remarks extant. Lord John Russell once observed, in the House of Commons, of the real *triste*, sturdy, grumbling John Bull, "If a man on coming to this country were to shut his eyes and keep his ears open, he would conceive it to be one of the most miserable nations in existence; but if he were to take the other course, to open his eyes and shut his ears, he would then think it one of the happiest in the world."

The West Indians used to say that the three classes of "nigger-drivers" were positive, comparative, and superlative. The English, good-natured, but sombre, were bad; the Irish, impetuous, worse; but the Scotch, cautious and persevering, the very devil. An old proverbial saying happily describes the triple-stranded cord: "An Irishman is never at peace but when he's in a quarrel; the Scotchman is only at home when he's abroad; and the Englishman is only contented when he's finding fault."

THE LOVE OF POWER.—It is, perhaps, an interesting trait of that "acquisitiveness," as Gall would call it, that forms so great a portion of

* "The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true. 'Cor ne edito.' . . . Those that want friends to open themselves to are cannibals of their own hearts."—*Bacon.* So says the German aphorism—

"A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground."

the ambition of conquerors, that Cortes loved rich jewels; and though he was a gentleman by birth and his dress was simple, he wore in his bonnet clasp stones of incredible value. Cæsar, Suetonius says, liked to balance in his hand large pearls.

THE BLINDNESS OF SELF-LOVE.—(*There is an old English legend that the lark and the toad have changed eyes.*) "You have no sweet song," said the lark to the toad. "How dull your eyes are," replied the toad to the lark. Thus, by glancing at the defect of another, we contrive to hint at our own excellencies.

A PRINCE'S FAVOURITE.—On a blade of grass a dewdrop hung pendulous, throbbing, and flashing with the changing lights of the diamond. "How bright I am, though born in a moment," it said. The winds caught those vain words, and bore them over the bending, and waving, and whispering grass. "I shed," it continued, "a light over the field, more brilliant than the momentary splendour of the rainbow that just vanished over my head." The sun at the very instant went behind a cloud, the dewdrop became colourless as the dullest raindrop, and perishing like the thousand dewdrops that have gone before it, and the thousands that will follow, it melted into the dark furrow.

A SIMILE.—How like a cackling M.P., with his one abortive, impracticable, or mischievous idea, is to a brood hen attempting to hatch a chalk egg.

WHITED SEPULCHRES.—How many persons in the world resemble a mummy case, emblazoned with gilt and paint, but within empty, or full of "dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

THE DEFORMED.—A beautiful soul in a deformed body is like the lark soaring to heaven, that appears like a falling star in the glow of sunset, though when we approach nearer we find the dusky plumage and the dull eye of a poor song-bird.

A LABOURER'S LIFE.—What a life is a labourer's! All day, that is life, he tills his field; and at night, that is death, he manures it with his body.

THE VERBAL DUELLO.—To answer a bully with the courteousness of a gentleman is like defending yourself with a foil against a two-handed sword.

COBBETT.—This rough demagogue might, like the Athenian Phocion, be called appropriately enough, "The Hatchet," from the hewing force and cutting brevity of his style.

THE PRESS.—A stupid hireling, who confesses by a series of dull bungles the merit of his adversary's cause, is like Balaam, who blessed those whom he was paid to curse.

MONTROSE.—De Retz said of Montrose that he never saw a man who more resembled his ideal of the ancient heroes of Plutarch.

MECCA.—The Mecca of the present day, to which we turn in thought and prayer, is *Mecha-nism.*

A dull preacher who tells us of the joys of heaven is like the cuckoo, whose monotonous voice heralds the delights of summer.

WHIG AND TORY.—Xenophon says the aristocrats were of the country, the democrats of the cities. Thus our own mechanics are Radicals, and our country gentlemen Tories. The isolated and scattered life of countrymen forbids the union for political purposes, which that of a city encourages.

Dionysius of Syracuse is almost the only instance in history of one so young as Pitt obtaining the supreme power in his country.

FURTHER REVELATIONS OF THE REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY.*

THE Revolution has ended by weighing so heavily upon unfortunate France, that there is scarcely a single writer, orator, or individual of any description to be found who will accept the responsibility of an event universally denounced as fatal. All parties are too happy in charging destiny with the part which they took in this sad event, which swallowed up at once the peace and prosperity of the country. With the exception of a few ardent Socialists and Reds, its authors call it a surprise—its ministers a catastrophe. Even those who pride themselves with their revolutionary heroism loudly decline the honour of having taken the initiative in so unpopular an enterprise. All parties plead to having been carried away by the impulse, but deny having originated or imparted the same. They reproach the powers that were for having allowed themselves to be surprised, and the nation for having permitted itself to be conquered. This endeavour—common to all alike—to escape the curses of their countrymen—this forced and striking homage made to public conscience, is a novel and instructive feature presented to the historian. Never before was a government seen to come before the whole world and proclaim its origin and its advent to power to have been an immense national calamity.

Among the various recriminatory arguments connected with the events of February, 1848, one not a little characteristic has been the attempt to fix upon the Chamber of Deputies the outrages and violences of which the National Assembly was so often made the victim. Royalty protected itself by the majesty of an exile nobly supported, and the memory of a reign of eighteen years of pacific prosperity and legal liberty, without an antecedent in French history. Ministers were preserved from reproach by the incontestable superiority of their talents and the magnitude of their services. But hitherto no one has formally attempted the defence of the Chamber of Deputies. The late president of the chamber, M. Sauzet, has been the first to fill up the void wanting in the parliamentary history of the last great Parisian catastrophe, and he has recourse to that effect to the republication and the re-discussion of the address.

"The policy of the Chamber," he says, "is in its address. We must republish its address and defend it: that is sufficient to justify it.

"The character of the Chamber manifested itself in the days of February. Its parliamentary conduct in the face of the revolution must be related in order to vindicate it.

"Such a task would appear to be superfluous. Facts speak for themselves sooner or later. Yet error has been propagated by so many inte-

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* La Chambre des Deputés et La Revolution de Février. Par P. Sauzet, Ancien President de la Chambre des Deputés.

Histoire des Sociétés Secrètes et du Parti Republicain de 1830 à 1848; Louis Philippe et la Revolution de Février, portraits; Scènes de Conspirations, faits inconnus. Par Lucien de la Hodde.

Histoire de la Revolution de Février. Par Alfred Delvau, Sécrétaire intime de Ledru Rollin.

Histoire du Gouvernement Provisoire. Par M. Elias Regnault, Ancien Chef du Cabinet du Ministre Provisoire de l'Interieur.

rested persons, and has been received as truth by so many wilfully blind, that, for want of refutation, it has been daily gaining more and more hold on the public mind.

"I have thought it my duty to publish such a refutation. As a deputy I only exercise a right; as a president I fulfil a duty. Honoured by the Chamber with a confidence of ten years' duration, identified by the Chamber with its destiny, I am not forsaken by it at the last extremity. I cannot allow the facts in which I took a part to be misrepresented, nor the deliberations over which I presided to be calumniated. The task of vindicating the memory of an assembly, which will become daily better understood and more regretted, is to me a supreme and sacred obligation of fidelity and of gratitude.

"I would have fulfilled that task before, but I was afraid of provoking among many good men recriminations that would be disagreeable at any time, but especially redoubtable in the midst of the terrible trials to which men of all parties have been lately subjected."

M. Sauzet goes back in his inquiry into the constitution of the chambers to 1846, when the return of a number of young men of birth, education, and fortune, had produced the greatest conservative majority that had been known since 1830. Time was accomplishing its work slowly, and the rising generations were becoming more and more aristocratic; but there still existed repugnances and obstacles, which, it was universally felt, would be effaced by the succession of the amiable Duke of Orleans. The catastrophe which deprived France of that young prince left nothing in perspective but a stormy old age for the king, and the crisis of a regency, and served much to unsettle opinions. Still the chambers worthily represented the country. The magistracy, the army, science and fortune, politics and industry, the historical families of the past, as well as the brilliant illustrations of the present, were all, without an exception, to be found there. No assembly ever surpassed the vigour of its political struggles, or the oratorical triumphs of its princes of elocution. None that have preceded it can eclipse it in history; those which have followed have only shone by the lustre that it has legacied to them. The shameful scenes of provocation and pugilism, that have since so deeply humiliated France, were then unknown; the laws of correctional fines, and parliamentary imprisonments, which have sprung from the necessity of a republican representation, were not even dreamt of. The majority loved parliamentary liberty; but without the license of disorder; the opposition, which sought only a representative monarchy, had, within its bosom, many revolutionary natures, but their exceptional violences were lost upon a house in which according to M. Sauzet, sat the *élite* of the most polished nation in the world.

Unfortunately, the progress of a representative government is not so rapid as it is sure. The session of 1847 was passed in taking measures to allay the prevalent dearth and distress, and in the celebrated debate on the Spanish marriages. This did not suffice for the burning impatience of the public; the chambers were accused of doing nothing. The ministry also became unpopular. Electoral reform was invoked, not only for the sake of political and rational progress, but as a moral indemnification. The chambers were accused of dependence on the king's will, of stock-jobbing, of ministerial subsidence; and not satisfied with these, and a hundred other calumnies, the authorities were made responsible for

private crimes, which, unfortunately at that epoch, cast dishonour over families; and even when punishment attended upon the crime, it was attributed to the omnipotence of public opinion, and not to the integrity of the law.

The constitutional opposition invited the masses to banquets, in order to obtain a popular echo to its words. But the bad passions so long cherished by the "Secret Societies," seized upon the occasion, presented to them by these fatal divisions, to show themselves; the name of the king was proscribed, the most detestable doctrines were broached, and society was placed in a position of imminent peril. When the king opened the session of 1848, banquets of a still more threatening character were invoked, no longer as oratorical safety-valves during parliamentary vacation, but to war openly with the assembly, and to defy its power. The king unfortunately took the initiative, by his authoritative condemnation of the banquets, in his address to the chambers. The initiative taken, the majority was obliged to follow it out. Yet the chambers in its reply, while it gave its adhesion to the address from the throne, allowed the existence of passionate provocation only among inimical bodies that had no echo within its bosom; as to the rest, it was stigmatised as an impulse more or less irresistible. In the house of peers, M. de Montalembert, for the first time, drew the prophetic picture of demagogy, rushing victorious from the summit of the Alps over all Europe, to punish it for having abandoned Switzerland, without even a helping hand, to the fury of the radicals. The president of the council, on his part, insisted with almost equal eloquence on an alliance between monarchical and liberal France, with "a magnanimous and reforming pontiff," which might still have saved all. The address, which was the reflected thought of the whole chambers, passed. Little did the representatives think that at that moment they were inditing their own death-warrant, and the funereal oration of an extinct monarchy.

M. Sauzet defends this address at great length, and with such exceeding minuteness of detail, that although he insists upon its being the expression of the well-considered opinions of the whole chambers, such a loving prolixity would appear to indicate, on the part of the worthy president, a parentage to each and every paragraph. It is questionable whether such elaborate pleading was wanted, either in a moral, or a political, or an historical point of view. As to the countenance lent by the chambers to Louis Philippe, he was the monarch of the day; and, although the empire was not more hurried into destruction by the exiled family, than the restoration was by the conspiracies of the younger branch, still both had also themselves in great part to blame, and may well spare one another mutual recriminations, which are only profitable to their common enemies. Both also had their great and saving clauses —the restoration stopped France on the very threshold of disaster, and saved it from the disgrace of being broken up into provinces; the monarchy of 1830 kept back the threatening revolutionary torrents, and long preserved the country from the rising tide of anarchy.*

* M. Sauzet quotes upon the subject of the Continental policy of Lord Palmerston at that period the following energetic protest of Count Nesselrode:

"Whatever may be the predilections of the statesmen of England for that form of government which approaches most to their own, we acknowledge that we cannot understand what political interest they can have in propagating on the

Such will be the impartial judgment of the future, and history will never reproach the chambers of 1848, acknowledged as one of the most brilliant, in point of political talent and oratorical power, France ever possessed, for its adhesion to the policy of a monarch, who was at that time the incarnation of peace, and consequently of real progress throughout Europe. The future will look with a more critical eye to the attitude taken by the chambers, when the crisis itself came, and by the most unexpected of all catastrophes, monarchy, regency, and chambers were alike involved in one common ruin.

The address was voted, the two chambers had given in their adhesion to the policy of government. The king had congratulated himself upon this new manifestation of agreement. The union of powers, the last expression of constitutional struggles, appeared to impart to all an invincible strength. The past also seemed to authorise such a belief. Ever since 1789 the disunion of powers had given the signal of all agitations. The conflict of royalty with the states general opened the way to the great revolution. The division of the two councils made way for the 18th Brumaire. The opposition of the legislative body preceded the fall of the empire. The address of the two hundred and twenty-one began the revolution of 1830. An insurrection, directed at once against all the powers, had not as yet occurred, and was not foreseen. The key to this mystery lies in the history of the "Secret Societies," to which we shall afterwards advert.

Scarcely was the parliamentary drama concluded than that of the streets commenced. A period of only a fortnight separated the two. M. Sauzet naturally pleads in defence of the majority, which condemned the banquets and supported the ministry. His great principle is, that everything must be sacrificed for public order, and, however unconstitutional the proceedings of the chambers might appear to have been, the apology is always to be found in the fulfilment of the sacred mission which it had received to ensure everywhere public security. Add to which the banquet of the twelfth arrondissement, fixed first for the 9th, and then definitely for the 22nd of February, had assumed the most formidable proportions. It might be a pacific demonstration, but it was an incontestable signal for insurrection. Government thought that the banquet threatened public tranquillity, and that by right it was empowered

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Continent the system of constitutional government. We have no hesitation in saying that, in so doing, they unintentionally serve most the interests of France, whose democratic ideas find, in the countries by which she is surrounded, a far more ready acceptance; as they have much greater affinity to the daily habits of life among surrounding continental populations than the English ideas. It is by favouring the introduction of these institutions, and the triumph of these ideas in Spain and in Greece, that England has so much exalted the moral influence of France in those countries. The same thing will happen in Italy. (This was written before the French intervention in Rome). In a very brief time, thanks to the changes that are about to take place there, as well as in other countries, France will have gained more by peace than war would ever have given her. She will see herself surrounded on all sides by a rampart of constitutional states organised after the French model, re-echoed in her spirit, and acting under her influence; and if, at a later period, France, no longer the France of Louis Philippe, but that which shall succeed to it, when the system of restrained liberty adopted by that sovereign shall have ceased to control it, shall listen to the instincts of ambition, which is ever inducing it to outstep its natural boundaries, the English government will regret, but too late, having loosened the springs of resistance and paralysed the power of Russia, which acted as a counter-balance."

to act defensively. The catastrophe justified the fact; and the Republic confirmed the justice of their foresight by interdicting banquets to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution of banquets.

It is not in the power of those who inflame the popular passions to always allay the passions which they have aroused. The opposition in the chambers yielded to argument, and no longer countenanced hostile proceedings. Even the opposition press declared in favour of order. Few preparations were made; the chambers were not more than usually protected; but the workshops persisted in the rest that had been resolved upon for that day, and poured forth upon Paris an anxious and impatient crowd, skilfully excited by secret agents. One band, chiefly of children, crossed the Place de la Concorde, invaded the peristyle of the house of chambers, and broke the windows of the antechambers. This was at eleven o'clock. No one was there: the house did not meet till one. The president (M. Sauzet) and the questors, however, informed of what was taking place, hastened to the spot and took "the necessary measures," of which so much has been made by the partisans of anarchy. The *employés* hastened to assume their uniform as National Guards, and to strengthen the ordinary guard, which had displayed at the onset the most lamentable feebleness. This first invasion was, however, soon overcome, and a permanent force was appointed to watch over the safety of the house of representatives.

When at one o'clock the chambers met, this trifling incident of the invasion of the House of Deputies by a parcel of boys was not even publicly mentioned. The house proceeded with the discussion of a proposed law on the Bank of Bordeaux. M. Sauzet's defence for so strange a proceeding is ingenious enough. "The chambers," he says, "would have been wanting to itself, if it had sacrificed to undignified apprehensions the regular order of its labours. It was not fitting or proper that the popular excitement should be increased by debate or the insurrection fomented from the tribune." The gradual increase of the mob without, however, soon led to some interpellations, which M. Sauzet says he answered by intimating that "government had only acted in concert with the *bureau*, or committee, which accepted the responsibility of measures of imperious necessity."

Towards the end of the day M. Odilon Barrot laid on the table an accusation against ministers, signed by fifty members of the left; and a few moments afterwards another accusation was presented by M. de Genoude. The attack came thus from the two opposite extremes. These accusations could not be read till after the usual pre-examination by the committees, and the reading was accordingly deferred to the day after, next Thursday, the 24th of February. But the 23rd whole companies of the National Guards went over to the discontented; they were (says M. Sauzet) the fatality of that day, as they were of the whole revolution. This act of the National Guard was like a thunderbolt: it at once changed the whole face of events. It imparted to a discouraged riot the aspect of a triumphant insurrection. The king, dismayed at the defection of the National Guard, unwilling to have recourse to civil war, and urged by the counsels of those around him, dissolved the cabinet—a measure which M. Sauzet declares to have been totally unexpected by the majority of the chambers. M. Sauzet says he himself, who had left the king the night before firm and resolved to carry out such measures as were best

adapted to ensure safety by force, was most of all astonished. When M. Guizot came himself to announce that M. Molé had received the king's commands to form a cabinet, M. Sauzet says, "La majorité, profondement blessée, se soulève toute entière avec une eclatante énergie." "Nothing," he adds, "could express the suddenness and the vehemence of this parliamentary movement. It seemed like a presentiment of the dying struggles of society, and the fall of the monarchy." The ministers were openly accused of deserting their posts at a moment of danger, but they repelled the accusation with indignation. The crown, they said, had simply made use of its prerogative. Nothing was anticipated from a concession made at such a moment than the humiliation of authority and the encouragement of disorder; and these anticipations were quickly confirmed by the facts themselves. The same day a batallion of the National Guards wished to lay before the house an act of accusation against the ministry: a proceeding of so revolutionary a character was opposed by the guard mounted at the chambers and the members themselves, some of whom undertook to present the act of accusation before the chambers in a more constitutional manner. It was like the previous acts passed over for consideration to the ensuing day. The members of the Opposition, now that the ministry was changed, brought in a motion that the consideration of these acts of accusation should be postponed *sine die*, but the chambers closed the stormy meeting of the 23rd by a demonstration in favour of the now fallen ministers, who demanded the inquiry and a constitutional rebuke against what was designated by the majority to be a "fatal immolation of ministers to the insurrection," and an act of weakness on the part of the king.

The same night the execrable clap-trap, as M. Sauzet calls it, of the Boulevard des Capucines, the Machiavelian provocations, the got-up funerals, the display of corpses, and all the other scenic details, so shamelessly paraded in that tragedy of blood, fecundated the seed of a second republic. As a last act the chambers legacied to the monarchy the assistance of General Bugeaud. The account of this gallant and experienced old soldier's thwarted efforts in allaying the storm of insurrection, as given to the world, at the hour of his death, although subsequently corrected in a few unimportant details, forms an indispensable adjunct to a correct history of the three days. Three days of more egregrious blunders were never brought consecutively together, and history will attribute to a monarch's weakness in first giving way to a people in insurrection, and to his merciful disposition in sparing the lives of the same people when insurrection had become open rebellion, as well as to petty jealousies regarding the succession to the regency—the fall of a dynasty.

M. Molé had failed. M. Thiers succeeded to him, and obtained the king's consent to attach M. Odilon Barrot to the ministry. The Thiers-Barrot ministry proceeded as a first act to the dissolution of the chambers,—the majority of which had so distinctly pronounced in favour of the Guizot ministry, and against the royal concessions, and it was exexpected to quell the insurrection by adding the parliament as one more burnt-offering to the populace. The chambers, however, continued to sit protected by a single batallion of National Guard, and its own *employés* in uniform. It merely awaited the official notification of its dissolution. As that notification had been published, although not com-

municated to the representatives themselves either by the king or by Thiers or Odilon Barrot, still its moral force was destroyed, its legal power disarmed, and its mission ended. The ex-ministers had been obliged to withdraw themselves from the blows aimed at them by the rebels. The guards of the Palais Bourbon were falling beneath the swords of a conquering multitude. Disorder was everywhere, resistance nowhere. "Who," asks M. Sauzet, "at such a crisis, in such an extremity, can blame the chambers for the inertia to which it had been condemned?"

Yet, when the same chambers saw that all was lost, and that the monarchy which had disregarded it, and the ministry that had superseded it, were alike being carried away by the gravity of events, it reassumed its original attitude,—it refused to acknowledge a dissolution which had never been officially notified to it; and "the president (M. Sauzet) substituting a public sitting, to a meeting of committees, convoked the members scattered about the rooms of the palace, and took his chair. The sitting commenced at half-past twelve."

Many members had been kept away by the barricades. M. Jollivet had perished on the Place de Concorde. The corridors were filled with armed men,—strange-looking plenipotentiaries, who called themselves delegates of the people, and demanded the right to question the assembly. M. de Corcelles had gone, on the part of the chambers, to claim the assistance of Marshal Bugeaud. It was under such adverse circumstances that the rejected assembly held its patriotic sitting of the 24th; and M. Charles Laffitte opened the proceedings by an appeal to the devotion of the chambers, more especially of the Opposition. At one o'clock the abdication of the king and the regency of the Duchess of Orleans was announced, and a few minutes afterwards came the fatal news of the siege of the Tuileries—"the sacrilegious profanation of the great memorials of history," as M. Sauzet calls it. Suddenly a report followed that the Duchess of Orleans was coming to the chambers—that she was already at the gates of the legislative palace. "It was incredible! What storm had burst upon royalty that a prince renowned for his wisdom, the founder of a brilliant dynasty, should entrust the sceptre, too heavy even for his experience, to a child; and should leave the palace of kings to frenzied rioters, and the regency to a princess, without defence, and already tracked by the pitiless bloodhounds of a victorious insurrection?"

And then, at such a crisis, it was with a parliament disavowed by all parties, dissolved and powerless, that support was sought for! The representatives, however, accepted the confidence placed in them by maternal heroism; and M. Sauzet avers that, even at the last supreme moment, the slightest exercise of real force would have saved the regent, the children, and the chambers. M. Odilon Barrot not being present to announce the abdication, and the succession of the Count of Paris to the throne, M. Dupin undertook that task; and M. Sauzet says he hastened to proclaim the election of the new king, and of the Duchess of Orleans as regent, to have been unanimously accepted by the chambers. The insurrectionists, who had invaded the hall, opposed this declaration with loud and intemperate cries. M. de Lamartine, whose voice was at that time considered to be friendly, asked an adjournment, out of respect to the national representation and the presence of an august princess. Seeing that the persons of the royal party were also in danger, M. Sauzet

says he also proposed an adjournment till they should be removed to a place of safety. The regent, however, resolved to brave the storm, and remain with the assembly. General Oudinot declared himself in favour of her free action. But the mob kept gathering more and more closely round her person, uttering shouts of triumphant fury. In vain the president summoned strangers to withdraw: said that the chambers could not deliberate; called upon the rioters in the name of the constitution and the law, and upon the National Guard to do its duty. The mob had gained possession of the palace, and was determined to hold it. M. Marie hastened the catastrophe by proclaiming a provisional government. He was seconded by M. Crémieux. M. Genoude, the legitimist, added to the confusion, by demanding an appeal to the nation. M. Odilon Barrot arrived at this critical moment—let it be recorded to his honour—to defend the princess and her child. The princess rose to speak in answer, but her voice was drowned by the clamour of the mob. La Rochejaquelein then cast the fatal words in the teeth of the assembly: "Vous n'êtes plus rien!" In vain the president called to order. A fearful tumult arose, and from out of this armed mob arose an unanimous cry of "Down with the regency! Down with the traitors!—no more Bourbons! Down with the chambers!" The conquerors of the Tuileries had arrived. Colonel Dumoulin planted the tricoloured flag torn from the throne on the tribune of the chambers. "It was a hideous sight," says M. Sauzet, "to contemplate these saturnalia of a triumphant populace, trampling upon all that was august in the rights of national representation. Some with ferocious gestures; others with stupid looks; all seeming to caricature, by their theatrical and studied attitudes, the great revolutionary scenes of which contemporaneous writers had been lately reviving the disgraceful and fatal popularity among febrile imaginations."

At last M. Ledru Rollin asked from the triumphant populace silence in the name of the people, and he obtained it. After glorifying the insurrection, he rejected the regency as an attempt upon the rights of the people. He proclaimed that the populace, master of all, should still fight for their rights; and, to further excite them to acts of violence, he reminded them of the blood spilt in the insurrection, and that might still be spilt. The orator's revolutionary address was answered by the waving of swords and the shouts of a frenzied populace.

In the mean time, M. F. Barrot had obtained an interview with General Bedeau, and had exhorted the general to act in defence of the chambers, but the general declined taking upon himself such a responsibility in the existing crisis. The struggle of the chambers, unaided by the military, in the defence of a mother and her royal infant, M. Sauzet says, lasted two hours. Yet, at a few paces distant, stood a large armed force; it remained inactive, and the invading hosts passed before it, and even traversed its ranks without resistance! "Civil courage," says M. Sauzet, "is much rarer in France than military bravery. Intrepid before danger, they hesitated before opinion. They would have braved death, but they fled from responsibility."

No hope remained where physical resistance was annihilated, except in a last moral effort. Such could not come from the majority, it might from the Opposition, and Lamartine was looked to for a moment as the saviour of the little group. The possibility that so poetic and

chivalrous a character should abandon his previous principles of loyalty, and should be insensible to the claims of a supplicating mother and orphan child, never entered the minds of the most inveterate enemies of the poet and orator. M. Lamartine has published the defence of his actions. He has himself admitted that a word would have carried back royalty to the Tuileries; but he says, a regency so constituted would have only been a station on the acclivity of revolutions, and that it was better to roll at once to the bottom of the precipice: but M. Sauzet justly stigmatises the 24th of February as the most deplorable in his life, as it was also one of the most fatal in the annals of his country.

M. Lamartine deserting then the cause of the princess and children, at this supreme moment proclaimed a provisional government, and a new host of invading rebels penetrated at the same time into the chambers. M. Sauzet's life was threatened. Rising, as president, to protest against this violent invasion of a deliberative assembly, he at the same time declared the sitting adjourned. A remnant of respect protected the deputies in their perilous retreat, and thus terminated the memorable parliament of the 24th of February, so devoted and yet so powerless.

M. Sauzet, in terminating his narrative of events at this crisis, disavows the proceedings enacted after he had vacated the president's chair, when it was occupied by M. Dupont de l'Eure. He does not profess to be the historian of the Revolution, but simply the witness and the vindicator of the acts of the chambers so long as it was legally constituted. The provisional government, says M. Sauzet, as it constituted itself on that occasion in the chambers, has since attempted to exculpate itself, as having been forced by the progress of events to declare the republic; but after having overthrown the monarchy by the very act of establishing a provisional government, was not that a republic? A little later they only acknowledged the word; posterity will not accuse them with having proclaimed the republic, but with having made it. M. Sauzet adds, that the chambers met in committee at an after period, but only to feel that all attempts at repression would be vain. Some hopes remained of manifestations from the provinces, but they were disappointed, and the army of Algiers, the last that could have saved the monarchy, gave in its adhesion to the republic! The fear of shedding blood had decided the king's abdication; the abhorrence of civil war determined the resignation of the Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville. However much such a resolve may be regretted by the Orleanists, or the party of order generally, still there can be but one common feeling of respect for the motives that actuated them.

"How does it happen," inquires M. Sauzet, "that these formidable catastrophes, these dangerous appeals to force, which only appear in times of ignorance and barbarity, from age to age, to renovate by upsetting all things, the face of the world should have become in our days, in the midst of the diffusion of light and the softening of manners, the habitual and almost normal life of society?"

"Contemplate lost traditions, belief undermined, minds enervated by doubts, patriotism annihilated, the spirit of sacrifices extinguished, egotism triumphant, misery without courage, and envy without control, and can you be astonished at the incessant and furious eruption of passions boiling in a volcano, the crater of which has been laid open by our follies!

"This violent confusion of all social elements does not of itself determine the day nor the form of revolutions, but it excites them and resuscitates

them incessantly. It is not the explosion of the deadly arm, it is the arsenal always open when implacable passions are ever at work, loading and preparing such to be discharged against all society. Have we not there the history of the revolution of February? The catastrophe has been experienced, but was it not the old and increasing spirit of disorder which prepared it?"

The spirit of disorder so pathetically alluded to here, manifested itself in a variety of ways, which are best depicted by the pen of M. Lucien de la Hodde; not that an entire confidence is always to be placed in the statements of a person who has filled such dubious social positions as to have been at once a conspirator and a spy, an agent of order and of revolutions, but that such very versatility gave him unusual opportunities, and his reports cannot but present many valuable details. The history of the revolution of February, "a mere surprise," M. de la Hodde justly remarks, and which as such can never be enacted again, witness June, 1848, can never be complete without that of the "secret societies." One party was struggling for reform, another for a change of ministry; some were hostile to the king, and, it is possible, some personal ambitions hastened an abdication and a regency, but only one party dreamt of insurrection and revolution, and that emanated from the bosom of the "secret societies." De la Hodde agrees with M. Sauzet, that the bourgeoisie never thought of a republic till Lamartine proclaimed it, with the view of giving permanency to the provisional government. "There is only one maker of revolutions" in France, says De la Hodde; "it is Paris, sophistical, idle, disappointed, vagabond, malefactor, as we all know him. This Paris does not overthrow the state on a given day, or according to a prearranged plan; every time that it takes the initiative it is crushed in an instant; witness June, 1832, May, 1839, and three or four other skirmishes. It can never succeed unless the bourgeoisie, from resentment, as in 1830, or thoughtlessness, as in 1848, lends a hand in the insurrection. It is still more particularly necessary that Providence should lend a helping hand by bringing about events that never could have been anticipated, as royalty giving way before a revolt without striking a blow." It will be seen from this that the two extremes, the president of the chambers—the very personification of legal order and obedience, and M. de la Hodde, conspirator and spy, and the personification of disorder and illegality—agree in looking upon the revolution of February as an accident,—an accident which, according to the testimony of both, might, at any period after the evacuation of the Tuileries, the occupation of Paris, and the proclamation of the republic, have been remedied, had a single military chief rallied the troops, by that time disgusted with the insolence of their pretended conquerors.

The elements of disorder are fitting subjects for a graphic pencil. M. de la Hodde places at the head of these *La Jeunesse des Ecoles.* He tells us that there still exist traditions among them of *la pré aux clercs,* which we should very much doubt. That they have a natural partiality for rows, and that they divide their time between billiards and insurrectionary proceedings, is nearer the truth; and equally certain it is that scholastic establishments of a certain class, as colleges and universities for youths of an advanced age, are better away from the capital than within it. A second class, *Les Impuissans,* reflect rather discreditably upon the state of society in Paris. This class includes, among others, barristers without briefs, physicians without patients, writers without readers, solicitors without clients, merchants without goods, and the whole tribe of

simpletons who aspire to the situation of statesmen from having studied politics in the daily newspapers. Why are these men called *Impuissans?* Because they all alike seek to attain their objects by *coups de main*; they have no patience, and patience is the foundation of all power. The organisers of secret societies and insurrectional plots belong to this class of persons. The third class comprises what are now known in Paris as Bohemians: fantastical persons, who hold the trammels of ordinary life in contempt, and of whom, in relation at least to artistic career, we have given a sketch elsewhere. The object of persons of this class is to enjoy life without working for it. When they have not courage to commit crimes, they abandon themselves to the lowest and most profligate modes of existence. The fourth class is *Le Peuple Souverain:* that is to say, the workman, native of Paris, or who has acclimated himself in the suburbs. This class, according to M. Louis Blanc, is coarse and brutal. It invariably hates the master who gives it employment, and it detests equally all other masters of every description. It hates heartily all wealthy people and all in authority. It execrates alike all forms of government, is a street-fighter by habit, and always profits by any political tumult. The fifth class are *Les Gobe-mouches*, common to all countries: people who pin their faith upon other persons' garments, who believe M. Bareste, an editor of penny almanacks, when he says that the country is frightfully misgoverned; M. Proudhon, when he declares that property is theft; or M. Ledru Rollin, when he asserts that the patriots are dying of hunger. The National Guard abounds in *gobe-mouches*. Lastly, there are the discontented, mostly those who have been dismissed, ill-treated, or neglected by those in authority; political refugees, "les fauteurs de révoltes de toutes les nations, recueillis chez nous par une générosité imprudente," says M. de la Hodde, yet of whom we have far more reason to complain than France, and *Les Bandits!* These are the heroes of a revolution. They cry out death to thieves. They are the most ardent among all street patriots, where they present themselves with cartouch-boxes picturesquely thrown over their shoulders, a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, and they claim the protection and the defence of the best places, which they take their own time to devastate.

Having thus depicted the elements of "Secret Societies," M. de la Hodde enters into a somewhat retrospective history of the celebrated society of *La Charbonnerie*, that of *Les Amis du Peuple*, and the conspiracy of the tower of Nôtre Dame, which distinguished the first revolution. He then proceeds with the insurrection of the *Chiffoniers* on the occasion of the cholera; after which follow the society *Des Droits de l'Homme*, and the provincial conspiracies and insurrections which diversified the reign of Louis Philippe, and which were themselves succeeded by *Les Legions Revolutionnaires*, *La Société des Familles*, *Les Saisons*, and *Les Nouvelles Saisons*, *La Société Dissidente*, and the men of *La Réforme* and *Le National*, all of whom were concerned in the revolution of February. There are many of these descriptions, which are mere repetitions of what we have before given, more especially in reference to the fantastic proceedings of Caussidière, Lagrange, and other heroes of the revolution; but the details are now more completely and more carefully worked out, and although they constitute the most ignoble, they are not on that account the less necessary or interesting materials for a correct history of the most singular catastrophe of modern times.

M. Alfred Delvau, *secrétaire intime de Ledru Rollin*, an ardent

Socialist, will naturally not admit that the revolution was a surprise. The spark of the 24th of February sprang, he asserts, from "the shock of ideas." It might have been unhoped for, but it was not unexpected. The monarchy fell by its own vicious constitution. What the "sovereign people"—and we have seen M. de la Hodde's definition of *le peuple souverain*—accomplishes, even to the decapitation of kings, must be right. The great voice of eternal truth and eternal justice absolves the people for taking the law into its own hands, for that law emanates from them. In France, the *prêstige* of royalty, M. Delvau would also have us believe, has for ever disappeared before the popular sovereignty proclaimed on the ruins of a throne. To pretend that religion has consecrated so immoral, so odious, and so anti-social an idea, is an outrage to the divinity that proclaimed equality among men!

After defending the execution of the descendant of the Stuarts and of the descendant of Saint Louis at length, as acts of supreme justice, M. Delvau proceeds to discuss the series of facts and events which, according to him, gave birth to the revolution of February, in all its strength and glory. At the head of these stand the despotism, tyranny, and incapability of Louis Philippe, deserving evidently by implication the same fate as his two before-mentioned predecessors. Next in train come the great "social" facts that this is pre-eminently the great and brilliant age of philosophical, revolutionary, regenerative, and Socialist ideas. These points admitted, it is easy to see the kind of history which M. Delvau writes of the revolution of February. Every act of rebellion, every outrage of the sovereign mob, is extolled as a deed of justice and of heroism; everything done by the Orleanists, the ministry, the authorities, and the majority, is vilified, calumniated, or misrepresented. The deputies are charged, for example, at the very onset, with standing on the steps of the Palais Bourbon, delighted with the contemplation of women and children being exterminated by charges of cavalry within a hundred paces of them, whilst the band of a regiment of Chasseurs drowned their cries in joyous flourishes (des fanfares joyeuses)! History written in a style like this may be very cursorily dismissed; some revelations with respect to the days, generally known as *la journée des dupes*, and *la fête de la fraternité*, are alone deserving of a moment's attention; all the rest is mere vapour and bombast. It is needless to say that M. Delvau regards the restoration and the triumph of Ledru Rollin, whom he compares to nearly half a hundred historical martyrs, as certain and proximate. "Le peuple," he says to him, "se souvient toujours de vous comme il se souvient de ses ennemis. Il fera cesser l'ostracisme qui pèse sur vous; l'heure de la justice et de la reparation est lente à venir; mais elle vient,—surtout lorsqu'on l'y aide . . . a bientôt donc!"

The "History of the Provisional Government," by M. Elias Regnault, is a work of a more practical character. It has been professedly written in defence of the acts of those who took the command of Paris in revolt; but the defence is unlike most party works having reference to so momentous an epoch,—made more to depend upon the acts, deeds, and words of those in authority, than upon vague declamatory appeals to progressive humanity, and other similarly unmeaning words which float perpetually to the surface of the scum of socialist philosophies. M. Regnault does not conceal that Lamartine was at one moment seduced by the audacity of Ledru Rollin, at another terrified at his adventurous spirit. Indeed, there was only one pure patriot in the provisional go-

vernment, and that was the aged Dupont de l'Eure. Marrast, Arago, Marie, and Garnier Pages were united in the bonds of a common interest and a common cause. Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert, were conspirators against the intellectual and moral supremacy of their coadjutors. Crémieux was tossed to and fro by both parties, and Lamartine fell a victim to his fear or partiality to the leader of the communists. History, which cannot pardon the first assumption of power of the provisional government, in the presence of a regency accepted by the chambers and the party of order, will do that government justice for having preserved Paris from blood and rapine. The action of government was cramped, and its efficiency utterly paralysed by the existence of two such extreme parties as those just alluded to within its own bosom. Both felt that there existed only one remedy; which was the expulsion of one of the two from power. But the Marrast party was supported by moderate republicans, pacific men, enemies of all change, who only lent their countenance to the existing government because, under the circumstances, no other alternative was left to avoid civil war. The Marrast party could not afford to lose their friends by taking the initiative in a first fraternal and republican collision. On the other hand, the Ledru Rollin party were equally well aware that the party "of progress and energy," as it was complimentarily called, when used as a stepping-stone to power, was in reality the party of anarchy and disorder. M. Ledru Rollin did not care when in power to let loose upon society, as he afterwards did, hordes who were ready to drown the republic in blood, and to exterminate it in its own excesses. Thus it was that for some time both parties were restrained within the limits of propriety, and that the provisional government, with all its faults—its Louis Blancs, Sobriers, Blanquis, and Caussidières—and its prolonged and fatal alliance with Ledru Rollin and the socialist and communist party, has still, in many points, deserved well of the country; and future historians may consult, not without interest and advantage, M. Regnault's apologetic pages by the side of the more poetic effusions of Lamartine himself.

That which alone remains certain now is, that the republic, after four months of anarchy, fell in the midst of the most frightful struggle that society was ever engaged in against barbarity; and military dictatorship for a time upheld that society, which has now taken refuge beneath the shadow of the greatest name of modern times. But the President of the Republic could not uphold the republic itself without denying its origin, imprisoning its founders, and expelling its friends. The moderate party has gradually been gaining in power; it now constitutes the majority, and directs government. France has disavowed anarchical propagandism, and its soldiers have been employed in putting down the most mind-emancipating revolution of all that broke forth amidst continental states and dominations, whether political or hierarchical.

Yet conflicts now reoccupy the same ground, and divisions are as rife as ever. Reconcilement among the advocates of monarchy is still apparently remote. The three shades of opinion, on the contrary, are becoming daily more distinct. They reproach the one with the 18th of Brumaire and despotism, the other with 1814 and the invasions, the last with 1830 and a victorious insurrection. They forget that the Empire saved France from disgrace, the Restoration from the divisioning out of the country into provinces, the Younger Branch from anarchy. The security of society

stands precisely in the same predicament; the popular volcano only smothers its boiling lava, ever ready to flow over; the minds of the people are as disarranged as ever, their hearts as unsettled, their passions as turbulent, as heretofore. Insane hopes and guilty desires can never be extinguished till faith and patriotism are resuscitated. The majority of minds in France are now aware of this great fact, and that there is no hope of salvation but in the sacrifice of party grievances, to sustain power against the spirit of insubordination that is abroad, and which everywhere saps at the foundation of all authority. The new form of government dispenses no one from allegiance to the laws; and society, they say, ought not to fail in its respect to the republic, so long as the republic does not fail in its duties to society.

It cannot, however, be dissembled, that the two do not work together in a verv brotherly manner. Nothing will allay their mistrust of one another, and if it is difficult to foresee the actual day when the signal of disunion will be given, still the incompatibility of temper is visible to all. It seems as if in the present day the republic was the only thing that France held in antipathy. The provisional government saved society from the scaffold, but it stirred up perverse hopes, paralysed industry and credit, closed the savings banks, opened national workshops, and within and without prostrated the dignity, the prosperity, and the liberty of the country. The comparison of such a government with the magnificence of the era of Louis XIV., the glories of the Empire, and the prosperous times of the Napoleon of peace, is the most fatal tribute that can be conferred upon its labours. The provisional government wished for a republic, but it was well aware that the nation was adverse to it. "If there are no republicans," it said in its pride, "we must make some."

Already reaction manifested itself on the 17th of March; and on the 16th of April public indignation would have trodden the republic under foot, had not the existing government led, instead of controlling, public opinion. The assembly of the 4th of May was elected republican under the pressure of the commissaries and other delegates, and because no choice remained except the tricolour or the red flag. General Cavagnac rendered immense services to his country—saved France, indeed, from annihilation; yet his known republican tendencies entailed his downfal. He fell before the anti-republican feeling.

On the 13th of May the assembly which had imposed the republic upon France was discarded, and the new assembly not only resuscitated, but aggravated the repressive laws of the monarchy. This implacable war between the republic and France is the history of the last three years, and is not likely to come to a close immediately. The republic delivered itself of the anarchists by the sword, it expelled and discarded its founders, it hid itself behind the very rags of Napoleon's mantle, it made a war of oppression against clubs, against the press, even against the traditional guarantees of liberty; it put on a quasi-devout aspect, and re-established the Pope at Rome; yet no one likes it, every one mistrusts or ridicules it, its friends are nowhere to be found. Without, it let Piedmont pay the ransom of its alliance with the French republic, it allowed Hungary to lose its ancient constitution, Italy the last hope of independence. Every nation that followed the example of France, in dependence upon her alliance, expiated, by the sacrifice of their most ancient and legitimate rights, their momentary connexion with the French Republic! Without or within,

contact with, or reliance on the republic has been fatal to liberty, and the groundwork of European proscription.

What is the state of things at present? The President exercises the powers of royalty, to which are added the privileges of personal interference. The assembly has added to the rights of assemblies of old the ready and frequent suspension of all liberty whatsoever. It is a constitutional monarchy with a form of personal government and a perpetual state of siege superadded, and diminished security and splendour. There is no splendour, because the aristocracy of intelligence, birth, and wealth, will not become the subordinate instrument of a temporary power, to which its legal responsibilities impose the right and the duty of personal direction. There is no security, because stability cannot constitutionally appertain to power. What, then, is wanted to the President to bring back splendour and security to the country? The answer is in all mouths, inviolableness and permanence.

But responsibility and election are the only remnants of the republic! Will they also be sacrificed to the sense of security, to the love of splendour, to the greatness and tranquillity of the nation? Everything forebodes that they will. The dread of the state of responsibility and of the election of the President of the republic is universal among the moderate party and the lovers of order throughout France. Responsibility is looked upon as a chimera. Public opinion now understands that all crises are only struggles for power, and the conflicts of power soon degenerate into revolutions. Opinion has, in consequence, resolved that the constitution and responsibility shall be set aside at the first convenient opportunity. The constitutional responsibility of the President is already a figment of the personal inviolableness of a king. But the question of the election is far weightier—it paralyses all other thoughts and feelings. The common mind is directed to one common thought, how to avoid it, to supplant it, to adjourn it, or to destroy it. All France may be said to be in search of a remedy for the immense evil by which it is threatened. Who can be surprised? It is only obeying the most simple instinct of preservation.

If tranquillity reigns on the surface, it is lassitude, not security. The country asks for quiet at any price, and, in the conflict of the two republican powers, it attaches itself most to that which, by its unity, resembles monarchy. It thirsts anxiously for a definite solution, but it awaits that the assembly shall give the signal, and it rallies, in the mean time, round a provisional solution, whilst the most eminent men have nothing to give them but divisions and negations. Yet the signal must be given. The republic has itself fixed with inexorable precision its terrible crisis. It seems to luxuriate in great excitements; and, as soon as one danger is over, it prepares itself with jealous premeditation for the peril of the next day. Every one feels that the evil is fundamental. The constitution, which is but a few years old, is already perishing beneath the weight of public reprobation. Its revision, or, to speak more accurately, its total renovation, has become the great arena where the future fate of France will be determined—the avowed battle-ground between the long-opposed executive and National Assembly. But a few days lie between us and the solution of this perilous question. France has, at the present moment, a legislative power and an executive power, both elected, distinct, and independent; and already this new constitution cannot bear the weight of these two powers. United, they absorb one another; separated, they

threaten each the other; and the slightest conflict can at any moment resolve itself into a revolution. The public feels this deeply; it would wish to grant to the executive power more authority and duration. But this power has already all the prerogatives of royalty; it only wants an inviolable permanence. Such a power would no longer be a republic. Let one step more be taken towards consolidating the executive power, and we have a monarchy. There lies the true situation of things; and will the assembly, will the ambitious soldiers and the turbulent statesmen who aspire to their turn of power, or will the supporters of two exiled dynasties, bend before the fortunes of a name? Yet, if the revision of the constitution should be negatived, and leave the powers as they are, it would only perpetuate a destructive antagonism, and pave the way for revolutionary struggles. If the revision should weaken the executive, the triumph of the Reds and of anarchy is ensured! Should it, on the contrary, fortify it, we shall have a monarchy, and good-by to the republic. The public mind does not like placing the state of things before itself in such precise language, but the fact itself is universally felt, and, when the time comes, matters will be placed in their true light, and the nation will have to choose between a red republic or a monarchy.

The Legislative Assembly has already enjoyed the constitutional right of occupying itself upon the important questions of the revision of the fundamental law and the repeal of the electoral law of the 31st of May, ever since the 28th of May—that is to say, when it entered on the third and most momentous year of its existence. The people had, however, taken the initiative in the movement, and petitions poured into the chamber from all quarters, in most of which the re-eligibility of the President was insisted upon as an essential part of the revision. A proposition for the total revision of the constitution was deposited on the table of the assembly, on the 31st of May, by the Duke of Broglie; and another, for a partial revision only, was presented the same day by M. Payer. The standing committees, and the members of the commission to whom the various propositions will ultimately have to be referred, were on the point of election when Prince Louis Napoleon imparted a new impetus to the movement, and brought forth an unexpected manifestation of extreme opinions by his address at Dijon. In this address the President of the Republic held the language of one sure of his triumph. France, he asserted, does not desire the return to the old *régime*, under whatsoever form it be disguised, nor the experiment of fatal and impracticable utopias. Although he had been thwarted in realising all the ameliorations that he had intended by a hostile assembly, still he awaited with confidence the manifestation of the country, and France should not perish in his hands!

This speech had the natural effect of irritating the Fusionists, the Pure Legitimists, Moderate Legitimists, Orleanists, Regentists, Cavaignac Republicans, Red Democratic Socialists, all the members of the National Assembly, and all parties in France who were not Napoleonists. General Changarnier took the opportunity of the sitting of the house on the 3d of June, when twenty-seven petitions were presented for the revision of the constitution and the prolongation of the powers of Louis Napoleon, to declare that as far as the army was concerned that it was in favour of the assembly and not of Louis Napoleon. "No man," proclaimed the disappointed yet ambitious general, "could induce the army to lay hands on

the laws of the country and change the form of its government." And he added afterwards, in very dubious taste, "The army, deeply penetrated with the sentiment of its duties and dignity, would never lend itself to inflict on France the government of the Cæsars, which would only be achieved by the drunken Prætorian soldiers." However indiscreet Louis Napoleon may have been in thus drawing upon himself the open manifestation of hostility on the part of the pure republicans (if such a thing really exists, and personal jealousies and ambitions have nothing to do with the wish to perpetuate a republican and anarchical form of government), still it is equally certain that General Changarnier does not echo the general sentiments and feelings of the army in attaching it wholesale to the rump of a parliament.

The proposal for the revision, laid on the table by the Duke of Broglie, signed by 234 members, would, it was expected, be further assisted by the Legitimists, the Napoleonists, and even by the moderate Constitutionalists, known as the *Tiers-parti.* Thus supported, it was hoped that the institutions of France might for once be reasonably modified by a pacific and deliberate resolution of the representatives of the nation, but many difficulties oppose themselves to such a pacific solution of the question. The preliminary discussion which came off on the nomination of the fifteen committees on the 6th of June, exhibited a variety of opinions little compatible with pacific results. Most of the Legitimists declared that they would not vote for the revision unless it were effected in the interest of the monarchical principle as understood by them. The Mountain maintained the necessity of the repeal of the law of the 31st of May, as the indispensable preliminary to any sort of revision. Among the advocates for total revision, we find the names of De Broglie, Molé, Montalembert, Dufour, &c. The Legitimists and Fusionists, as Messrs. Berryer, Melun, De Corcelles, Moulin, and others, are for a total but legal revision, by which is meant a restoration of divine and hereditary rights. The *Tiers-parti*, headed by Odilon Barrot and De Tocqueville, was in favour of a *qualified* revision. The absolute adversaries of the revision are headed by Messrs. Jules, Favre, Charras, Charamaule, General Cavaignac, and M. de Mornay, the latter the well-known Orleanist, so that there is great breaking up of parties and factions on this momentous question.

The Legitimists, both through their orators and the public press, or at least that part of it which embraces their views, do not appear, however, to consider the present moment one in which the battle of an hereditary monarchy is to be successfully fought. M. Montalembert, speaking of the objects of the revision, did not conceal that his preferences were altogether in favour of a monarchy; but he added, that at the present time France was too disturbed in its ideas, too much moved by revolution, to support that form of government. He did not believe that the nation would, at present, declare in favour of the monarchical form of government, and since the republic was to subsist for some time longer, he desired to see it rendered as supportable as possible.

The *Univers*, the accredited organ of the French clergy, says in the same tone, "Two instincts alone survive in what are called the enlightened classes, the horror of revolutions and changes; in the masses, the worship of military glory. Now it is the masses who must have the upper hand, and the President is named Bonaparte. This name, which

fascinates the people, has also the support of at least half the bourgeoisie. It will have more than the half if it has against it a competitor, not for the presidency, but for a higher dignity. It is an error to suppose that the *prêstige* of this name is exhausted. Nobody can prove this, and there is much to indicate the contrary. How are the signatures to the petitions, which arrive at the assembly by thousands demanding revision, obtained? Some petitions, indeed, speak of total revision, or legal revision, but the petitioners do not understand these words. They are told that it is for Bonaparte, and then they sign. This is the truth. The chance of a ballot, if it be resorted to (and it must be resorted to; if there be a division, there must be a final judge), are for M. Bonaparte." The *Univers* concludes, therefore, by proposing to chime in with the necessity of the day, and to continue M. Bonaparte "in the sort of lieutenant-generalship which he has filled since the 10th of December in a way to merit some gratitude, and which cannot be filled so easily and so satisfactorily by any other person."

The Legitimists would appear from these manifestations to entertain few hopes of success at present, and to be preparing themselves for an honourable and dignified submission. But they are, as we have previously shown, mistaken in the idea that a revision of the constitution, on an appeal to the ballot, will be followed by a presidency of a republic or a lieutenant-generalship for an exiled monarchy. M. Leon de Laborde said openly, before the assembly, that to admit that there was reason for a total modification of the constitution, was equivalent to saying that the country claimed a monarchical constitution. M. Antony Thouret, on the other hand, designated, as a republican, the idea of a revision of the constitution as a wish to stake the repose and the future of France on a battle of ambitions! It is, indeed, from the latter party, the party hostile to all revision, that danger is chiefly to be apprehended.

The revision of the constitution may now, after the discussion in committee, be considered as demanded by the majority of the assembly; but by one of the strangest anomalies in the legislative history of any country, that majority is, in reality, the minority; 200 representatives of the people having by law, as at present constituted, the power of nullifying the act of 400. The minority usurps the national sovereignty, and exercises a despotism over an enormous majority—all in virtue of the constitution! The minority in numbers refuses even to discuss the law of revision; it menaces that if it be granted by the majority of members, but real minority, it will make an appeal to arms. When it is suggested that the republican system may one day be discarded by the will of the nation, the same minority, consistent with itself, proclaims the divine right of the republic, and, working out its own principle, maintains that the republic is superior to the national sovereignty, or to universal suffrage.

With such dogmas and mysteries to throw into the arena of discussion the day when the battle of ambitions comes on, and with an almost impregnable position to fall back upon when the country is once more appealed to, it is very difficult to imagine any other than the common denouement in France to all difficult and fundamental questions, that the constitution itself will never arrive at the term fixed for its own reform or modification, and that it will be revised in some such summary manner as the constitution of 1791, the ultra-democratic code of 1793, and the constitutions of the years 1803 and 1808, which disappeared before the constitutions of the Empire.

THE WAR IN KAFFIRLAND.

THE sentimentalism of the age is really sickening. After pursuing for years a continued system of plunder and extortion, accompanied by crimes innumerable and of the most savage hue; after a constant succession of invasions, sometimes, as in 1834 and 1846, of 10,000 Kaffirs at a time, of British territory, destroying farms and farm-houses, murdering unprotected colonists in cold blood, carrrying off the cattle, devastating the land, and committing all kinds of atrocities; we are told by the Government of this Country—no doubt in deference to the abovementioned sentimentalism—that "the more enlightened spirit of modern days has put an end to hostilities as of yore with barbarous tribes on the outskirts of settlements." "Warfare is now," Sir Charles Wood informs us, "of a more expensive character than formerly," and he, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "believes it to be well worth the while of a civilised country to carry it on in this spirit!" This is carrying out the spirit of Free Trade into modern warfare with a vengeance. No reciprocity—but the loss once more all on one side. The Kaffirs are to invade, plunder, and exterminate; they are barbarians and savages; they must be fired at sparingly, and cut down tenderly. Double-barrelled rifles and Colt's revolvers, as used in the New World under similar circumstances, or razzias in Algeria—out upon the idea! The amiable Kaffir who roasts his living prisoners is to be taught, at every sacrifice of territory, wealth, honour, and life, to be reconciled to a more civilised state of things! We do not mean to say that the system adopted under the advice of such men as Sir B. Urban, Sir P. Maitland, Sir Henry Pottinger, and Sir Harry Smith, of establishing military posts within the territory of a frontier of turbulent, predatory, savage people, ignorant alike of laws and of restraint, and actuated by one common feeling of hatred of the white man, is not infinitely better than the commando system of the Dutch, who used to shoot down every Kaffir, whether actually engaged in robbing, or only on the way to seek for an opportunity for so doing; but we assert that this system even of military and missionary posts has now been tried, and has not been found efficient. The Kaffirs have not become reconciled to a more civilised state of life by either plan; and to take, in the face of an insurrection so general and so greatly diffused as to have paralysed every arm in the country, and led to defections even among our own subsidised allies, such milk-and-water measures, as an expensive and inefficient warfare, and the sending out two gentlemen to investigate at the last moment our relations with the native tribes, is as unworthy of the wisdom and foresight of the country, as it is indiscreet in regard to the security and prosperity of the colony. Our relations with the native tribes! Why, they are written in the blood of colonists, their wives, and children, and their servants; they are traced in the devastation of the land and the yet smouldering ashes of the peaceful homesteads; they are marked by the bleaching bones of the murdered wayfarers. But these are not the kind of evidences to be perused by a quasi-sentimental ministry, themselves supra-civilised by the pacific crowds of an Exhibition of all Nations—Kaffirs, Pawnees, Sioux, Kurds, Berbers, Borneo pirates, Thugs, and a few other of the less

exemplary tribes and castes of the world excepted. The evidences admitted in Downing-street are to the effect that the southern extremity of the continent of Africa is peopled by many tribes—as Hottentots, Bushmen, Kaffirs, Zulas, Fingoes and others, all more or less connected by language and by race. They are to the effect that the missionaries have adopted one form of language, by which all the dialects will be brought together, and civilisation thus most assuredly be ensured in a wholesale manner; that the Dutch are boors in all senses of the word, and must not be allowed to retard the progress of a benign civilisation; that they are retreating towards the rich plains and fertile vales of the newly-discovered interior lakes and rivers, and that they must be anticipated by peace-loving philanthropists, who will kindly warn the innocent-minded Batouani of the approach of the rude boors, and prepare them to give to the emigrants or invaders not a hospitable but a hostile reception.* They are to the effect that Sir Harry Smith having failed in nominating a subservient local legislative council, who would put off the question of a constitution while that of war was in abeyance—had remained governor of the colony without any representative assembly to assist him—and that two gentlemen should be sent out to act for the unwilling and laggard local assembly, and investigate the relations of the native tribes! What a farce is such a mode of proceeding in such an extremity? It is not surpassed by a vote of 300,000*l.*—which will last as long as the present ministry—and a regiment of unhorsed dragoons to be sent out to terrify the savages by shaking their brightcoloured pennons, Chinese fashion—for the war, it is expressly conceded, is to be one of courtly and chivalrous antecedents, as if enacted in the luxurious arena of a field of cloth of gold.†

"The Kaffirs," says Mrs. Ward, in her work on the Cape, "have

* We gave in the *New Monthly* (Part III., 1850, p. 345 *et seq.*) a detailed account of the discovery of Lake Ngami and the River Zouga, and of the Batouani and other reputed tribes living in these fertile and central regions of South Africa. It appears that it was really time to do something, for Mrs. Ward notices, in the last edition of her work on the Cape, as the latest news from thence which had been received in time for publication, that "the Boers, far beyond Bloem Fontein, under Pretorius, are determined that no one shall pass through their territory to the newly-discovered lake (Lake Ngami), and have already fined some severely. The lake will be easy of access down the Limpopo, which runs through the Boer country into it, as it is believed. All other ways, as far as are known, are through deserts; and the ignorant people (Boers) will not suffer the missionaries to teach the natives about them. It would be unsafe to send any expedition under seven hundred men, as Pretorius is more than 256 miles beyond any military station."

This is a pretty cool territorial assumption on the part of General Pretorius and his boors, who did not even discover the lake, or the Zouga, or the Limpopo, and it will sow the seeds of much future contention and strife. It is somewhat curious to hear that, to meet such threatening contingencies, Sir Harry Smith has sent off a messenger to warn the Batouani against the apprehended invasion of the Boers, while Lord Grey sends out instructions that the rights of the Batouani are to be supported by a British resident, who is to be a missionary, and a small armed force! Where is such force to be found at the present crisis? and, when found, are they to cross the Bakalihari Desert, or to make their way through the Boer territory? If so, what force will be requisite?

† Happily they do not appear to hold the same views of Kaffirland at the War Office as they do in Downing-street. The cavalry are to be supplied with double-barrelled carbines, and reinforcements of artillery and other troops are also on their way, or preparing to leave for the Cape.

been painted as an aboriginal race, 'a pastoral and gentle people.' They are neither one nor the other; they are intruders on the lands that they occupy. Their habits are the most savage imaginable; their treachery is well known to all who have been unfortunate enough to come in contact with them; and the conversions effected among them, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, have no other existence than in the warm imaginations of the well-meaning but ill-informed members of missionary societies. What converts there are, are principally from the despised slaves of the haughty Kaffirs—the Fingoes." Dr. Knox also speaks from personal observation of the Kaffirs—Amakosas, as he more properly calls them—and whom he considers as a totally distinct race from the Hottentot and Bosjeman races, and closely allied to the negro race, as "treacherous, bloody, and thoroughly savage." ("The Races of Men," p. 241.) Lieutenant-Colonel E. Napier has given frequent testimony to the same effect in the pages of the *New Monthly*. The late Sir John Barrow supposed the Amakosas to be descendants of a tribe of Badwin Arabs; but if so, how came they to be Kaffirs, or infidels? Certain it is that they are intruders who have expelled the aboriginal Hottentots from the Amatola into the bush (Bushmen), and enslaved whole tribes, under the infamous term of Fingoe—a person having no claim to justice, mercy, or life. Mrs. Ward says the restless desire for plunder among the Kaffirs speaks much in favour of their Arab origin; so do their tent-shaped huts, their riches consisting in herds of cattle, and their wandering habits. The Kaffirs' principal implement of war is also like the Badwin, the spear or assegai, unknown to the aborigines.

From 1842 or 3 till 1846, when war was proclaimed, the same authority informs us the colonists were engaged in perpetual warfare with the Kaffirs. The farmers could not stir without arms, murder stalked through the highway in open day, robberies were too common to be always recorded, and *commandos* (Mrs. Ward uses the word in the sense of an inroad in pursuit of stolen cattle, and not, as Lord John Russell does, as a desultory war of extermination) were marched through the country to punish recreant chiefs; but the latter invariably eluded the troops, and escaped with the cattle.

We need not now turn to the history of the last war, the records of which have already appeared in our pages.* Suffice it that, on the 23rd of December, 1847, Sir Harry Smith brought the said war to a temporary close with a grand meeting at King William's Town, at which the chiefs Sandilla, Stock, Pato, and others, were present, and at which Sir Harry Smith declared that the Queen of England had sent him to Africa to put a stop to violence, and to organise the country over which they had so ruthlessly stalked as destroyers. It mattered not to him; they might fight, but he would conquer them: he would be chief, or inkosi enkulu, as he designated himself. The chiefs present kissed the stave of submission and peace, and Kaffirland was partitioned out into York, under Sandilla; Lincolnshire, under Stock; Bedfordshire, under Pato; Cambridgeshire, under Umhala; Sussex, under Tois; and Yorkshire, under Mapassa

* We must refer the reader to Mrs. Ward's excellent little work, "The Cape and the Kaffirs." Mrs. Ward says, "Although I have been sanguine in my hopes of peace, I have never for a moment swerved from my opinion of the Kaffir. From the first to last I have denounced him as incapable of honest feeling—as an irreclaimable savage!" These are "the pastoral and peaceful people" of the missionary agents.

and the Tambookies. The fickleness of the natives, their disinclination to abandon their predatory habits, and their natural aversion to foreign interference, may be considered as the remote and ever-returning cause of hostility; but the immediate cause of the present outbreak appears to have been the deposition of Sandilla from his high estate of paramount chief of the Gaikas, necessitated by his turbulent and disloyal proceedings.

On the 19th of December, 1850, Sir Harry Smith summoned Sandilla to a conference of the Gaika tribes, his adviser and supporter being, it is supposed, his brother and chief councillor, Anta; he was led to disregard the summons, whereupon he was deposed, and his mother, Sutu, "the great widow," was elected in her son's stead. Sandilla and his friends resented this dismissal from authority, the more especially as Sir Harry Smith also declared the chief's lands to be confiscated, and they refused obedience to the proclamation. On the 24th of December, Colonel Mackinnon was accordingly despatched, at the head of six hundred men, to capture Sandilla, but he was led into a defile of the Keiskama, apparently by the treachery of the Kaffir police, as they have subsequently deserted by hundreds, and, at a point where the men could only pass in a single file, a deadly fire was opened upon them, in which Assistant-Surgeon Stuart, a corporal, and nine privates of the 6th regiment, and a corporal of the 73rd regiment were killed, and several officers and men were more or less severely wounded. Colonel Mackinnon moved back by a different road, and on reaching the Debe flats, a horrible sight presented itself: fourteen soldiers of the 45th regiment lay dead upon the plain. Three of these men it appears had been sent out on escort duty, and the other eleven were afterwards despatched in search of them. They were all waylaid and brutally murdered.

This disastrous affair was the signal for a general rising of the Gaikas. They stalked, as usual, through the land with brand and assegai,and the poor settlers in the military villages, who were gathered together to make merry on Christmas-day, were surprised by the treacherous foe, and many were cut to pieces on their devastated homesteads. Woburn, Aukland, and Juanasburg were the first to feel the destroying stroke. At mid-day, while the peaceful inhabitants were seated at their Christmas dinners, the savages surrounded their dwellings, and, in a few minutes, nothing but smoking ruins, and corpses horribly mutilated, marked the sites where the villages had stood. The Kaffirs then poured across the boundary in marauding parties, devastating the open country along the frontier as far west as Graham's Town. The tribes engaged in these ravages were those of Stock, Botman, and Tois, chiefs who, a week before, had professed peaceful and amicable intentions

On the morning of December 29th, Colonel Somerset left Fort Hare, with a force of about 230 men, to open a communication with Fort Cox, where the governor was surrounded and cut off from all succour. But when only a few miles from the fort, Colonel Somerset's small band was attacked by an overwhelming body of Kaffirs, who charged upon the column, broke it, and killed, chiefly in close fighting, two officers (Lieutenants Melvin and Gordon) and twenty men, besides wounding many others. A reinforcement of 100 men from the fort relieved the party, which was obliged to retrace its steps. The loss of the enemy was, however, affirmed, in Colonel Somerset's despatch, to have been considerable, the

fire having been steady and well directed, and the ground contested with the enemy for upwards of four hours.

In the mean time Sir Harry Smith escaped in a precisely opposite direction. Making a dash from Fort Cox, with 250 of the Cape Mounted Rifles, he forced a passage through the Debe Neck, though opposed by a large body of the enemy, who kept up a heavy fire, without occasioning much loss, and arrived at King William's Town, *viâ* Fort White, on the 30th of December. From thence the governor issued a proclamation, declaring that every post in British Kaffirland should be maintained. The abandonment of one of them would, he said, have been the signal for revolt to every T.'Slambie chief. The forts were well provisioned for six weeks, and would form a nucleus for an invading army of patriots. "The Gaikas," added the gallant general, "must be driven out of the Amatolas, and expelled for ever!"

Every effort was accordingly made to raise levies. Thirty-eight discharged soldiers and Hottentots, and also fifty Fingoes, well armed, were sent up from Port Elizabeth by the 4th of January. All the burghers were called out by Colonel Somerset, through the civil commissioners, but the call met with a very faint response. Levies, however, proceeded more actively in the country districts. Among the chief of these were the Cape Town, Albany, and Genadendal levies. By the beginning of February, Sir Harry Smith found himself still in King William's Town, and at the head of about 5000 troops of all sorts bearing arms, including Hottentot levies and the burgher force. Meanwhile, the Kaffirs, on the 21st of January, had made a fierce and prolonged attack upon the cattle and village of Alice, adjoining Fort Hare. The chief credit for the defence of the place has been given to the Fingoes, of whom six were killed and ten or twelve wounded; while, on the other hand, the loss of the Kaffirs was estimated at from 100 to 150 men. A still more brilliant result had attended upon an attempt made by the Kaffirs and rebel Hottentots on Fort Beaufort, on the 7th of the same month, when, owing to the gallantry of the Fort Beaufort garrison, chiefly despised Fingoes, under Colonel Sutton, and the bravery and patriotism of the Beaufort burghers, the enemy were repulsed at all points; the chief, Hermanus, and his son slain, the accumulated spoil of previous inroads, and from 1500 to 2000 head of cattle, retaken. The deceased Kaffir chief, Hermanus, had received a grant of territory on the Blinkwater from Sir Benjamin d'Urban; and, by this rebellious act, Sir Harry Smith declared the lands so granted had reverted to the crown, and he expelled at the same time the successors of Hermanus and all their rebellious people beyond the limits of the colony.

These successes—if holding the existing military strongholds against an enemy superior in numbers could be so called—were all that could be brought to balance the great fact, by this time manifest, that the Kaffirs had deliberately taken up arms to expel us from their settlements, if not from our own as well; that Umlanjeni's prophecies were dictated by Sandilla, and that even the forbearance which was at first reported as indicating the absence of determined hostility, was only part of a deep laid plan for forcing us to strike the first blow. Further, it was evident that, not content with rousing their own population, the Kaffirs had summoned every coloured tribe to take a share in the war; and that thus, not only the Kaffir police corps, instituted by Sir Henry Pottinger, 800 strong,

and organised like a regiment of Indian irregulars, had gone over to the enemy, but our own local corps, the Cape Mounted Rifles, who had shown so much loyalty and bravery at the onset, soon began to manifest so strong a spirit of defection that it was found necessary to disband the whole body. The Hottentots of Theopolis likewise exhibited symptoms of disaffection, and there is much reason to believe would have followed the example of their Blinkwater countrymen, had the Kaffirs appeared in force in that quarter. At Fort Armstrong the disaffection, so general among the coloured population, manifested itself in acts of open rebellion, and the loyal inhabitants had to take refuge in the tower, until relieved by the garrison of Fort Beaufort. Nor were the Kaffirs idle. Seconded by the whole of the Kat River Hottentots, who had joined their bands, Shiloh was captured and devastated, Whittlesea besieged, and Cradock and Somerset placed in the greatest danger. These untoward circumstances elicited from the Dutch civil commissioner, Van Ryneveld, a tardy, but effective appeal to the loyalty of all whites. "The colony," said the commissioner, "is now threatened with a more formidable and destructive combination than has ever been known before in this country. The Kaffirs are using very great efforts to induce all native people to sit still or join against us. The Kaffirs have resolved to exterminate the white man. Although they will not succeed in this, they will certainly inflict an irreparable calamity upon the colony, if white men will not at once lay aside all disputes and unitedly meet the enemy. The governor is now firmly resolved to crush the power of the enemy; but, to do this, the colony must unite, and put forth a strong effort." This appeal aroused the slumbering spirit of many of the Boers, and large parties were collected at Graaf Reinet and other places, under the command of Colonel Somerset, who was appointed general commandant of this force, more particularly with the view to keeping in check Hermanus's band and the rebel Hottentots of Fort Armstrong, and of the Kat River and Blinkwater, who, since the death of the chief of that name, had been headed by an elder son.

The communication between King William's Town and the sea at Buffalo Mouth had hitherto always been kept open; but that between King William's Town and General Somerset's head-quarters was closed by the Kaffirs, who surrounded and intercepted all communication with Forts White and Cox. But Colonel Mackinnon succeeded on the 30th of January, at the head of a detachment of 2150 men and one six-pounder, in throwing supplies into these forts, and removing the sick and wounded; and on the 13th of February he again marched in the same direction with five companies of the 73rd regiment, the European levy of 400 men, 200 mounted Riflemen and the Hottentot levies, with two six-pounders—in all, about 2750 men. With this force Colonel Mackinnon proceeded first to Fort White, encountering the same opposition as before at the Debe Neck; and on the 14th the troops marched to Fort Hare, by the broad drift of the Keiskamma, destroying the crops, kraals, and huts, on their way, and effecting a junction with General Somerset.

After the junction of Colonel Mackinnon's force with that of General Somerset, a movement was made up the Chumie Valley, the crops being destroyed and the fields laid waste in every direction, including those of the murderers of the inhabitants of the military villages. This accom-

plished, the five companies of the 73rd (400 men) were left with General Somerset, and the remainder of the force returned by the middle drift, descending the Chumie River to Fort Wiltshire, in order to lay waste the country of Botman, Kona, and Tois. During the performance of this duty, the attacks of the Kaffirs on the rear-guard were continuous and resolute. Pouring out of every lateral valley, they incessantly harassed the line of march, and though repeatedly charged and driven back, they persevered until nightfall, causing a loss of eight killed and seventeen badly wounded. Colonel Mackinnon states the loss of the Kaffirs to have been very heavy, and that several of their men of note were supposed to be shot.

General Somerset had at the same time prepared, with a reinforcement of five companies of the 73rd, to give fight to the Kat River rebel Kaffirs and Hottentots under Hermanus's son. With this view, Commandant Walter Currie, with the levies of Mancazana, Heugh's and Ziervoyel's burghers, and the levies of Post Retief, moved upon Balfour on the 22nd of February, while General Somerset moved the same day on Fort Armstrong, at which point the forces were to unite. The Hottentots, however, having made a stand at Chumie Bridge, General Somerset was delayed an hour and a half in forcing the passage. In the mean time, Commandant Walter Currie's detachment had reached Balfour at daybreak. The rebels, supported by a strong party from Fort Armstrong, made a gallant defence, and they were not driven from their position till near mid-day. Two fellows held out in the tower till the next day. The burgher force had four killed and fourteen wounded in this engagement, and they found ninety rebels dead. The united forces of General Somerset's detachment and the burgher levies, after these delays, effected a junction before Fort Armstrong. The fort was shelled for some time. The rebels then mixed themselves up with the women and children. General Somerset had the greatest trouble in saving the latter from destruction before he could carry the place by storm. Even this effected, the men in the tower would not surrender, but kept firing from the port-holes till it was blown up with shells. Twenty-seven Kaffirs and Hottentots were killed in the fort, and nine in the tower. On the side of the assailants, four men were dangerously wounded. One hundred and sixty prisoners were taken, 70 to 100 stand of arms, and 400 women and children; add to which, at least 200 rebels gave themselves up at Balfour on the 22nd and 23rd, among whom there appear to have been a sprinkling of English and Dutch reprobates.

After the capture of Fort Armstrong the combined force of burghers and General Somerset's division moved on Eland's post, where they took eighty prisoners; thence to Philipton, where property to a very great extent was seized, evidently the harvest of devastation and murder which these rebels had been for some time reaping. On the 28th of February General Somerset returned with his new captures to Burgher's Post, where he had left the Fort Armstrong prisoners, and such was the extraordinarily insecure state of the country, that during the general's short absence, the post had been attacked in a most determined manner by the Kaffirs, who had with difficulty been repulsed by Major Blakeway, left in charge with 400 men. On the 3rd of March General Somerset returned to his head-quarters at Fort Hare, and was for a month afterwards incessantly occupied with court-martials trying the rebel prisoners.

The latter part of the month of February and the whole of March were occupied by Sir Harry Smith in awaiting and receiving supplies of men, ammunition, and commissariats by the Buffalo, in issuing the necessary instructions and recommendations, and in carrying on commandos, or, as it is now more civilly called, "patrolling the adjacent country." On the 18th of March Sir Harry Smith moved with a force of 2500 men, for the purpose of anticipating a daring intention of the enemy, of which he is said to have had certain information, to attack Fort Hare, and rescue the rebels then before the military tribunal. On the 19th Sir Harry Smith fell in with the enemy on the banks of the Keiskamma, and who, after being repulsed in a partial attack upon the right flanking column, took to a mountain called the Hegu. A disposition for attack was instantly made by the commander-in-chief, and the enemy, 2000 strong, were driven out of the mountain at all points, and pursued across the open country between the Hegu and the great Amatola range. On the 20th Sir Harry Smith joined General Somerset, and on the 21st he began his return by Fort Cox, burning the villages and devastating the country on his march. Some skirmishes took place subsequently on the Debe flats, and a very hot engagement was fought in the Kwahu ridge, which joins these flats to the Amatolas; after which Sir Harry Smith moved on and crowned the high range of Tab Indoda, the troops dispersing the enemy in every direction, and burning one of their mountain kraals. The 22nd was allowed for rest, and on the 23rd the troops moved on Old Fort Wiltshire, for the purpose of devastating the country of Eno's tribe.

Upon this occasion nearly a thousand head of black cattle was collected and driven off. In the capture of the cattle four of our men were killed, and six wounded. Thus terminated what is designated as a most laborious and most successful "patrol."

At this time, while the whole of Kaffirland was in insurrection, and the Hottentots on the Kat River and country adjacent were in open rebellion; while chiefs, supposed to be friendly, as Kreli, Seyolo, Stock, and others, were either openly or covertly hostile, and even Pato, who held in his hands the communication between head-quarters and Buffalo Mouth, could scarcely be depended upon, the Timboes or Tambookies in the north were also in open rebellion, engaging in almost daily skirmishes with the colonists and burghers under Field-Commandants Joubert, Olivier, and Read. Between the 26th of January and the 18th of February these experienced leaders of commandos had captured 9000 head of cattle and 400 horses, and killed upwards of 250 of the enemy. It is probable that they did not trammel their proceedings with court-martials of nearly a month's duration in the heart of a country in insurrection. The Hottentots of Shiloh had also united with the Tambookies to attack Whittlesea, which had been gallantly defended by Captain Tylden, who had also made a successful commando against the rebels at the head of a motley force of Fingoes, Cradock volunteers, Colesberg and Burgher's Dorp levy, and about 170 friendly Kaffirs, under a gallant fellow named Samuel Kama.

On the 27th of March, Major Somerset was despatched from Fort Hare with 1200 men to scour the surrounding country and Eland's Berg. On the 28th, a patrol of 300 ravaged Seyolo's country from King William's Town, destroying from thirty to forty Kaffirs. On the 8th of

April, Colonel Mackinnon's patrol sought for cattle unsuccessfully in the plains of the Buffalo. On the 10th, Kaffirs and Hottentots attacked Fort Brown, and carried off 200 head of cattle. On the 15th, Colonel Mackinnon left King William's Town for a patrol of six days with 2500 men, including 100 Cape Mounted Rifles. The column was boldly attacked by the Kaffirs, both in the rear and flank; Fletcher of the 73rd was killed, and Captain Morris of the levies was wounded; one sergeant, and four rank and file were also killed. On the part of the enemy, their loss was estimated at 150 men.

All this time a feeling of indifference was still general at the Cape to what was termed an imperial and not a colonial war, and even the frontier farmers showed, in most instances, a disinclination to join in the struggle. They appear to have been disgusted with the lengthened court-martials and tedious military inquiries carried on against wily savages caught with arms in their hands, stained with the blood of their victims; and, they contended, that unless the Kaffirs were exterminated all along the frontier districts, no security for life or property could be expected. The repeated marches and counter-marches also appear to have fatigued and harassed the coloured portion of the force beyond endurance; and on the 13th of March no less than seventy Hottentots, forty-six of them belonging to the Cape Mounted Rifles, including three sergeants, went over to the enemy. This defection was followed by further disclosures, showing that the conspiracy of the Hottentots was much deeper and more widespread than had been at first imagined. It is said that the Cape Corps had not only supplied Sandilla with large quantities of ammunition, but that when employed against the Kaffirs they fired blank cartridges. Civilised nations are, in points like these, seldom a match for barbarous and savage tribes, whose cunning and treachery exceeds anything that a loyal and enlightened mind is prepared either to conceive or admit.

When the Ama Galeka chief, Kreli, joined the rebel party, he made great attempts, as a chief paramount, to carry along with him the subchiefs Umhala and Pato, but both, although undoubted cases of cattle-driving lay at their door or that of their followers, thought it discreet to hold on for the time being with the party in the ascendant, as far as defensive measures were concerned. Kreli had thus to content himself with carrying on operations in the usual predatory scale, among which the most notorious appears to have been the plunder and destruction of a station belonging to Messrs. Crouch, at no great distance from the chief's own kraal.

It does not appear that much was done during the month of April. When the last despatches left the Cape (May 2nd), the conjoint rebel force of Kaffirs and Hottentots was still in great force in the mountain fastnesses of the Kat Berg, Eland's Berg, and the Chumie, thus presenting a most difficult front to the colonial troops, at the same time having the whole extent of the Amatola to retire upon in the event of having their position forced. A burgher force of 400 men had luckily joined General Somerset to oppose the enemy in that quarter. Mr. Gilfillan's commando had, in the mean time, marched from Shiloh on the White Kei, when a severe and decisive engagement was fought at a place called the Imvani Neck, against Kreli's Amagalekas and Mapassa's Tambookies, eighteen chiefs being slain, and Kreli forced to open communication with Butterworth. Major Wilmot's patrol, or commando, which did such good service in Seyolo's country, was still out. The Gaikas were said, according to some accounts, to be 5000 strong, under Sandilla, in the

Amatola mountains; but far more credible accounts represented them as dispirited and discomfited as Kreli's Amagalekas, the Tambookies, and the rebel Hottentots and Kaffirs on the Chumie and the Kat Rivers.

The total number of British troops in the field at the same time amounted to 7637; of these, 4600 were native levies and 836 of the colonial troops, leaving only 1850 British infantry, who were supported, however, by 246 artillerymen and engineers, and 103 seamen and marines. The 74th Regiment, now on its way out, will carry a seasonable reinforcement of 500 bayonets; and when that reinforcement shall arrive, it is understood that Sir Harry Smith will assume the offensive, his plan being understood to be to move on a given day from King William's Town with Colonel Mackinnon's division, while General Somerset's division will advance at the same moment, by a concerted scheme, from Fort Hare. These columns thus moving simultaneously are to sweep the Hottentot and Kaffir rebels before them, carrying on the pursuit into the strongholds of the Gaikas, who, it is to be hoped, will be effectually dislodged from their fastnesses. This is not, however, by any means an undertaking of trifling import. The land-carriage of the commissariat is at once the most difficult and most expensive part of a campaign in Kaffirland. These difficulties and expenses will be increased a hundred-fold within the rocky desert districts of the Amatola. The Zulas, or Zoolahs of Port Natal, who were to have co-operated on the other side of the Amatola district, have, it appears, enough to do at home, and little or no assistance appears to be expected from that quarter. The Kaffirs, though defeated at all points, are still very numerous, and it is in vain to deny that the sympathy of the whole of the coloured population of South Africa is with them. Winter, which has departed from us, is advancing with the colonists, and the storms of the tempestuous Cape will materially disturb the sea-communication between the western and eastern provinces, which has hitherto been found so convenient. Worse than all, the colonists themselves are disaffected, almost disloyal. The burghers under Pretorius are, as we have seen, in open rebellion, hastening to Lake Ngami and its great tributary streams to found a little Dutch republic or dictatorship. The British colonists querulously demand a constitution, although, when Sir Harry Smith granted them a representative government, they refused to act till the question of a constitution had been discussed. It is undoubtedly much to be regretted that the constitution did not go out by last mail; but even if it had, it would have had little effect upon the present war.

The colonists, except a few burghers, the tenants of the military villages, and of the few frontier stations, are opposed to the war altogether. They would concede to the Kaffirs their ancient frontier, and give up the system of military stations and villages. Yet they acknowledge that but for Sir Harry Smith and General Somerset's actual positions, the colony would have been overrun by the Kaffirs. Supposing, then, that the Kaffirs had been brought to terms by concessions on the part of the colonists, it would only have postponed the evil. From whatever frontier granted to the Kaffirs, the Great Fish River or the Keiskamma, they would have been for ever making predatory excursions into the territories of their more industrious neighbours, robbing and driving off their cattle. This is proved by all past colonial history. It is also an inevitable result of the contact of civilisation and unredeemable savage life, that the one must succumb before the other. Hottentots, Hindus, Moors, may to a certain ex-

tent be civilised; Kaffirs, Berbers, Badwin Arabs, and Kurds, like many tribes of Red Indians and hill tribes in India, can scarcely ever be brought to submit to legal control. Under these circumstances, it was obvious that the defence of the colony must be left to the mother country, and very inefficient have been the means taken, and the monies granted.

It has been said by persons who oppose this war of races in our own country, let us expel the Kaffirs from the Amatolas. And where shall we drive them to? If to the northward, there must still be a frontier line; and however far that frontier line may be removed, it will be as difficult, and more so, to defend than the former one. This is certainly a great evil, and where the territory acquired is not worth keeping, a very deplorable one; but it is more or less inseparable from the enjoyment of territory and power in the neighbourhood of savage populations. It is just as the French are placed in Algeria in reference to the Berbers. The difficulty is to be met in only one of two ways—to expel the predatory tribes from their fastnesses, or to hold them there in military subjection. We have very little faith in the problematic civilisation of the Kaffirs by the missionaries. All practical testimonies are opposed to such an agreeable solution of the difficulties of the question. Granting the necessity of establishing British sovereignty in Kaffirland, so imperiously demanded by natural circumstances, the position of that country on the eastern seaboard, its interception of Natal from the Cape, and its reference to British and Dutch settlements in the north, and in the Vaal and Orange Rivers; and by the predatory habits of its population, it has been urged that we must take the Kaffirs in hand, as was done with the Bheels in India, and after practically and exclusively evincing our supremacy in the field, devote ourselves to the work of regeneration.

This appears to be really the only practicable mode of proceeding, and the only one that will apparently flow from the irresistible course of events. Situated as they are, the Kaffirs cannot well be driven north or south, east or west. They must be subjected in their own territories. To accomplish this, a tried and gallant officer is left with a most inadequate force, even when the 74th and other troops on their way to the Cape shall have joined, a very inefficient commissariat, a discontented colony, and winter coming on, to wage war in a most difficult country, against a numerous, brave, and wily enemy, in the midst of rebellious Boers, and a fickle, ill-disposed coloured population, and treacherous allies. "Sweeping success, void of disaster," would alone, in Sir Harry's opinion, at once terminate this war; but Sir Harry has not the means at his disposal to ensure such sweeping success. "It would be a false and sickly humanity," Lord Grey observed, "which would shrink from the severity which is required to guard against a renewal of past calamities; but at the same time it is the duty of an officer representing a civilised and a Christian power to carry severity no further than is indispensable for this purpose, and to endeavour not to exterminate, but to reclaim these fierce barbarians." But before these "fierce barbarians" can be reclaimed, they must be subdued. They are very far from being subdued as yet; and it is this "false and sickly humanity," which disavows Borneo piracy and Kaffir hostility, which places so many difficulties in the way of that real progress which all history points out has never been accomplished except by the providential supremacy of the civilised over the uncivilised.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE AND CALIFORNIA.

The overland route, as at present constituted, may be said to commence at St. Louis, styled the Queen of the West, from the rapidity of its growth, and the steady increase of its commerce. It thence proceeds up the Missouri, towards the head waters of the same river, by one of its great tributaries, the Kansas or the Platte, crosses the great prairie and rocky mountain watershed, descends into the territory of the Mormons, follows the line of one or two brackish inland rivers, confronts the Sierra Nevada, and descends triumphant, minus a good deal of baggage, many horses, mules, and waggons, and generally several of the party, by the banks of Weber's Creek, or some other Californian Pactolus, or gold-rolling natural gutter, as the less classical Yankee would designate it. The perils of this line of route lie at present in the scarcity of water and provisions, fatigue and exposure, the severity of the climate, the natural difficulties of the road, wild animals and reptiles, and hostile Indians—a pretty good catalogue of evils; but one which, whether events are left to their own course, or hastened by some such proposal as that now before the public, of a territorial self-paying railroad, must still as certainly disappear before British enterprise and endurance, as it is certain that the state of Utah has already risen up in the centre of the line, and California at its extremity.

In a very brief space of time roads will be levelled, stations for repose and refreshment will be founded, permanent ferries established, the buffalo will retire to the yet untrodden prairie, and the savage will be taught civility and forbearance. Then perils and adventures, such as are narrated by Mr. William Kelly,* will become matters of the past, and be looked upon with the same curiosity as some of Washington Irving's pictures of New York as it was two centuries ago, are looked upon now.

Although St. Louis is the great starting point, Independence on the Missouri being the station at which trained and seasoned animals, and the waggons of the Santa Fé and Chihuahua traders, as well as of overland travellers, are left, it is there that these important requirements can be best obtained. Thither, accordingly, Mr. Kelly started, at the head of a goodly company of twenty-five, of whom thirteen were Englishmen, eight Yankees, two Scotsmen, and two Irishmen, all in green caps and jackets, white trousers, and other appointments to match. On the 16th of April this party set forth across the wide prairie, soon leaving the last haunts of civilisation in the dim distance. On these monotonous undulations, which resemble the huge lazy swells of the Atlantic in a calm, a lone elm, upon the margin of a pool, was an important object. The water, however, so anxiously looked for even at the outset, was spoiled by the carcase of an ox rotting in the middle of it, and at their very first bivouac, twenty-eight miles from the frontier, the travellers had a taste of what they had yet to undergo, by a hurricane and torrents of rain, which rendered it impossible to pitch the tents, and, covering the ground with water, put rest and shelter out of the question.

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* An Excursion to California over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, and Great Sierra Nevada, with a Stroll through the Diggings and Ranches of that Country. By William Kelly, J.P. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

The buffalo, which used to roam in unrestrained freedom over these plains, is now driven back upon the banks of the Platte, but there still remain deer, only timid and wary, and prairie hens, both most delicate eating, and of exquisite flavour. The Indian has gone with the buffalo: since that period, Mr. Kelly tells us, the population has been gradually getting thinner, some of the tribes becoming wholly extinct.

At the Kansas came the first river fording and morasses, with the concomitant accidents and delays. At this point there is, however, a trading missionary and Indian settlement, the nucleus of some future town. The valley of the Kansas is described as lovely in the extreme, "green grassy hills of most pleasing configuration, on whose brows myriads of delicate flowers, attracted by the genial smiles of spring, were peeping up amidst the sprouting herbage, with groves and clumps of timber budding into foliage, and blossoming shrubs skirting the plains along the stream." The Kansas also abounded in fish. A single day's journey took the party from this pleasant station into the country of the Pawnee Indians, a tribe notorious for thieving, or more likely a tribe having some old scores still to pay off; and at the first bivouac an attempt was made to carry off two mules. Here, also, rattlesnakes made their appearance in the camp, and two of a very large size were killed in the morning. Wolves also abounded, prowling and yelling about the camp all night; and in the plains were woodcocks, of a species which lives in flocks—delicious eating.

Next came a prairie on fire; and the graphic pen of Washington Irving, or the eloquent descriptions of Cooper, are, Mr. Kelly says, tame and feeble as compared with the awful reality. One of the party was thrown into convulsions by the difficulty of breathing. On reaching the banks of the "Big Blue," a fine young fellow, John Coulter, was shot dead in drawing out a loaded gun by the muzzle. Here, also. a new and most vexatious annoyance presented itself, in the shape of that persevering enemy of man—the musquito. They were now also in the region of acres of wild onions, immense cactuses, lots of rattlesnakes, prairie snipe, plovers, fat turkeys, and excellent fish; a mixture of good and bad things, in which the bad—the persecuting musquito—is by far the most dwelt upon. To the weary traveller, rest is preferable almost to nourishment, and where the musquito abounds rest is unknown.

As they proceeded, the scenery became most lovely and luxuriant, and elk, antelope, and deer were more abundant; but hostile Indians hung upon their skirts, and at night took upon themselves the disguise of wolves to rob the encampment. The country was more level and less wooded on the banks of the Platte, which they next came to; and here was a station called Fort Kearnie. Beyond this, along the same level country,—the battle-ground of the Sioux and the Pawnees,—buffaloes and prairie dogs began to abound, and the great watery expanse was enlivened by curlews, and what Mr. Kelly calls sea-gulls, probably fresh-water terns, as are met with on the Euphrates. The buffaloes were in such numbers, that Mr. Kelly, who says he had read of the army of invasion on its way to Mexico being frequently obliged to fire grape-shot among them to open a way—with some allowance for exaggeration—found now that experience really transcended imagination. We must extract here an account of one of Mr. Kelly's early personal experiences with the shaggy denizen of the prairie:

There was a gorge in the bluffs opposite where they were feeding, through which I knew they would rush in retreat when fired on, and there I posted myself on horseback with a light carabine that I could manage with one hand. I was not deceived, for they made direct for the open when they broke, but my horse became so fretful and fidgety, I could not take aim as they passed. I gave chase, however, and soon got up to and alongside the headmost, down whose shoulder I saw a stream of blood, the effect of a wound. He cast his eyes fiercely round occasionally as I came over close to him, showing a disposition to attack, so that it required both my hands in the bridle to prevent my horse from bolting. I persevered, nevertheless, running a neck-and-neck race, leaping over rocks and bursting through copses of thick brush, until we came to a dry gully that crossed our path, over twelve feet deep, and as many yards wide, and as in mid-career it was impossible to stop short, down we leaped, landing amidst those brutes, who, jostling each other in the descent, were tumbled at the bottom. It was a fearful moment, and I thought it all up with me, as my horse came to his chest by the shock; but, ere he was on his legs, I was again alone with my bleeding companion, who was scrambling up the other bank; I, however, gained the level first, and, before he could get into active motion, fired, but, not being over six yards from him, he made an instant rush, and gored my poor horse in the shoulder, coming against him with such force as to throw him clean over, unseating me with extreme violence, and falling himself to his knees in the exertion. The horse jumped quickly up and ran away at full speed, with my foot sticking in the stirrup, and the wounded bull in pursuit; a sudden jerk at length caused the boot to pull off, the bull with his impetus overrunning me, and, in attempting to stop, falling heavily, and lying unable to rise from loss of blood and exhaustion, while I lay at a little distance incapable of moving, from the stunning effects of my accident. Seeing my horse gallop back without its rider, several of the men hurried up the ravine, and found me just recovering from a faint. After washing off the blood and giving me a drink, they proceeded to despatch the buffalo, who had not yet yielded up the ghost; for, as they discharged their pistols at him, he made several desperate efforts to rise, glaring fiercely at them, and uttering a low bellowing roar, not so much of pain, I should say, as madness. He was a very large beast, and loaded the saddle-horses well in bringing him piecemeal to the waggons.

An alternation of travel and fare, feasting one day like aldermen on boiled tongue, hump-steak, and marrow-bones, or on prairie-dog, which some preferred to buffalo; going supperless to bed another; bivouacing one night in fertile pasture, another where the grass, as the Yankee barbers say, "was shaved behind the skin," with interludes of rain and storm, brought the party to the country of the Sioux; the first result of which was, that the captain fell so desperately in love with a "nut-brown Indian maiden," that, he says, he never remembered to have been so rapturously impressed with the influence and fascinations of lovely woman, making him forgive the river even should it detain them for a week—a month—he had almost, he says, written, for ever!

The North Platte, described as a muddy, uninteresting stream, but with clear, cool, and fresh affluents, abounding in fish, and the oft-described chimney rock, led the way to Fort Laramie, 700 miles from Independence. At this point, Mr. Kelly and three others combined to exchange the tedious conveniences of waggon transit for a saddle-horse and pack-mule each; but, after a few days' journey, several unpleasant skirmishes with the Crow Indians made them glad to unite all together again in self-defence. As they approached the Rocky Mountains, lizards and sand-ticks increased in number, and wormwood covered the plains as heath does in this country. Of the South Pass Mr. Kelly says:

The name of the Rocky Mountains and the South Pass engendered a chain of mental associations that conjured up ideas of stupendous crags and beetling cliffs, on whose spiral summits the fleecy clouds perpetually nestled on spotless beds of everlasting snow, and narrow chinks and darkened chasms, through which the trembling traveller hurried, fearing to pause and contemplate the sublime creations

of nature, lest the dripping cracks should close, and shut him into eternity. How widely different was the reality! A range of rounded mountains, without cone or peak, with a sloping gap some thirty miles wide, approached so gradually that, only for the temperature at night, you could scarcely conceive you were on the summit of one of the ranges which, in our geographical lessons, we were wont to consider one of the great marvels of creation.

The great watershed of the Pacific and the Atlantic brought with it, however, mountain elevation and mountain fever, if not a mountainous aspect; and, beyond, the thieving Crows were succeeded by the more friendly Snake Indians. On the western slope of the Rocky Mountains the wormwood appears to be in great part replaced by sage, the plains of which abound in a kind of grouse, designated, appropriately enough, sage-hens, but tasting too strongly of that aromatic plant to be much relished. Difficult roads, and streams most dangerous to ford, prolonged the journey to Salt Lake Valley, where our travellers found rest and repose for awhile in the city of the Mormons:

Some miles to the north (says Mr. Kelly) lay the great Salt Lake, glistening in radiance like a sheet of crystals, in strange contrast with the dark and sombre Utah range that stretch along its western shores. At first the city was not visible, but on passing over a piece of table-land the new capital of the Mormons became revealed—not, I must admit, with any very striking effect, for it was too young, as yet, to boast the stately ornaments of spire and dome which first attract the eye of the anxious traveller. We saw from here, with great distinctness, the plan of the place, which had nothing novel or peculiar about it, laid out in wide regular streets, radiating from a large space in the centre, where there appeared the basement and tall scaffolding-poles of an immense building in progress of erection. The houses were far apart, each being allotted a space for gardens and enclosure, which caused it to cover a very large space of ground.

We were soon discovered coming down the slope, and as we entered the precincts of the town the inhabitants came to the front of their houses, but showed no disposition to open an acquaintance account, believing us to be an exclusively American caravan. So soon, however, as they were undeceived, they came about us in great numbers, inquiring what we had to dispose of. They were neat, and well clad; their children tidy, the rosy glow of health and robustness mantling on the cheeks of all, while the softer tints of female loveliness prevailed to a degree that goes far to prove those "Latter-day Saints" have very correct notions of angelic perfectibility. We politely declined several courteous offers of gratuitous lodging, selecting our quarters in a luxuriant meadow at the north end of the city; but had not our tents well pitched when we had loads of presents—butter, milk, small cheeses, eggs and vegetables, which we received reluctantly, not having any equivalent returns to make, except in money, which they altogether declined; in fact, the only thing we had in superabundance were preserved apples and peaches, a portion of which we presented to one of the elders, who gave a delightful party in the evening, at which all our folk were present. We found a very large and joyous throng assembled; the house turned inside out to make room on the occasion, with gaiety, unembarrassed by ceremony, animating the whole, making me almost fancy I was spending the evening amongst the crowded haunts of the Old World, instead of a sequestered valley lying between the Utah and Timpanago mountains. After tea was served,

There were the sounds of dancing feet
Mingling with the tones of music sweet;

or, as Dermot Mac Fig would say,

We shook a loose toe,
While he humoured the bow;

keeping it up to a late hour, perfectly enraptured with the Mormon ladies and Mormon hospitality.

I was not aware before that polygamy was sanctioned by their creed, beyond a species of ethereal platonism, which accorded to its especial saints chosen partners, called "spiritual wives," but I now found that these, contrary to one's ordinary notions of spiritualism, give birth to cherubs and unfledged angels. When our

party arrived, we were introduced to a staid, matronly-looking lady, a Mrs. ——; and, as we proceeded up the room, to a blooming young creature, a fitting mother for a celestial progeny, as the other Mrs. ——, without any worldly or spiritual distinction whatsoever. At first I thought it a misconception, but inquiry confirmed the fact of there being two mistresses in the same establishment, both with terrestrial habits and duties to perform, which I afterwards found to be the case in other instances, where the parties could lay no claim to any particular saintliness.

A rather peculiar drawback upon the country in which the Mormons have settled are the numbers of great mole-crickets. In places the ground is alive with them, and they are very destructive. They constitute the principal food of the Utah Indians, who eat them raw or roasted, and also make a sort of paste or jam, by broiling them to a cinder, then pounding them very fine, and mixing them with a wild fruit called service berries.

We shall not follow our travellers in their journey across the Great Salt Lake Wilderness, where deficiency of water constituted the greatest evil, nor across the Utah range, with its Digger Indians, and indications of volcanic and chemical action, to the Humboldt River, of which our author speaks unfavourably as a line of travel, from its waters being saline and bitter during the dry season. Many who followed that line were, in consequence, involved in destruction; and, during the fever of emigration, the banks of the Humboldt are said to have presented a truly shocking spectacle, marked by the perch, for the entire way, with rotting carcases of mules, horses, and oxen, and many a mound showed the last resting-place of poor fellows who sank under the fearful pangs of thirst, shrivelled to death under a burning sun, with only poisoned water to wet their fevered lips. On what is justly called the "Desert," in which the saline waters of the Humboldt are swallowed up, the scene is described as one of still greater horrors, the whole line being marked with putrid carcases and deserted waggons, while the air was filled with the moans of the dying, the wails of the suffering, and the wild screams of the maniac. What will not the passion for gold do?

Happily, on the other side of the desert, there comes rolling down from the heights of the Sierra Nevada a river, called, after the trapper who first discovered it, Carson River, which, after a course of a hundred miles or more, loses itself in the desert. Here fine fresh water, abounding in salmon-trout, and glorious meadows of clover and rich nutritious grasses, shaded with gigantic oak and cotton-wood trees, await the traveller and his team, and invigorate both preparatory to the trying passage of the great mountain barrier of the Pacific.

Mischievous Indians, tracts of "cinders and clinkers," almost impenetrable pine forests, awful "cañons," frightful chasms, precipitous ascents, perilous ledges of rock, and snow stairs, are among the oft-detailed horrors of the transit of the Sierra Nevada—difficulties and dangers which even British perseverance and enterprise will fail in diminishing for some time to come yet. These difficulties, however, overcome, not without loss and suffering, a few miles of gradually-descending travel brought the party into a level valley, principally timbered with large white and common evergreen oaks, called by the miners "Pleasant Valley;" and here they first encountered some Chilians on the banks of a little stream all but dried up, looking for what they had come thousands of miles in quest of.

Four miles lower down they arrived at a large encampment of gold-diggers—Chilians, Mexicans, and a few Americans from the coast; and here they came to the determination of fixing their quarters and making their maiden essays, pending further inquiries. At the end of three days they acquired sufficient proficiency to set up for themselves, and made an average of a good ounce daily to each hand, and communicating occasionally with Sutter's Fort, where they obtained a cradle, and also became initiated into the system of transacting business in California. More Americans kept also arriving on Weber's Creek from the coast; and these adventurers, after learning their system from the Chilians and Mexicans, very ungratefully expelled them from the diggings at the pistol's mouth. Some of these arrivals from the coast are described as being of the amateur, or dandy class of diggers, in kid gloves and patent leather boots, with flash accoutrements and fancy implements, their polished picks, with mahogany handles, and shiny shovels, resembling that presentation class of tools given to lords, baronets, and members of parliament, to lay a first stone or turn the first sod on a new line of railway. It was good fun to see these "gents" nibbling at the useless soil, and then endeavouring to work their pans with outstretched hands, lest they should slobber their ducks! Numbers of this school were soon to be seen wending their way back to the coast, "cutting the beastly diggings" in disgust. Although the weather at the onset of Mr. Kelly's experiences was particularly fine, dysentery made its appearance in its most malignant form, soon prostrating the majority of the miners, carrying off many, and reducing all who were attacked to the lowest possible state of bodily feebleness. Mr. Kelly resolved, on recovering from an attack of this formidable complaint, to take a trip to other mining districts. Throughout, he found the jealousy entertained by the Americans towards foreigners to be very strong indeed; but sometimes Jonathan overreached himself in his attempts to dupe others, of which the following is a good instance:

An American company, who had been working a barren spot very unprofitably, put up a notice that their "valuable site was for sale," as they were going up to the Juba, and a lot of Germans, who had just come in, offered themselves as purchasers. The price asked was exorbitant, as the proprietors said it returned so largely, and the following day was appointed for the Germans to come and see the fruits of an hour's working, the sellers going in the course of the night and secreting gold-dust in the banks, so that it would come to light as the natural deposit during the course of the experiment, and getting their worthy countrymen to puff up the cheat in the mean time. The following morning the poor Germans were so charmed with the apparent richness of the place, they gave 500 dollars and two valuable gold watches for the property; and oh! what indecent laughing there was at the "stupid dupes," and lofty commendations of the "almighty cuteness" of Jonathan, when the transfer was completed. I felt for the strangers, who were neither strong enough to enforce a restoration of their property, or to rebuke the unbecoming insolence they were exposed to. However, like cool, sensible fellows, they stoically put up with what they saw they could neither remedy or resent, and went to work amid jeers and taunts. It is unnecessary to say, that the proceeds of their first day's labour was not very encouraging; nevertheless, they persevered the following morning in a spirit of perfect contentment, and, before night, had their perseverance rewarded by some very promising indications. The third day the indications led to veritable realities, enabling them to turn out the best day's work done in the diggings up to that period, and to proceed with an increasing daily average, which turned the laugh against Mr. Jonathan, who, with the most unprincipled impudence, sought to reclaim by force what he disposed of by a swindle. The Germans, however, were not so easily scared as the Mexicans, though I believe they would have been forced to move off only for the timely arrival of another German emigrant company from the States. This occurrence

may serve to convey an idea of the spirit that actuated the Americans throughout the mines, and congenially blends with repudiation as a typical colouring of national character.

From the mines our traveller found his way to Sacramento city, at that time a gossamer city of deal and canvas, with a suburb of snow-white tents, a large fleet of fine shipping, plains stocked with cattle, mules, and horses, plenty of shops doing an active business, and numerous still more busy gambling-houses, or "pandemoniums," as Mr. Kelly calls them—the curse of California as they were of Mexico.

There were no hotels; but in lieu of them there were boarding-houses, where your bare meals cost you twenty-five dollars per week, attached to each of which there was a large apartment, littered all over with hay, where you paid one dollar for the privilege of lying on the ground in your own blanket. If you remained over one night, you rolled your blanket upon the spot you lay, and left it there; but as all did not come to bed at the same time, or in the same trim, you were subject to have your snoring interrupted by the iron heel of a huge boot on your nose, or the knee of a staggering emigrant in search of his nest on the pit of your stomach; nor was it unusual in the morning to find a congealed tobacco spittle on your cheek, or like a big soot-drop on your blanket. There was one gent that retired generally about the same hour that I did, who told me, as "a curiosity," that on last night we had the honour of having as bedfellows two real judges, five ex-governors, three lawyers, as many doctors, streaked with blacksmiths, tinkers, and tailors, "that made a most almighty beautiful democratic amalgam, that's a fact."

An excursion to the Juba River, a fine stream, of good dimensions, deep enough for navigable purposes, and a tributary of the Sacramento, joining the Feather River, a few miles above its mouth, brought Mr. Kelly and his party in contact with the Juba Indians, who, at first friendly, were not many hours before proceeding to active hostilities, attacking two of the party who had gone out in pursuit of deer, and attempting to rob them of their rifles and bowie knives. Mr. Kelly's party was only six strong, yet among them, between rifles, revolvers, double and single-barrelled pistols, and double-shot guns, they came up to the formidable number of fifty-three discharges, and with them quietly awaited a night-attack; nor did they wait in vain:

The uneasiness of one of the horses put us upon the alert, and the next moment some arrows whizzed past us, upon which Mr. S——e fired a load of buck-shot in the direction he supposed them to come from, which elicited a perfect shower, one taking effect in his shoulder, others wounding three of the oxen and one of the horses. The discharge was followed by a quick movement, rendered audible by the crushing of dried leaves and branches, which guided us in some measure in our aims, as we fired one round; soon after which all noise was hushed for the night. Mr. S——'s wound was slight and superficial; but there was one of the oxen rendered unfit for present use, thus reducing our team to two yoke. We could not ascertain if we wounded or killed any of the assailants, as, if at all possible, they carry off their dead to prevent their being scalped, which next after death they are most fearful of. But when morning broke we saw them mustered in all their forces on the bank above the ford; from which position, I suppose, they calculated to intercept our crossing, and enjoying perfect security, while we would be altogether exposed to their arrows and missiles.

Their numbers, as closely as we could compute them, were from ninety to one hundred—rather an overmatch for six—but our firearms counted largely in our favour, and our prompt determination turned the balance: for had we hesitated or wavered in the least it would have given those savages a confidence which might have completed our destruction before we could check it. So, after a very early and simple breakfast, we commenced preparations as if nothing had occurred, or nothing was apprehended; another and I going to the edge of the bank with two rifles of the largest calibre, that would carry well over to our opponents—a distance of five hundred yards—which I believe they conceived impossible; for when I raised my gun to cause them to retire, they set up a hideous

yell of derision, which was soon lulled by the fall of one of them. My companion, an excellent marksman, also fired, and hit the chief, who reeled, but did not fall; after which a hurried and general movement in retreat took place, that stayed us from repeating our discharges, showing them all we required was a free and unmolested passage.

The Indians having been thus put to rout, Mr. Kelly and his companions crossed over, leaving two others in their old positions, and the crossing of the waggon was also ultimately effected under cover of the guns. It must be kept in mind that the result of such skirmishes as these is, on the part of the Indians, a sentiment of imperishable retribution at the rate of two lives for one. It is a deplorable circumstance that even after the offending party have passed on, they satiate their unquenchable revenge on the first white skin they catch in their power, which often hurries an innocent and unsuspecting victim to a premature grave. Hence it is that feuds originate, and being perpetuated by every new sacrifice of life on either side, the extirpation of the Indian race follows inevitably, to a greater or less extent, to the great dismay of aboriginal protectionists, and the serious grief of all right-thinking persons. The antagonism of races, and of the savage and the civilised man, meets, indeed, in Mr. Kelly's work, with some of the most striking, albeit distressing, illustrations that we have for a long time met with. Thus, when at "Gold Creek," he relates that they were visited by the Indians, first in a friendly guise; but they soon satisfied the party that they had other designs in view, as axes, knives, and other articles, became suspiciously scarce.

By a little vigilance, two of the delinquents were caught *in flagrante delicto;* and, with a view of checking or abolishing the practice, they were seized and tied up, and a right good hiding was given to them, under which they howled and cried most lustily. One was then liberated, to whom it was made known, by signs, that the other would be detained, and flogged every day until the several stolen articles were restored; and that, unless this was done within "two suns," they would shoot him. The liberated convict returned, however, rather more promptly than they expected; but, instead of being a bearer of the missing goods, he was accompanied by a large band of savages, all armed with bows and arrows, who, by their menacing gestures and loud talk, indicated they came with the intention of releasing the captive, and avenging his and his companion's injuries.

As they seemed resolved (Mr. Kelly continues to relate) on coming into close quarters, when we would not have a shadow of a chance, we tried a discharge of buck-shot against their shins, which produced a highly saltatory and salutary effect. Such a one precisely as we desired, for they retired in double-quick time, discharging obliquely in their retreat a flight of arrows, none of which took effect; but, as we did not follow up the fire, they took courage, and halted on a rise about five hundred yards off, from which they kept yelling and gesticulating at a furious rate. The prisoner, when he saw them retiring without effecting his liberation, set up such an infernal howling, we were only too glad to liberate him, giving him a sort of postscript that contained the pith and essence of our feelings.

Well knowing the vengeful disposition of the natives, the gold-diggers were obliged, after this skirmish, to put on an extra guard at night, which was truly harassing, to men faring badly, with insufficient clothing, inclement weather, and severe daily toil; but a further and most grievous misdeed of the Indians soon brought matters to a crisis:

Two mornings after our return, Captain S——r went to the door of his tent from which there was a good view across the river to the mouth of Rock Creek,

where a fine old gentleman name Colville, together with his son, a most promising young man, and a respectable Swede named Mansfeldt, had been camped by themselves about a mile from the main settlement, when he immediately remarked that their tent was not observable as heretofore, although there was light in it late the previous night. He called us all to look; but no one could discover any trace of it, nor could we frame a conjecture as to the cause of its sudden disappearance. Feeling some sad misgivings, and having a high esteem for the party, three of us paddled over, and, on coming to the sight of the tent, saw that it was assuredly removed in haste, some slight marks of blood being apparent; but the rain had so effaced them that it was difficult to determine, and the space immediately about was in such a puddle it retained no marks of any sort. However, on extending the sphere of our searches, we found at a little distance the iron portion of a pick, with blood and light hair on its point, the colour of the Swede's, while further on there was something resembling clotted brains, together with a crowd of Indian footprints, amongst which was one of immense magnitude.

It was now clear a foul and bloody deed had been perpetrated, so we made an active and anxious search, tracing down the footmarks to the river edge, where it was evident they crossed; and a little below, to our great horror and dismay, we discovered the leg of a corpse sticking out of the water in a bunch of willows, which, on being taken out, proved to be that of young Colville, most shockingly mutilated; the head battered to a mummy, seven large knife wounds on the back and two in the abdomen. There was not any trace of the others, but we conjectured that all must have been thrown into the river after the murder, some eddy of which brought one body to the shore.

And now come the fierce reprisals of the civilised man for the brutal murders committed by the savage. A rude coffin was made, and the remains of one of the unfortunate victims were interred; after which, the people in the encampment assembled to hold a general inquest into all the circumstances connected with this deplorable affair. It was unanimously agreed at this meeting that a party should be forthwith enrolled, to proceed to the Indian village, and, by inflicting summary punishment, teach them a lesson that would deter them from again attempting a deed of such bloody treachery. Fifty-two gave down their names for muster and march next morning, but only twenty-seven came to roll-call, alleging as their excuse the state of the day, which is described as awful; but as the prompt retribution, Mr. Kelly says, would enhance the effect of their vengeance, the party, so diminished in numbers, set out, nothing daunted either by the fierceness of the weather or the defalcation in their forces; having arranged their packs on as light a scale as they could safely or prudently venture with, taking only a single blanket each, and four days' provisions measured scant, in order that their movements might be as little hampered as possible with incumbrances.

By great exertions we reached within about a mile of their village the night of the second day, which was piercingly cold; but rather than forewarn them of our proximity, it was agreed to forego the comfort and advantage of a fire, supping, and breakfasting next morning on bread, water, and raw bacon. We thus managed to get within view of the enemy's quarters a little after sun-up, which, as I before partly described them, were on an elbow of land formed by a bend of the creek, that was now so swollen and swift as to leave them very poor chances of retreat, rendering a stubborn fight inevitable. Their men, as we calculated from the number of huts, must have been close upon two hundred—a very large disproportion to our small band; and what rendered our position more serious, was the fact that, if at any juncture in the affair we slackened, paused, or exhibited the slightest symptom of weakness or repulse, our doom would be sealed; for, hemmed in as they were, they would certainly rush in and overwhelm us; but our mission, we one and all agreed, should be accomplished, as far as in us lay, even should annihilation be the consequence.

We were observed before we came within rifle range, and a wild whoop simultaneously emptied the wigwams of all their male inhabitants, who, with their bows in their hands, were hurriedly slinging on their quivers. We could hear a hum-

ming noise of earnest conversation, as if they were advising with each other how to act; during which they often anxiously pointed to the huts, as if in doubt what course to adopt with regard to their squaws and children, whose only mode of escape would be across the creek, where the flood at the time would test the powers of the best swimmer. In the centre of the horde was discernible a savage of overtopping stature, who we set down as the one that left the large footmarks at the scene of murder. We continued to advance slowly, but steadily, under a blinding sleet shower; and, as we raised our arms to the word "Ready!" they discharged a full flight of arrows, which, however, either fell short or reached us so languidly, that they were easily dodged, as, indeed, most of them can, if well watched, after sixty or seventy yards. Immediately after the discharge, the big Indian rushed to the front, changing the bow into the left hand, and brandishing a tomahawk in the other as if to head a charge; but a discharge of nine rifles, with deadly effect, checked them as they were in the act of bounding to his call. We still continued closing and reloading, and were met with a second discharge of arrows, the big Indian and their large group following in their flight, bent upon coming to close quarters, and approaching with hellish yells within a short pistol-range; when they received a volley of balls and buck-shot from the other eighteen guns, that stunned, staggered, and turned their advance. Once turned, the flight became general and tumultuous, all rushing back among the wigwams, and many plunging into the stream, followed by women holding little children in their arms, who were soon swallowed in its curling eddies. We fired a few more shots into their back tenements, and from the howl that followed, I should say with fatal results; but deeming that our measure of retribution was amply filled, we ceased firing, and retired in a cool, deliberate manner, after having counted twenty-three bodies on the ground.

Such are the sad scenes enacted when civilised man comes first in contact with savage life. The savage obeys at first the dictates of hospitality, common to almost all uncivilised communities; but in a short time tempted by the superiority of utensils, tools, arms, or accoutrements, of the civilised man, or by his clothes, cattle, horses, or indeed any object that he may possess, and unaccustomed to control his cupidity and acquisitiveness, he begins to steal, which is retorted upon by punishment of a comparatively mild character. The vindictive untutored native resents this infliction, not as an act of justice, but as a deed of tyranny, or an act of persecution; and he attempts retribution arms in hand, or has recourse to sullen, secret, cowardly acts of murder. The white man then combines, in all the strength of disciplined purpose and effective means, and men, women, and even innocent babes, fall the victims of evil passions, as inherent in the one class of men as the other. Upon this occasion two of the white party, William Freeman and Thomas Coyle, were severely wounded by the arrows of the Indians, and mortification setting in a few days afterwards in the first case, and bad fever in the second, both were shortly afterwards carried off, so that victory was not cheaply purchased, even by those who had the greatest cause of grievance.

And here we must stop with our extracts from Mr. Kelly's very interesting and graphic narrative. To those who feel any curiosity in the progress of society in the New World that has so suddenly risen up on the Pacific before our own eyes; how the adventurers mine, travel, and suffer from sickness, weather, and privation; how card-playing, drinking, and other detestable practices in many instances level the white man with the savage, or are paving the way to his deterioration; how the magnificent plains of California are covered with game and cattle, and how the city of San Francisco is rising up amid a thousand drawbacks to be the emporium of the extreme western world, we can most conscientiously recommend Mr. Kelly's work as replete with the most minute, and the most valuable and satisfactory, as well as the most amusing details, that have yet been given to the public.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

WHAT BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO LONDON IN 1851.

Chapter XVI.

THE ROBBERS' PLOT, AND MR. JOLLY GREEN'S COUNTERPLOT, RELATED BY HIMSELF.

It was a proud and happy moment in my annals when I found myself with the bewitching Clotilde, clinging like an enamoured Parasite to the arm of her Macedonian hero. I had not yet spoken of love, but, as I was crossing the hall of the Symposium, on our way out, I caught a glimpse of my expressive features in one of the mirrors, and felt satisfied that few women could resist the mute eloquence of such a glance as mine. The shaft had sped, and was quivering even then in the sweet girl's *œil de bœuf*, though she tried to disguise the fact by assuming an air of excessive gaiety, and laughing immoderately at the good things I said. Her mirth was infectious, and Monsieur Coquelicot and his brother joined heartily in it, though I am by no means sure that they knew what they were laughing at. However, I am so much accustomed to see people merry when I associate with them, that I rarely scrutinise the motive very closely, but, like some other great wits, make a point of being the first to applaud my own jokes.

We were too late for the Hippodrome, or I should have proposed an adjournment to that classical place of amusement, where Mr. Batty represents the *floor-all* games of antiquity with so much taste and accuracy. It would have afforded me great pleasure to have directed Ma'mselle Clotilde's attention to the skill of the ancient Britons, in the management of their war-cabs, as, with scythes attached to their wheels, they whirled along the high roads, mowing down the Roman turnpike-men, taking the change *out of*, instead of *from* them, and making them look as blue as they were themselves. I should have liked to have proved to her that modern Britons have not degenerated in manly exercises, by taking a turn in the arena myself, and showing what the dying gladiator really was capable of. But as the doors of the Hippodrome were closed, my gallantry could only be displayed in the arts of peace, which have been cultivated with no less success than those of war. I therefore continued to make the agreeable to the fair young French woman, and should probably have elicited a declaration on the spot, if her father had not interfered with a proposition of his own, to the effect that we should proceed direct to his lodgings, where, he said, he should be happy to offer me "*un thé.*" Of course it was all the same to me where we went, provided I was not separated from Ma'mselle Clotilde, so we hailed a cab and drove to Nassau-street, and, thanks to Mr. Mayne's recent regulations, the vehicle did not turn out a war-cab; that is to say, we hadn't a row with the driver, whom I at once paid the full amount he asked. He stared very hard when I did so, but seeing by the resolute expression of my countenance that I was not to be done, he jumped on his box and was off in a twinkling. If everybody were to deal with these fellows as firmly as I do, we should hear of no more imposition.

Monsieur Coquelicot was all anxiety to relate what he had overheard at dinner, and—with the characteristic eagerness of his countrymen—began the moment we got into the cab; but the wheels made so much noise, and my proximity to Ma'mselle Clotilde imparted so roseate a colour to my thoughts, that I only imperfectly understood the story he told, and was obliged to ask him to repeat it over again, as slowly as he could, after we had entered his lodgings.

Accordingly, while we sat at tea, which Ma'mselle Clotilde made with infinite grace, helping me to sugar with her own fair fingers instead of using the tongs—(*which* of the two I preferred I need not mention)—her father delivered himself as follows:

"Figurez-vous, Monsieur," said he, addressing me; "Figurez-vous ce que je viens de surprendre—what talk I hear over! Ces gaillards-là font joliment leur affaire—those gay fellows do prettily their business. Ils ne sont pas des gens qui ont toujours eu les mains dans les poches—not always, Monsieur Grin, dère hands in dère pockets. Ils ont commencé par parler des beaux objets qui se trouvent dans l'Exposition, surtout des fichus et des diamants;—chose naturelle, vu le métier qu'ils exercent, et le meritê des articles. Ca est connu, surtout dans les specialité de la maison Coquelicot, Rue St. Martin, No. 48, à Paris. Eh bi'n, quand, j'ai entendu sonner le mot 'dentelles,' je me suis mis à écouter—I open both my ears to catch what shall come after. Imaginez-donc il n'ont rien dit de notre mouchoir! Mais, en revanche, ils ont assez parlé diamants; they speak plenty of diamonds. On répète plusieurs fois, 'Konour, Konour!' What you call Monsieur Grin, 'de mountain of lights.'"

"The Koh-i-noor," I observed, correcting his faulty pronunciation, "is a precious stone occasionally found in the peacock's tail, just as people find pearls in native oysters, and jewels in the heads of toads. Mr. Hope's large 'cat's eye,' on the Dutch side of the Exhibition, is also a familiar instance of the mineral wealth which exists in the domesticated tom-cat. The peacock which produced the Koh-i-noor was a favourite bird of the Great Mogul, Tippoo Sahib, and was taken prisoner by Lord Ellenborough, at the battle of Bombay, when that tyrant was defeated and thrown into the Black Hole of Calcutta, where he now lingers."

"I cannot say anyting about dat," replied Monsieur Coquelicot, in a tone by no means expressive of the gratitude he ought to have felt at the information I had given him; "all vot I know is, dese men talk very mosh about de Konour, and how to get at him. Ils vont louer une maison en face de l'Exposition—get into de cellars—creuser la terre dessous le batiment—dig under de building till dey kom to de iron cage of Monsieur Shubb, and den valk off vith him altogeder. Nom d'un mouchoir, c'est jouer beau jeu, n'est-ce pas?"

I was thunderstruck for a few seconds—not longer—at the audacity of his scheme, but my inventive faculties soon suggested a counterplot. However, before I revealed my own intentions, I sounded Monsieur Coquelicot with respect to his.

"And what do you mean to do in this matter?" I asked.

"I should propose," he replied, "to make part of it to de policemen, and drag dem before de tribunal of first instance for correction."

"But what proof have you against them?" I astutely inquired. "Where are your witnesses to this conversation, and where are your men?"

"Bah!" returned Monsieur Coquelicot. "If I denounce one scoundrel in France, soon the policemen is catch him; de Préfet of Paris shall know every rascal like himself, he cannot mistake."

"That may be all very well in France," said I, determined to let him see I had not read my Puffendorf to no purpose—the public will remember that I purchased a copy when I was about to enter on the arduous duties of a special juror—"that may be all very well in France, but in this country, Monsieur Coquelicot, we have some consideration for the liberty of the subject. It is not the custom here for the police to disguise themselves in the skins of lions, as they used to do in Venice, and under cover of that garb receive anonymous communications, which, as the *Times* very justly remarks, in letters of gold, 'must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith.'"

"Tant pis pour vous," replied Monsieur Coquelicot, unconsciously betraying the reckless politician in the remark. "Tant pis pour tout le monde! Vot den shall be done?"

"That," observed I, "is another affair. I rather fancy if the matter is left in my hands that the upshot will be something that will astonish these fellows. You must know, Monsieur Coquelicot, that I am looked upon as a stunner in my way—rather!"

"A stunner!" reiterated the *marchand de nouveautés*, "vot is dat? Tell to me in French. Je ne comprends pas."

"Un 'stunner,'" said I—"un 'stunner,'—je nong tong paw myself qu'est ce que c'est in French. C'est un—un—devil of a fellow, qui—qui—have you got a dictionary?"

"Mais oui," replied Monsieur Coquelicot. "Tiens, Martin, donnes-moi le petit dictionnaire de poche que tu as toujours sur toi——"

Monsieur Martin, whose talent for silence was as remarkable as his brother's loquacity (I must say I am not fond of people who talk so very much), pulled the book out of his pocket, and handed it over without saying a syllable. The other gave it to me, and I began to search for the word. I soon found it—that is to say, not the word itself, for the French haven't got it—there are no stunners in France since they guillotined the Emperor Napoleon—but the verb "etourdir," to "stun."

"Je suis," said I, closing the volume carelessly; "je suis un étourdi—un parfait étourdi—a regular stunner!"

"Je le savais bien," exclaimed Ma'mselle Clotilde, laughing; "it was easy enough to see that."

What quickness of apprehension there is in women! Especially when their wits are sharpened by love! I could have kissed the charming girl for the ready appreciation of my character. Her father was evidently a dull man after all. He muttered something, which I did not distinctly hear, with an air of dissatisfaction. No doubt he was jealous of my superior abilities. I did not, however, give him time to dwell on the subject, but continued:

"There are several courses open to me in the management of this business. First, there is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whose department the crown jewels and everything on which money can be raised, belong; he would be very glad to know it; and if I sent him the half of a five pound note in the usual way, and requested him to acknowledge it in the *Times*, he would grant me an interview at once."

"Comment!" interrupted Monsieur Coquelicot, "you pay de Chancelier of de Scheckerre half of five pounds, more as sixty francs, merely to see him! Mais c'est une plaisanterie! Il est bien étourdi celui-la!"

"Pleasant or not," replied I, "that's the way the thing is always done here. If you'd read the papers as carefully as I do, you'd have found that out before now. You can't see anything in this country without paying for it. However, I sha'n't write to *him*. In the next place, there's Mr. Mayne, the Chief Commissioner of Police—answers to your Preffy—but if he happens to hear of a dodge of this sort he never rests till he has found out all about it, and then gets all the credit; time enough to apply in that quarter by-and-by. Then there's Mr. Beak, the magistrate, who sent George IV. to the treadmill when he was Prince Regent, and makes no distinction between Blue or Black Guards; I've been before—that is to say, I've met him—know him personally—don't like him much—he's so fond of giving his advice: 'I should recommend you, Mr. Green, in future to be more'—some nonsense or other about choosing one's companions, and things of that sort—advice, too, that one never asked him for. No, I shall never, willingly, go to *him*."

"Apparemment, Monsieur Grin," said the *marchand de nouveautés*, "vous évitez les chemins les plus directs. You do not mosh like de policemen, hey?"

"The police," I answered, "are all very well in common-place matters, but there are some things that require a superior intelligence. In an ordinary case of housebreaking, in a street row, in making an applewoman move on, or in seizing a horse by the bridle, to prevent him from moving at all, your policeman is tolerably efficient; but when you have to deal with objects that are purely imaginary—that is to say, which depend chiefly on the imaginative faculties—a subtler spirit is necessary. I am afraid you don't clearly understand me."

"I tink," said Monsieur Coquelicot, taking a long pinch of snuff with a grimace which none but a Frenchman could execute—"I tink, if you speak a littel more plain, I shall better comprehend."

I pitied his obtuseness, but, for the sake of Ma'mselle Clotilde, who sat like Patience on the Monument, smiling at London Bridge, I resolved to enter into particulars.

"It is my intention," I said, "to capture these robbers with my own hand. To do so requires as much ingenuity as courage. But I trust," I added, glancing at the young lady, and significantly laying my hand on my heart—"I trust I am not deficient in either. It happens, singularly enough, that I am acquainted with Mr. Fixture, the house agent, who has the letting of the very houses you speak of opposite the building, having been in treaty for one of them on my own account only a few months ago. I shall not, of course, let him into the secret; but, in affecting to resume the negotiation, I shall have the opportunity of learning who these parties are, and obtain an introduction to them, keep a watchful eye on their proceedings, and, when the time is ripe, come down upon them with one of those strokes of policy which are peculiar to myself."

"Ah!" observed Monsieur Coquelicot, taking another pinch of snuff, "dat is your plan? Très bien! Nous allons voir. I hope I shall know a littel more of you, Monsieur Grin. Do you constantly reside in London? A house of your own? Rich?—perhaps very rich? Eh, Monsieur Grin?"

There was a frankness in these questions which pleased me. Indeed, the free spirit of inquiry is one of the characteristics of Frenchmen for which I like them. They never leave you in doubt as to their intentions; and I had no hesitation in answering them at once, particularly as I was desirous of standing well in the worldly estimation of the man who called himself the father of Clotilde.

Without troubling the public with a detail of pounds, shillings, and pence, or repeating facts familiar to it, I made Monsieur Coquelicot aware of the independence of my means, my family alliances, my resources, expectations, and other matters pertaining to my position in life, and summed up by remarking, diplomatically, that I had more than enough to make any lovely creature happy who might honour me with her hand.

The apartment in which we sat was rather dark, the candles not yet being lit, so that I could not discern the varying play of Ma'mselle Clotilde's ingenuous features, but, unless my imagination deceived me, I distinctly heard a convulsive sob when I uttered these words, as if she were struggling with her pocket-handkerchief to keep down some strong emotion. I was, in fact, able, in spite of the gloom, to see the hysterical movement of the cambric as she pressed it to her lips, but I was wary enough to take no notice.

Experienced as he was, Monsieur Coquelicot eagerly swallowed the bait.

"Une femme habille—a clever wife—vous serait bien utile, Monsieur Grin—she would be very mosh useful to you; et quand cette femme fût jeune, et belle, et sût bien mener les affaires," he continued, in a meditative tone, as if he were speaking to himself, "il irait tout aussi loin qu'un autre; vraiment, si la chose est ainsi, on ne ferait pas mal d'y penser!"

There was something in this last sentence which appeared rather obscure, for I could not quite make out the reason why he left off talking to me to speak of somebody else. "He would go as far as another." Those were the words. Who did he allude to? Who was the "other?" A rival, no doubt. But I stifled the jealous pangs which rose in my bosom, and, like the Spartan fox gnawing his own vitals, smilingly turned the conversation to the topics of the day—the theatres and other places of public amusement.

With the frivolity of a Frenchman, Monsieur Coquelicot entered at once into the subject, nor was Ma'mselle Clotilde slow to join in; they confessed they had not seen very much except the Great Exhibition, from which they generally returned too tired to go anywhere else; and, except the "Comedie Française," as they called the St. James's, had not been into a theatre since they came to London.

I told them if they would put themselves under my guidance, I should be only too happy to show them the lions, and several little parties of pleasure were arranged on the spot. Of these I shall speak further: at present I have only to say that the evening passed off delightfully, that when I took leave, with the promise of calling on the following day, the benediction of Monsieur Coquelicot was really paternal, and that if Ma'mselle Clotilde did not return the pressure of my hand as I squeezed hers behind the parlour-door, I am the most mistaken mortal in existence.

I am not in the habit of building castles in the air, but before I slept that night, I formed many plans, in all of which the *soi-disant* merchant's daughter occupied a conspicuous place; and when the drowsy god locked

me at last in his fetters, I dreamed that I had achieved the adventure of rescuing the Koh-i-noor, and that Queen Victoria, seated on the peacock-throne of Tippoo Sahib, rewarded my valour and constancy by creating me a Knight-Banneret, and bestowing upon me the hand of the lovely Clotilde.

Chapter XVII.

THE STORY RETURNS TO THE LEGITIMATE HERO, AND SHOWS HOW AND WHERE M. DE BEAUVILLIERS DISCOVERED THE "ANGE DE CANDEUR."

Of all the petty annoyances of life uncertainty is one of the greatest. An apprehended evil is always worse than the reality. When the blow has fallen the sufferer can set about devising some cure for the wound, but all his precautions and preparations are useless until he knows the nature of his danger. Uncertainty is a malady which assumes as many shapes as a cold or a fever. It may affect the person or the pocket, invade the moral or disturb the physical condition of man, confuse the head, or give a palpitation to the heart. It is a very distressing thing to know that you are in debt and uncertain whether you can satisfy your creditor; if you were quite sure that you could *not* pay him it would matter very little—except to him. An after dinner speech, delivered in a state of excitement and very imperfectly remembered the next morning, is by no means pleasant to think of while you are making your toilet and listening with anxiety for the postman's knock or the possible arrival of the other party's "friend." The long week after your uncle's death, and the tedious half-hour added to it on the return from his funeral, when the will is read, is not an agreeable time to the doubtfully expectant nephew. There are more cheerful moments in a man's life than those which he passes in a railway carriage when there is a stoppage in a tunnel, notwithstanding the assurances of the guard of the train that there is "nothing the matter." When you apply to a minister for an appointment on the strength of his having been an intimate college-friend: when you write to your banker for an advance, having no better security to offer than the fact that you have kept a floating account at his house for the last fifteen years: when an interval of a month elapses between the date of application for a valuable situation and the day of election to it, with what is called "very good interest:" in each of these cases—although you ought to have been sure of the result—the uncertainty in your own mind as to the issue is far from being enviable.

Every man considers that nuisance the greatest which affects him the most, and pooh-poohs the annoyance of his neighbour. There are, therefore, without doubt, at least nine-tenths of the readers of these pages who, never having been in love, or, if they were, having forgotten the circumstance, or, if they remember the fact, believing now that it was "all nonsense," would fail to sympathise with Monsieur François de Beauvilliers on account of his state of uncertainty, the cause of which arose from his ignorance of the name, condition, and place of abode of the lady of his affections.

This is a hard-hearted generation, and, to speak the truth, we scarcely think the tender passion has any existence now-a-days; the time is too fast to admit of long engagements, tyrannical guardians, blighted hopes,

and all the et cætera which make up a good romantic case; besides, as the Chevalier Bosco says, in his advertisement, the Exhibition in Hyde Park has swamped everything; there is only one kind of constancy left—that which takes All the World to the Crystal Palace.

We cannot, therefore, expect that the public will feel more sympathy for M. de Beauvilliers than we ourselves have shown—though it is with difficulty we try to persuade ourselves of the fact, that for the last three months we have taken no notice whatever of that young gentleman's pitiable condition. Fortunately, however, the sense of shame, which compels people to do their duty where other considerations fail, has urged us to bring him forward again, with every apology for having so long neglected him.

It will readily be taken for granted by those who recollect how strong a motive M. de Beauvilliers had for going to the Crystal Palace, that he was one of the earliest and most frequent visitors there. He did not go in costume on the opening day, like our friend Mr. Jolly Green, neither did he make himself so conspicuous as that enterprising individual by usurping the functions of the Mandarin He-sing, but he was quite as solicitous to attract attention, provided he could discover the only person whose glance was all he cared for.

Accordingly, during the whole of the ceremony of inauguration, and when the multitude were released from its forms, Monsieur de Beauvilliers's eye was eagerly turned towards every pretty bonnet he saw, in the hope of finding the one loved face beneath it. He roamed round the crystal fountain heedless of the spray that splashed his poplin *paletôt*, which we may observe was waterproof, though we have not received a bribe from Messrs. Gossamer and Co. to say that it was made at their unrivalled establishment; he planted himself beside the Koh-i-noor; he took up a position in front of Monsieur Lemonnier's jewels; he vigilantly watched every one who approached the flower-show of Monsieur Constantin; not a silken skirt swept past the peacock-fenders of the Brothers Miroy that he did not scrutinise; wherever there were velvet, lace, diamonds, or china, to attract the curious fair, there he took his station, and, with a patriotism that was truly laudable, confined himself entirely to the French compartment. Of course he did not neglect the glass case of Monsieur Coquelicot, beneath which was enshrined the precious *mouchoir*; he was hovering about *that* all day, listening to every word that was uttered, scanning every glance that was directed towards it.

But the Sybilline prediction was not fulfilled; the "ange de candeur et d'innocence" never made her appearance!

There were plenty of angels, no doubt, who thronged to see the "love of a handkerchief," as they all called it; and however innocent they might have been, every one of them was candid enough to say how much she should like to call it her own. But none of these etherial beings were fashioned after the pattern which constituted an angel in the eyes of Beauvilliers. Even pretty Mademoiselle Clotilde, who might easily have passed muster for a *houri*, had she crossed over to the compartment of Turkey, failed to attract his notice, and the conversation that took place between her and Mr. Jolly Green, which at any other moment would have greatly amused him, was suffered to pass unheeded. Indeed, so completely was he absorbed in the one idea, that Mrs. Graham herself might have descended, balloon and all, through the roof of the Exhi-

bition, without exciting more than a shrug of surprise at her unexpected apparition, or the careless inquiry, "Que cherechez-vous ici, Madame?"

How often M. de Beauvilliers gave effect to his maledictory vocabulary, —how frequently and how intensely he cursed his valet-de-chambre, the Sybil, and himself, it would hardly be becoming or friendly in us to instance; but any one who is acquainted with the Gallic temperament, and knows what French gentlemen say when they are in a passion, need be at no loss to conceive the terms in which M. de Beauvilliers expressed himself. But the process of execrating all mankind, however admirable as a stimulus or useful as a safety-valve, does not belong to the form of adjuration which has power to evoke the dead or absent, and the more he swore the less the lady came, perhaps instinctively shrinking from contact with one so impetuous; and he left the Crystal Palace, perhaps the only disappointed man of the thousands who had that day congregated within it.

M. de Beauvilliers was too proud to reproach his valet for the deceit which had been practised on him by Madame Lablonde; but hard as the task is for a man of fashion to dismiss his valet, he resolved to get rid of Monsieur Victor in a quiet way, as soon as Putty, the poodle, who just then had a slight cold, was sufficiently convalescent no longer to require his services. Monsieur Victor, however, was far too cunning to ignore the subject of his master's disappointment, for which, of course, he was fully prepared, and, when he assisted at the *toilette de diner*, was the first to inveigh, not against Madame Lablonde personally, but against the doctrine of divination, under all its various aspects.

"Quant à moi, Monsieur," said Victor; "je ne m'occupe jamais de ces bêtises. Je trouve qu'il y a assez de difficulté pour deviner le présent, sans se fourrer dans le futur!"

This was true enough, but it came with no very good grace from him, who had counselled the very course he now condemned.

M. de Beauvilliers merely contented himself by observing,

"Tu as raison, Victor. On sait rarement ce qui se passe, même devant ses yeux. Comment veux-tu qu'on sache les pensées de qui que ce soit?"

Notwithstanding this remark, Victor looked hard at the reflection of his master's countenance in the glass before which he was dressing, as if he very much wished to penetrate its concealed meaning; but the expression of M. de Beauvilliers's features was impenetrable. He felt satisfied, however, that there was something not altogether friendly towards himself in the observation, and resolved to act with greater circumspection in all his subsequent dealings with the magnetic prophetess.

For several days in succession, despite his better reason, Beauvilliers continued to haunt that part of the Crystal Palace where he had been promised an interview with the Unknown. He then went over the building *dans tous les sens*, and sought for her in the most impossible places—amongst the spinning-machines, the patent mangles, the agricultural implements, and we know not where. He even pushed his fatuity so far as to venture into the compartment of the United States. But high or low—in the galleries, the nave, the transept—in France, in Belgium, or in that mysterious country (as many suppose) the "Zollverein"—in the Indian tent, or beneath the Spitalfields trophy—amongst the jars of Portuguese snuff, and the cases of Spanish cigars—in the Lombard ora-

tory, or the Austrian hall of sculpture—his success was no greater than elsewhere. In short, it became evident at last that the "Ange de Candeur" had not taken a season-ticket, and his delicate fancy recoiled from the idea of meeting her on a "shilling day." His case at last became quite desperate; and, if it hadn't been for Ascot races, perhaps M. de Beauvilliers would have committed suicide in a private box at Drury-lane Theatre, while witnessing "Ingomar, the Barbarian," or have fallen in love with somebody else. But that sporting event came off, Beauvilliers was amongst the spectators, and a new colour was given to his existence. It happened after this fashion:

Though dying of love, François de Beauvilliers generally dined out every day. He satisfied himself that this was a part of his system; for, if he did not mix with the world, how, he said, could he expect to meet with her who was its greatest ornament? It was almost the same sentiment as that expressed by Mr. Jolly Green to Mademoiselle Clotilde, and neither more nor less hackneyed; but this only proves that lovers are alike in all countries, and of all conditions. Being very much *recherché*, moreover, as a handsome young man, of high birth and large fortune, it was no easy thing for him to lead the life of a hermit at Mivart's Hotel, where, by the way, the hermitage is not the place you live in, but the wine you drink—and very much we commend the same to travellers who sojourn at that well-known caravanserai. Thus, he not only went out to dinner, as we have already stated, but was occasionally seen in Prince Demidoff's and Lady A——y's box at her Majesty's Theatre; was one of the party who had the liberality to pay five pounds to see an English comedy performed in a private drawing-room, and the *sang froid* to sit it out when he got there; was a visitor to the horticultural *fêtes* at Chiswick, wore the costume of the Comte de Grammont at the fancy ball at Buckingham Palace, and finally went down in a drag to Ascot races.

He was not driving the vehicle—we acquit him of that imprudence,—neither was he blowing the bugle, though the temptation to a Frenchman to do so was well-nigh irresistible; but between the unskilfulness of him who drove and the unmusical tones of him who played, the horse of a lady who was cantering quietly along one of the glades of Windsor Great Park, of which the owner of the drag had the *entrée*, became suddenly frightened and reared, to the imminent peril of its rider. Beauvilliers was on the box, and turning towards the fair equestrian, was startled to see, beneath the light veil of blue gauze which fluttered in the air, the features he had so long been dreaming of. Without pausing to think whether he should add to her danger or diminish from it, François leaped to the ground to seize her rein; the action increased the animal's fear, he reared still higher than before, and would probably have fallen backwards, crushing the fearless girl, who still kept her seat admirably, if Beauvilliers had not sprung rapidly at his head, seized the bit on each side, and by dint of his weight and the strength of both his arms dragged the affrighted creature down, and kept him firmly there till his terror was entirely past. Releasing one hand from the bridle, but retaining the horse with the other, Beauvilliers then took off his hat, and, bowing low, expressed his deepest anxiety for the lady's safety, with the regret that his friend should have caused her danger, and his own imprudence have increased it.

The lady made answer in a voice whose sweetness was not marred by

the slight trepidation of her accents, that she apprehended the fault was hers in riding "Bayard" with too loose a rein,—that she ought to have remembered the number of gay parties who were on their way to the races, and not have crossed their path,—and—this she dwelt upon with greater earnestness—that so far from having put her in peril she attributed her escape from a serious accident, if not from a violent death, entirely to her preserver's courage and presence of mind.

While this conversation was passing, the noble dragsman had pulled up his team about a couple of hundred yards off, and the noble bugler had begun to sound "the recal"—having learnt that amount of military science and no more since he entered the Guards. On the other hand, an elderly gentleman, closely followed by a groom, came riding hastily up to the spot where Beauvilliers stood, and loudly proclaimed his apprehensions, insisting that his niece—such was the relationship between the lady and the new comer—must have broken "something or other," and that he never *should* forgive himself for suffering her to canter on alone while he was thinking over his own affairs in one of the brownest of studies.

But he was as quickly reassured as he had been alarmed, for the lady, who had now quite recovered from her momentary perturbation, declared, with many smiles, that his fears were perfectly groundless.

"Thanks to this gentleman, dear uncle," she said, "I have been saved from all danger, and run no further risk now. See, Bayard is quite tame again. I really think that motion of the head is meant for a caress to add his gratitude to mine for the service you have rendered."

Beauvilliers himself explained, and, mentioning the name of the friend whose carriage stood waiting for him to rejoin it, the lady's uncle exclaimed:

"Oh,—that's Lord Skewball's drag, is it?—Friend of yours, hey?—Friend of mine, too;—we're neighbours both in town and country; I must say a word to him."

And so saying, with his customary absence of mind the gentleman rode on, leaving Beauvilliers to follow as he walked beside Bayard's head, with his eyes fixed upon the beautiful girl, who again began to renew her eloquent thanks.

"I'll tell you what, Skewball," said the lady's uncle, as soon as he reached the carriage, "I'll get an act of parliament to put down four-in-hand drags and penny trumpets; they're as bad as Sib's advertising-vans and street-organs. You should take care, though, upon my word, for it isn't always one can have the luck to meet with a Mercury 'to tame and wind a fiery Pegasus' in the wilds of Windsor Forest. Are you going to put up at Skewball Lodge?"

"Just for the races,—as long as they last."

"Well, that will be four days. You must come over and make your peace with Agatha—come and bring your friend with you—I don't mean your showman, Lord Squeak, who looks as if he wanted to give us another tune—I won't have anything to do with him—but your other friend, Mercury here. Very happy to see you, sir," he continued, addressing Beauvilliers, who now came up with Bayard and his lovely burden.

Lord Skewball apologised in his turn in phrase more silken than might have been expected from his sporting attributes, and his excuses were received with courtesy and grace.

"Your uncle," he added, "is off again; he is lecturing Squeak now on the enormity of his offence, and he deserves it, but he has forgotten to ask who my 'other friend,' as he called him, is. Permit me to present him to you. The Comte de Beauvilliers, Miss Agatha Vere."

It was only the ceremony of introduction, but that was enough. Henceforward they would not meet as strangers. The "Sesame" was spoken which alone opens the portals of society in England. You may save a man from drowning, but unless a formal introduction takes place, both the swimmer and the sinker have only the right to scowl at each other whenever they meet again.

But Beauvilliers was still curious to know a little more.

"Who," he inquired of Lord Skewball, when the equestrians and the occupants of the drag had again parted company—"who is that singular elderly gentleman?"

"Oh," replied Lord Skewball, laughing, "he's an odd fish, full of strange fancies, a tremendous Puseyite, but a good fellow in the main. He's the man who let his house in Belgravia to that queer lot who have turned it into a gaming-house; he didn't know anything about it till it was too late, and now he can't get 'em out again. It has been a deuce of a business. Poppyhead was quite wild about it,—and still is when the subject is mentioned. He was going abroad, but put it off on account of this affair, for he must see it out. But nothing will take him up to London, he says, till the Exhibition is over. He sets it all down to the Exhibition,—and so he may. Poor Poppyhead! Sweet girl, Miss Vere! I should have been deuced sorry if anything had happened to her!"

"Ah, yes!" said Beauvilliers, with a long-drawn aspiration. "We had better all have been killed."

"Not that exactly," returned Lord Skewball,—"two or three of us,—Squeak and I, for instance, would have been enough."

Beauvilliers smiled.

"Where," he asked, "does Mr. Poppyhead live—I mean in the country?"

"About three miles from Skewball Lodge. His place is called 'The Pinnacles.' We'll take him at his word. I'll drive you over on one of the off days this week."

Chapter XVIII.

A VISIT TO "THE PINNACLES," AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Lord Skewball kept his promise. Perhaps he admired Agatha Vere; perhaps he had a fancy for the sixty thousand pounds to which she would be entitled when she came of age; perhaps—though there is not much probability in the supposition—he was indifferent both to beauty and wealth; or, perhaps—and this is as likely as anything else—he kept his promise because it never occurred to him to break it.

On the second day of the races, therefore, when only the veriest betting-men devote themselves to the Heath, Lord Skewball rode over to "The Pinnacles," accompanied by Beauvilliers, who could scarcely imagine his good fortune real.

But when they had entered the pleasant park, well stocked with deer, and studded with clumps of oak, and beech, and gnarled thorn, in the

midst of which "The Pinnacles" stood; when he saw before him the old semi-monastic pile, with its peaked gables and high roofs, its slender turrets, twisted chimneys, and overwhelming weathercocks; when he traced the outline of the long, low battlement which divided the terrace in front of the building from the garden that was spread below it; when pacing gently along the smooth gravel road, they drew near enough for him to define the forms of two female figures resting beneath the shadow of a lofty vase, overgrown with flowers; and when, at a glance, he distinguished Miss Vere from her companion, Beauvilliers no longer doubted the evidence of his senses. Mr. Poppyhead was not visible—he was, probably, intent on some Pugin-esque design in the depths of his study; but as the visit was not especially intended for him, the young men dismounted at once, and sending their horses round, took their way across the greensward to greet the ladies.

"You must admit, Miss Vere," said Lord Skewball, gaily, "that we have taken the earliest opportunity of testifying our contrition for the involuntary fault which we committed yesterday. I speak plurally, for Beauvilliers will have it that he was as much the cause of Bayard's fright as either Squeak or I, though I have generously included myself and the tin trumpet of my absent friend."

"I trust, most sincerely," added Beauvilliers, with a very profound reverence, and slightly hesitating, "that Miss Vere has suffered nothing from the effects of an imprudence of which my share was certainly not the least."

"I remember nothing," replied Miss Vere, "but the eager assistance which was rendered to a timid horsewoman, and the expressions of anxiety which her timidity occasioned. At all events, I am happy to see you at 'The Pinnacles.' My uncle is at home, I know, and as the country people have resolved that his shall be a show-house, he has adopted the belief, not very unwillingly, I imagine, and claims to be the *cicerone* to his friends. We must, therefore, find him as soon as we can, for the office is too serious to be entrusted to any but the graver sex. But before we seek him out, I must present you, gentlemen, to my cousin, Lady Constance Graham, who has kindly left the gay world of London in the height of the season, to visit the most decided recluse in all England."

The presentation made, the conversation became general, and the party moved towards the house, Lord Skewball attaching himself to Lady Constance, a fine, handsome, fashionable girl, of lively, off-hand manners, and Beauvilliers walking by the side of Miss Vere.

In decrying magnetism, in which our disbelief is as strong as that of any of its most successful professors, we have an exception to make in favour of that particular branch of the art which has been in operation ever since the world began: we mean the magnetism whose invisible agency acts upon the heart without the intervention of any third person whatever.

Beauvilliers had for some time been convinced of its efficacy, and, though it a little disturbs a theory which we maintained in the last chapter, Miss Vere also suddenly became a convert. Not precisely during the short walk across the terrace—though her conversion might have been effected in that brief interval—but—we may as well say what we believe—some four-and-twenty hours earlier, when M. de Beauvilliers shot

through the air like a meteor to drop at her horse's feet. There was something so earnest and, at the same time, so deferential in his manner; the devotion which was pictured on his features was so unlike the expression of an ordinary act of gallanty; the sentiment which over-informed every word he uttered was so tender and so pleasing, that a corresponding feeling awoke at once in her own bosom, stirred all the pulses of her blood, and trembled in every accent of her tongue.

In short—not to repeat the old story, though it is a pleasant theme to dwell upon—Agatha Vere and François de Beauvilliers were mutually in love!

Lord Strangford, translating Camoens, exclaims in passionate verse,

> Let no one say that there is need
> Of Time for Love to grow.

Love is a plant that climbs quicker than the fastest creeper beneath the tropics: one day it lies buried in the earth, its existence unknown; on the next it has shot upwards to the light, never again to lose sight of the sun that called it into life.

This simile, it must be understood, applies only to True Love—the real Passion-flower—and has nothing to do with Animals.

From the oriel window at which Mr. Poppyhead sat, composing—as we suspected—something in the pointed style, he happened—as he raised his eyes to the ceiling in search of inspiration—(a blessing on all ceilings, they are so serviceable)—he happened, we say, to catch a glimpse of the group approaching, which consisted of Lady Constance Graham and Lord Skewball, Miss Agatha Vere and Monsieur de Beauvilliers. On seeing the ladies thus accompanied, it struck him that he had given the strangers some sort of invitation, and whenever he remembered what he was about—that is to say, when not wholly absorbed in perpendicularity and prostration—middle age architecture and modern foolery—Mr. Poppyhead knew how to do the honours of his mansion with grace and hospitality.

With a cheerful countenance, therefore, he rose from his desk, and issuing through a side portal, came close upon his guests before they expected him.

But the cheerfulness of his countenance became somewhat obscured, when he found that the stranger with whom he had conversed so familiarly the day before, and who now did him the favour of visiting "The Pinnacles," was a Frenchman. At no period of his life had he ever been fond of foreigners, and recent events had changed the latent dislike into positive enmity. M. de Beauvilliers spoke English so well, that in the hurry of the first interview Mr. Poppyhead had not detected the least French accent; but even this accomplishment became an aggravation when he called to mind that the Vicomte de Pigarreau was equally gifted.

"Swindlers, every man jack of 'em," he muttered, "from the Emperor on his throne"—this was a slight anachronism—"to the lowest barber;" his private opinion being that every Frenchman was, or ought to be, a barber or a dancing-master.

Mr. Poppyhead, however, could only vent his indignation in a confidential growl addressed to his own waistcoat, and M. de Beauvilliers, who had been prepared for a display of eccentricity, merely set him down

as an "*original.*" But it was not in Mr. Poppyhead's power to exhibit any cordiality, and the meeting would have been as stiff and cold as the best intentioned Englishmen very often contrive to make their interviews with strangers, but for the interference of Miss Vere, who observed her uncle's constraint, and the gaiety of Lady Constance, who wished to see Mr. Poppyhead mount his hobby.

"Monsieur de Beauvilliers tells me, sir," said Miss Vere, addressing her uncle, "that he is a great admirer of the architecture of your favourite period."

"And I know," interposed Lady Constance, "that you will gratify us all by proving that 'The Pinnacles' are no unworthy specimen of what modern skill has been able to accomplish in the attempt to rival its predecessors."

"Had I been a perfect stranger, passing accidentally through the country," said M. de Beauvilliers, "I fear, if I had caught sight of these turrets from the distant high road, I must have turned trespasser, to obtain a more perfect view of them."

"Just so," chimed in Lord Skewball, whose strongest point was not architecture, and whose oratory did not display itself to advantage on that subject.

Mr. Poppyhead was, to a certain extent, mollified. Who is not when his foibles are caressed?

"I think," he said, "that I have done something towards the improvement of the popular taste. That moulding, for instance—the ball-flower, and leaf—which runs under the parapet, and the form of those finials. Step this way; you will see them better here. Rich, aren't they? Give a grand effect to the pinnacles themselves. You observe the principal entrance, after Maudlin, at Oxford? Well, you see an inscription. Do you read the black-letter, Lord Skewball?—what people mistakenly call the 'Gothic' character?"

"Can't say I do," replied his Lordship, who knew the inscription by heart, as well he might, having had it explained to him often—"can't say I do. The letters are all so much alike. What is it?"

"Some years ago," pursued Mr. Poppyhead, "I was at Verona, and copied this very inscription. It is in Latin, of course—'Patet janua, cor magis;' which means, young ladies, 'The door opens willingly, the heart still more so.' And so, if you please, we'll step in and take some luncheon—unless," he added, looking wistfully at some favourite crockets—"unless we first go round that angle, where you see the gurgoyle. There's a little bit in that corner that will repay you for the trouble; at least, I hope so—I hope so."

The party thus invited *did* go round the angle; were led on a little further; found "something worth looking at" a little further still; and, finally, finished the whole of the outside before they found their way into the refectory, by a very different entrance from the one originally proposed.

How Mr. Poppyhead paraded his victims through "The Pinnacles," after they once were fairly housed, it is *not* "better to imagine than describe;" but any one who has been dragged over a house by its proprietor may remember the nature of the infliction, and shudder at it accordingly.

Let it be what it might to others, it was happiness to François de

Beauvilliers, who, while he appeared to pay all the polite attention that was necessary to a gentleman thoroughly absorbed in his subject, found time nevertheless to pay a great deal more to a lady, who, it must be confessed, was less deeply interested in mediæval disquisitions.

The result of the visit was more favourable to Beauvilliers than might have been augured from the gloom on Mr. Poppyhead's brow at its commencement; the stranger's manners were so courteous, there was such an air of modesty and good breeding in all he said and did, his observance of all the usages of the best society was so perfect, that Mr. Poppyhead was obliged to confess in his own heart that he was, "for a foreigner," the most gentlemanlike young man he had ever met with, and he half relented from the sweeping censure which he had passed on all his visitor's countrymen. Still, however, there was the great fact in the heart of Belgravia rankling in the heart of Mr. Poppyhead. Every day's post brought something to renew his irritation, every newspaper contained an allusion or an advertisement which reminded him of the Vicomte de Pigarreau and his riotous crew. Mr. Poppyhead had plunged into a correspondence with his lawyer on the subject of "ousting," if it could by any means be accomplished, but even the offer of money—to his astonishment—had failed.

"Je suis très bien ici," said the Vicomte, laconically, to the man of law when the latter waited on him with "terms,"—"je suis très bien ici,—je ne bougerai pas."

He kept his word, and held on. While these fruitless negotiations were going on, Beauvilliers continued in the country.

"Louez moi votre maison," said he to Lord Skewball, when the races were over, "vous en aurez tant que vous vondrez."

"You like the country?" observed Lord Skewball, with a smile.

"Mais je suis *pas-sion-né*, pour la campagne; c'est une nouvelle existence."

"Well, my dear fellow, as I would do anything to prolong the existence of so nice a young man, you shall have Skewball Lodge for as long as you like."

"Merci! mille fois. Combien!"

"Nothing. I never let. I lend."

The next day Beauvilliers was installed, with everything of his own about him—horses, grooms, tilbury, Victor, and "Putty." He turned them all to account, particularly the last-mentioned animal, of whom he made a present to Agatha Vere. When a Frenchman can bring himself to sacrifice his poodle for his mistress, it is a sure sign of his being pretty far gone in love.

And François de Beauvilliers *was* in love! Every hour witnessed it, and the latest hour of the longest days of June still found him lingering by the side of Agatha Vere.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. GREEN GIVES A WHITEBAIT DINNER AT BLACKWALL.

AMONGST the various entertainments projected by Mr. Jolly Green for his new French friends, was one on which he greatly prided himself as being strictly national. Had he flourished in the last century, he would, in all probability, have treated them to a boxing-match; in this age of greater refinement he gave them a whitebait dinner; a striking example of "progress," for, as Monsieur Grimod de la Reynière observes, "La preuve la plus éclatante de la civilisation du genre humain, est celle qu'on trouve dans la cuisine."

"Whitebait," soliloquised Mr. Green, as he drew up a list of the guests whom he meant to invite; "whitebait is a part of the British constitution, and as essential to its support as the British Lion himself. A whitebait dinner is a grand social and political contrivance, the charm of the London season and the last resource of the Ministry, whose crowning effort to keep their followers together is invariably a feed at the Brunswick or Trafalgar,—names inseparably associated with their allegiance to the throne and the glory of their native land."

As Mr. Green was in the habit of mixing a good deal in society, and had latterly extended his acquaintance very considerably, he soon made up a party, on the principle of being at the same time both various and select. It is a great art to mix your guests well, and Mr. Green combined his with his usual felicity, by bringing those together who had never met before, and were never likely to meet again, and by throwing in a few who had the strongest motives possible for not wishing to meet at all.

Thus, by way of gratifying the Coquelicot family, in whose honour the party was given, he invited Sir John and Lady Clutterbuck, who had once been "as fur as Paris"—so Sir John phrased it—and who remembered nothing of their visit but the way in which they were cheated, and accordingly made that the constant theme of their conversation. To make things pleasant to Cornet Sage of the Lancers, whom Mr. Green had picked up at Cremorne, he invited Mr. Beak, the magistrate, who had only the week before fined the Cornet for pelting the public with eggs on the road to the Derby, and had threatened the young officer with the treadmill the very next time they encountered. Mr. Green had some faint idea that "the parties" had seen each other before, and, as he happened to know them both, he took this opportunity of making them better acquainted. Mr. Marrowfat, the Prime Warden of the Greengrocers' Company—and who, like all Prime Wardens, was an immense Conservative—was ranged on the invitation list side by side with Mr. Deputy Screw, the fierce City Reformer, his bitter antagonist in the Court of Common Council, and everywhere else. These gentlemen were once Mr. Green's trustees, but a violent quarrel had separated them about fifteen years before, and perhaps it was owing to their dislike to each other that our friend was suffered to follow his own inclinations with so little restraint, and give the world so notable an example of how very clever a man may turn out who is left entirely to himself. Another guest was the Reverend Dominick Longskirt, formerly Vicar of St.

Nicodemus, at Peckham, but who had lately "gone over to Rome," and been succeeded in his vicarage by the Reverend Dr. Tibbey, a regular Church and State man, who hated all "mummeries," as he ministerially expressed himself, and who, therefore, was not exactly the man to be seated—as Mr. Green had now ingeniously contrived—at the same hospitable board.

Miss Selina Tibbey, the Doctor's niece, a tall, pale, fair-haired girl of five-and-thirty, and who was considered "interesting," accompanied him. Her presence was not particularly *àpropos*, for it was whispered in Peckham that Mr. Green had been rather "attentive" in that quarter, and her friends had gone the length of "hoping" that "it wasn't one of those things that mean nothing." Perhaps the lady shared those hopes, and therefore resolved not to neglect any opportunity of securing her prize; though, had she been aware of the real state of the case, she would probably have saved herself the trouble of joining the party at Blackwall. But young ladies of five-and-thirty, who are still unmarried, will venture into strange places if they think a husband is lying *perdu* to reward their enterprise. There are only three more guests to mention; one of them, the Vicomte de Pigarreau, the President of the Cosmopolite Club, and—as we all know—a most unexceptionable and agreeable person; the other two were strangers to the rest of the company—so, at least, Mr. Green believed—though they were old acquaintances, newly found, of his. How this happened to be so, a few words will explain.

It will be remembered that Mr. Green had mentioned to Monsieur Coquelicot his intention of seeing Mr. Fixture, the house-agent, on the subject of one of the vacant tenements opposite the Great Exhibition, with the design of discovering the plans of the foreign gentlemen who entertained certain dishonest views with regard to its contents. Furnished with a card from Mr. Fixture, he went over the house about which the strangers were in treaty, and so arranged his visit as to arrive there while two of them were still on the premises. With the prepossessing manner which distinguishes Mr. Green above most people, he at once entered into conversation with the foreigners, both of whom spoke English—as so many now do—with tolerable fluency, and he soon found that there was likely to be only one difficulty in the way of their hiring the house; and that was, the difficulty of finding security for the payment of the rent. As he had an intensely politic scheme in view, and always played his game—as he said—very differently from everybody else, he came out in the character of "a brother and a man," and offered to be himself the requisite security. The strangers were overwhelmed, as much with astonishment as pleasure, at receiving this assurance, and wondered what kind of man he must be who could thus throw overboard the commonest notions of prudence; but their astonishment diminished when they read the name on the card which he presented to them, for they then found that this was by no means the first time they had entertained relations with Mr. Jolly Green. Not to keep the reader in suspense, we may as well state that these two individuals were a certain Ventrebleu and his associate, Paradis, personages who figured, not very advantageously for their character, in Mr. Green's early history, when he paid his first visit to Paris. They had not immediately recognised their quondam victim, in consequence of the discoloration of his skin by Mr. Curlew's

"Chinese Fluid;" but the sight of his card suddenly brought back to their recollection the man himself, whom they rightly conjectured to be not very much wiser than when they last saw him.

The courtesy of Mr. Green—whatever it meant—did not stop here, but extended—as in the case of the Coquelicots—to an invitation to dinner,—for dinner-giving was his *cheval de bataille*, and this was the reason why Messieurs Ventrebleu and Paradis, who now went by the names of Gasquet and Cancalon, and called themselves "Representatives of the People," completed the party at "the Brunswick." With respect to these gentlemen, however, it did come across Mr. Green's mind to prepare the Coquelicots for seeing them, and he gave his friends "the office," winking triumphantly at the same time, and enjoining them not to appear to recognise the "volloors," as he called them, until he should give the word.

As the guests arrived from opposite quarters of the town, they came in various ways, some by rail, some by boat, and some in private conveyances. All were tolerably punctual, with the exception of Cornet Sage, who, being a fast young man, made it a matter of course to drive down in a "Hansom," and the legitimate driver being inside, and the reins in the Cornet's hands, he smashed the concern between a dead wall and a brewer's dray in Poplar, and was obliged to finish the journey on foot. His sudden entrance, thoroughly blown, and with a face like a fiery furnace, had, however, one good effect, for it caused a diversion amongst the party, many of whom were eyeing each other with no very friendly looks, their ill-feeling being heightened by the delay in serving up. Mr. Beak, the magistrate, accustomed by right of his office to the use of strong language, was more severe upon the absentee than the rest; and if his digestion could by any means have been disturbed, the fact of the Cornet being placed by his side at dinner would have had that effect; but he was a man of iron mould,—that is to say, there was a good deal of iron-mould in his composition,—and, as he made play with the delicacies before him, an inarticulate growl was the only evidence he gave that anything had gone wrong.

In consequence of Lady Clutterbuck's "rank"—(her husband, Sir John,—a retired pawnbroker and now a railway director—having obtained his title, according to the version of some of his friends, "surreptitiously")—Mr. Green had the honour of taking her into dinner. The Vicomte de Pigarreau, being "noble," walked next, with Mademoiselle Clotilde on his arm; Sir John followed with Miss Tibbey, and this group occupied the upper end of the table,—the rest of the party—all gentlemen—pairing off how they could, and, in some cases, not very happily. However, there is nothing that softens asperities like a whitebait dinner, for, until the heat of the battle is over, there is no occasion to talk to anybody but the waiters, or pay attention to anything but the *entrées*, and when the mind is satisfied in one instance and the appetite in the other, the temper is usually improved. Still there was conversation as well as a good dinner on this occasion. Which shall we describe? Perhaps a little of both may not be amiss—one may explain the other.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Monsieur Coquelicot, the moment he took his seat on the right hand of Lady Clutterbuck—"mon Dieu, Monsieur Grin, you no tell me dère vos seventeen sorts of fishes on de table!"

"Fact," replied Mr. Green; "the prolific character of the River

Thames sets the matter beyond a doubt. Lady Clutterbuck, what will you take? Stewed eels, or soles à la Normande?"

"Eels for me," said the pawnbroker's "lady;" "they're English—nothing French agrees with my constitution. Does it, Sir John?"

"No, my dear, nothing that I know of, except a French bonnet."

"You can't eat that," retorted the lady, who was rather a shrew.

"You might as well as some of the French dishes they give you in Paris," replied Sir John, with a coarse laugh, looking full in the face of Monsieur Coquelicot.

"Let me recommend the flounders, Ma'mselle Clotilde; or will you try some of these rissoles d'homard?" asked Mr. Green, on hospitable thoughts intent.

"Merci, Monsieur,—mais on vient de me donner du saumon à l'Italienne. Ah! c'est délicieux!"

"Miss Tibbey, will you take some souchie? Be so good, Viscount, as to help that dish. Perch, I think,—yes. Lady Clutterbuck—the honour of a glass of wine? Hock or Madeira? Mr. Beak, is that a Torbay sole before you?"

Mr. Beak never raised his head, as he muttered the single word "Dorey," and helped himself for the second time already.

"Dorey!" ejaculated Mr. Marrowfat, who was already deep in a boudin de Merlan,—"where? Waiter, get me some Dorey, I shall be ready by the time you are."

"Zootje," said the Reverend Dominick Longskirt, transferring a large portion of salmon so prepared to his plate, and proud of displaying his etymological knowledge,—"zootje is the right term, not souchie."

"Oh, zootje," remarked Dr. Tibbey; "well, I'll thank you for some before it's all gone. This is a fast day in your new Church, I think?"

"All kinds of fish are permitted," replied the Reverend Dominick, meekly.

"Not a bad idea," said the Doctor; "a surfeit of salmon is a work of grace—a devill'd bone, damnation!"

"Voilà qui est crispant," cried Monsieur Coquelicot, when the whitebait itself appeared, and the waiters showered it from their silver dishes in the plates of the astonished foreigners; "ah, tiens—en faut il de ces tartines? I follow your example, Monsieur Grin—mais prends en Clotilde,—ces p'tits poissons sont admirables,—avec du citron,—mais c'est à crever que de diner comme ça!"

What a marvellous property there is in whitebait! Eat what you will before it makes its appearance, the moment the whitebait comes your appetite is as fresh as ever! And when once you begin upon *that*, what stop or stay is there as long as any remains? Simple or devilled, it is irresistible! And then the accompaniment! We take it upon ourselves to say that champagne is never tasted in perfection—not even when thirsty on a race-course, after the Derby has been run for—until it is offered as a libation in honour of this inestimable little fish, whose rites of sepulture present the most pleasing image on which it is possible for the imagination of the *gourmand* to repose. To be gently smothered in batter, and mourned over in champagne, is, alas, the fate of few!

But, the whitebait gone, there comes a pause in the gastronomic

operations of all but the city-educated,—and amongst these Mr. Marrowfat was a shining light. While others were declining the lamb's fry and ris de veau—while some were reserving themselves for turkey—poult, or leveret, or playing meantime with curried lobster and stewed pigeon, Mr. Marrowfat went boldly to work on a fearful pile of broad beans and bacon.

"Are you fond of broad beans?" inquired Mr. Beak, enviously. "*I* can't manage that sort of thing."

"Broad beans, sir?" answered Mr. Marrowfat, pausing, with a long row of them on his knife; "when I took up my livery, five-and-forty years ago, at the first dinner that ever I sat down to in Greengrocers' Hall, I ate two pecks of broad beans. I was fond of 'em from a child, and I'm fond of 'em now." And, with these words, the knife went into his mouth, and the beans were enfiladed in a twinkling.

Enough of eating and drinking; full justice was done to both, and even Miss Selina Tibbey had a rosy hue on her cheek when coffee was announced. It might have been wine, or jealousy, or both; for in spite of the agreeable conversation of the Viscount, whom she tried to play off against her former admirer, failing, however, in the attempt, she heard and saw all that passed between Mr. Green and Mademoiselle Clotilde. The little Parisienne was the merriest girl alive, Mr. Green the happiest of mortals, and Miss Selina Tibbey the most wretched. She tried to get up a quarrel with Clotilde after the ladies had withdrawn; but as she made the experiment in the language which she had acquired at school, and supposed was French, nothing came of it; and the scornful monosyllable, "Chit," was equally unintelligible to the pretty brunette.

Meantime, in his capacity of host, Mr. Green was not idle. Everybody knows the excellence of Lovegrove's claret, when you are favoured with the right sort, and the Viscount, who was a *connoisseur*, pronounced it first-rate. Messieurs Gasquet and Cancalon honoured it with their approval, but Cornet Sage, who thought himself as knowing in that as in other matters—and was equally wrong on all points—declared it was "only fit for snobs without souls in 'em," and stuck to port, by the aid of which generous liquor he became so much elevated that he not only "chaffed" his neighbour, Mr. Beak, but chafed him into the bargain; nor did he mend matters much when he clapped the worthy magistrate familiarly on the back, told him he was a "hearty old cock," that he—Sage—didn't bear malice, and would give him—Beak—a lift in his dog-cart if he had a mind to go down to "Good'ood," when the races came on. We need not say what point of elevation the Cornet had reached when he made this obliging proposition.

But although Mr. Beak grumbled and inwardly vowed—no matter what—he did not neglect *his* bottle, neither did any of the party. Mr. Green, who during dinner had signalised himself by his attention to the ladies—to Lady Clutterbuck and Ma'mselle Clotilde in particular—now devoted himself to the gentlemen, and introduced them to each other, right and left, without any regard to the fact of previous acquaintance or mutual dislike. In honour of the stranger guests from France, he made a very patriotic speech about "the Queen of these realms," in the course of which he did not use the words "*on this occasion*" more than

thirty times—that is about the usual after-dinner allowance—and after involving the white bait inextricably with the Koh-i-noor, "our good friend Lovegrove," the Chinese Ambassador, and "the ride in Kensington Gardens," concluded by drinking the healths of the French Legislative Assembly, and inviting them to follow the example of the two distinguished representatives "who have done us the honour to be present on this occasion," and pay a visit to the Crystal Palace.

The speech was, of course, loudly applauded—a good many more were made—but finally the ladies were "joined," and the party soon afterwards broke up. The Viscount, the Coquelicots, the Representatives of the People, and Mr. Green, returned by the last boat to Hungerford, and having seen the heart-enslaver with her father and uncle safe home, our hospitable friend proposed a broiled bone and a quiet glass of brandy-and-water at a Café in the Haymarket, and thither, nothing loth, the distinguished French gentlemen accompanied him.

NOTES OF THE OPERA.

Mr. Lumley is like the nightingale who, as Eastern poets delight to say, "brings tidings of spring and of the rose;" he has, to continue the parable from the same flowery source, "attracted a thousand nightingales" to charm the ears of the lovers of harmony, and has literally strewn their way with roses. The rose in the East has a thousand names, but with us but one is required to express the fairest and sweetest,—when we say that Rosati is returned, we tell of all the perfumed family of beauty in one,—she ought to be called Gul-dastah—*a handful of roses;* or Gul-raznah, an expressive appellation, which signifies, in its little compass of letters, *a bed of roses in full blow;* or would we rather she was named Gul-andam? for that word speaks of her as *slender*, *delicate*, and *graceful;* at all events, we must welcome her and Mr. Lumley together with the sound which the Persians render by their word Gul-bang! in which resides a variety of meanings—"the note of the nightingale," "a loud shout," "fame," and "glad tidings."

Have we not glad tidings to relate since the last notice we had the pleasure of giving of the doings at that temple of delight over which presides a spirit so rapid in his movements of continual discovery of the newest entertainment, that we, who look on, "toil after him in vain!" We thought enough had been done last month, even while all the early flowers were "trembling in the chilly spring," to secure a season of enjoyment; but no, our "tricksy spirit" fetches us *more dew* from the most distant quarters of the beautiful regions of melody, and all his former triumphs are lost in the blaze of the sun whose rays he now sends forth upon us.

Night after night we hear *chef d'œuvres* of the greatest masters, and we feel that true music, from a source "pure and undefiled," is now

appreciated—that it is not mere light and airy strains, captivating and catching, which are required to fix the attention of a refined audience. Beethoven's sublime conceptions are no longer listened to with apathy. The grandeur of his conceptions is understood and felt; and, like those who once know their strength, the instructed auditors will never fall back into weakness. They know what is best; they have felt it; and they will, in future, have it. And is it not provided? The beautiful young Cruvelli, priestess at the shrine, was waiting for the propitious moment, and, as the divine flame awoke, took advantage of it. In Italy and in Germany she had already found the reward of her enthusiasm and the due acknowledgment of her genius; but the world pays us cold English the compliment of allowing our decision to prevail, even as our wealth can best pay the exertions of talent; and it was reserved to us to confirm her fame.

Her *Leonora* is without a rival, for her power as an actress is scarcely surpassed by her magnificence as a singer. The unapproachable Rachel appears to enjoy her acting, for her dark, expressive eye may often be seen and *felt*, glancing approval from the recesses of her box, as she follows the movements of her fair contemporary. Her *Norma*, in spite of the immense range of comparison with the finest and more experienced artists who have achieved triumphs in that glorious part, stands the test, dangerous though it be; and if Cruvelli's youth and softness render it more than usually difficult for her to produce the Pasta thrill expected from those who would personify the majestic priestess, yet nature, having gifted her with a person of singularly commanding grace and dignity as well as loveliness, has helped her more than most of those who aspire to fill the place left vacant by genius passed away. Cruvelli need not strive overmuch—need not study her *poses*, or elaborate her action; she may leave to nature what the "nursing mother" has provided, and she will gain, not lose, by allowing art to interfere with her native feeling. Her drapery must fall well on such a form; let her give herself no care about it. She could not be ungraceful if she would; let her not think twice about her attitude or action.

We will but repeat what has been the general theme of the month—that her "Casta Diva" is the perfection of tenderness and fresh brilliancy—we will not dwell on the power of her scorn, on the agony of her remorse; we will only speak one word of the beauty of the duet with *Adalgisa*, charmingly supported by Madame Giuliani, "Deh, come ti prendi," and pass on at once to the great event of the day, the production of that opera which has been expected with tremulous anxiety by the whole circle of musical critics and amateurs—the masterpiece of Auber, the magnificent "Prodigo."

If, in a general way, we prefer that subjects chosen for the stage should not be gathered from the mines of Scriptural lore, we cannot but agree that it is difficult to resist weaving a drama from the inviting web which glitters with the history, full of adventure and of tears, of the Prodigal Son. The subject once taken, it was left to the artist to form upon it and draw out of it a series of imaginary events, such as would create it anew; and, losing sight of the Scriptural part of the narrative, leave it free for the embroidery of circumstances. In the East, the chief and favourite theme of all the myriad poets of that clime of fire has always

been one taken from Scripture lore—the story of the Patriarch Joseph and "the chaste Egyptian dame," who found him "too lovely and too coy." Poetry has given her the name of *Zuleika;* and her passion, her sorrow, her vengeance, and her penitence, have furnished the minstrels of Persia with never-ending melody. We think the subject, as treated by them, exactly such a one as would suit the composers of our day. Imagine Cruvelli as the passionate, tender *Zuleika;* and Gardoni as the modest and enamoured, but virtuous *Jussuf!* We are confident that the hint will be taken, and the opera of "The Bride of the Nile" will soon appear to take the place of "The Prodigal Son," which, till it appears, is destined to absorb all interest, and excite all admiration.

In spite of what we have said about preferring other than Scripture subjects, we have no objection to the inspiration of religious feeling in our amusements, and in the music of "Il Prodigo" there runs through the whole a feeling which is almost devotional, and might lure the most serious to listen and approve. The chorus when the curtain rises, "Re del ciel, e de' beati," is a supplication full of fervour and simple trusting faith, fitly preluding the sad story of human failings and frailties which lead the beloved son of a kind father from his happy valley to dare the dangerous enjoyments of a voluptuous city.

Alas! the prodigal had been visited by a seducing spirit, and could not resist:

> Da kam ein Geist und führte
> Mich doch ins Leben ein!

and, having yielded, he might go on to exclaim with the poet—

> Nun bin ich mitten drinnen,
> Und möchte nur entrinnen
> Ein Käfich ists allein!

But, before his repentance comes, he has much to enjoy and endure: he has to make acquaintance with rapture and with passion, with all the bliss and with all the dangers of pleasure. Since it must be so we will not regret it, for, with him, we pass from one scene to another, and, uninjured ourselves, have the sweet without the bitter.

We hear Ugalde's marvellously, fearfully dangerous description of Memphis, and scarcely wish that the simple shepherd swain *Azaele* should resist her fascinations, which we find it impossible to do ourselves—such a *Nefte* might well make him forget his father's fields and long for "pastures new;" at least, we think so till we hear and see his betrothed, the sweet and tender *Jeftele,* rendered by Sontag as only she can render a poet's thought! Between the "Aurora rissplendente" of Ugalde, and the "Ah! va secondo!" of Sontag, we pity and forgive his weakness. The first draws him with a chain of sparkling brilliants, the last with one of pearls and roses—alas! the latter is too tender and delicate to retain him—poor Gardoni! poor *Azaele!* how sweetly he appeals, how charmingly he yields! Surely it was more than mortal to resist the prospect set before him: and by-and-by, when we meet with *Lia*—the *Lia* of Rosati!—we are carried away altogether as he was, and are compelled, like the Prodigo himself, to "put our trust in miracles for safety."

Never was opera placed upon the stage with such advantages of splendid scenery and gorgeous groupings! All is so truthful, so real, that we

seem transported at once into the regions of mystery and luxury, where those fascinating "serpents of old Nile" are lying in wait to ruin a rural Anthony, and no less do we feel ourselves at home in the delicious shades "where the shepherds feed their flocks," and where the father of the tribe keeps his simple court, purer and more beautiful than that whose glowing splendour dazzles the eyes of his wandering son. It were vain by mere description of the effect to endeavour to convey to the reader that which the eye and ear only can help him to comprehend. Massol's terrible agony, touching anxiety, exulting tenderness, developed alternately in the course of his performance of the father *Reuben's* part; Coletti's grand delineation of the false priest *Boccoris*, are both masterly and magnificent. The choruses possess a character of novelty quite remarkable, as much for solemn meaning as for startling excitement—as in the orgie scene, where the air "Godiam, veviam, cantiam," takes the mind by surprise by its wonderful power, and the "Belezza raggiante," where the fascinating Almees "invite the dewy feathered sleep" to visit the eyelids of their enchanting queen.

There is one surprise which we cannot help dwelling on as singularly new and pleasing, and that is the scene in which the spirited and bewitching Ugalde appears as a young camel-driver, and sings couplets full of drollery and mirth, such as are well suited to infuse fresh spirit into a whole tired caravan in the midst of the desert, and which are so fresh and spirit-stirring that they remind one of those bright-coloured flowers which suddenly spring up from the arid sands after a shower of rain, and in an instant cover the plain with a network of shining gold and purple, to the amazement and delight of weary travellers. The airs which will soon become familiar favourites are so numerous, that it would be vain to name any one in particular. We have still ringing in our ears the rich melody of Ugalde's "Ogni clima, ogni suol;" of Gardoni's "O rosore;" of the delicious and lively pastoral chorus, "Il ài cadata e già;" the "Campagna diletta," and many more, but we are confused with sweet sounds, and must pause.

Before we end, however, our notice of the great events at the Opera House, we must reveal to our readers a fact which we have just learned, that Mr. Lumley has in store for the lovers of instrumental music a treat such as is rarely met with, even in these days of early-developed genius. We allude to the projected appearance as a pianoforte player of a young lady from Dresden—a Mademoiselle Johanna Schlesinger—who, although but sixteen, has been the delight of the court society of Saxony, but has as yet played only before her Majesty, to whose notice a royal letter introduced her. We have been, however, permitted the advantage of hearing her in private, and quite agree with a connoisseur who accompanied us, and exclaimed, "Mademoiselle, you have Beethoven in your fingers!" We believe she will appear in a concert at the Opera House in the course of July, and congratulate the admirers of harmony on the rising of another star in the midst of the galaxy of the season.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE MART OF NATIONS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

The strangers visiting London at the present period will receive a much deeper impress of its importance and magnitude than is likely ever to strike its own citizens. Familiarity with a giant renders less the idea of personal magnitude. Those who have spent the best part of life in this great "miscellany of mortality"—as Tom Brown facetiously called it—those who have been nurtured in its bosom, take all which concerns it as a matter of easiness. It requires novelty to excite them. The state procession of her Majesty to the Hyde Park Exhibition was matter of moment and attracted attention, but that which is not so palpable to the senses, whatever be its relative position or magnitude, remains unobserved. Never was there a time when the great mart of empires was more worthy of observation than at present, now that the arts of peace have made the denizens of all nations its guests.

The humanity of a great commercial metropolis is that of the universe epitomised. London, like Tyre of old, is linked with the inhabitants of every region, but how much more vast is its field of action. As an inland sea, as the Mediterranean to the ocean, is the difference between the Syrian city and the modern capital of our island. The inhabitants of the last too must needs rank higher, partaking insensibly in the extended proportions of their city, with the map of the world beneath their feet. They themselves are of different races mingled, a complication of beings as heterogeneous as those in the ark. The animate and inanimate of temperate, torrid, and frigid climes amalgamate within this immense circuit of metropolitan habitations. The peculiarities observable in humanity are often singular and antipathetical; yet here abide whatever the mind can conceive of good and evil, of originality and sameness in character, of all that is to be desired or shunned, loved or feared, praised or despised—intelligence, mediocrity, and ignorance, in one enormous conglomeration.

Let us attempt to grasp in mind the circuit of London, and we easily succeed; we have only to imagine a distance of thirty or forty miles, and break it into as many divisions. But how different and confusing is the attempt to go further—to comprehend the large streets and avenues, to sum the buildings in any particular quarter, and to picture the scenes, ever varying, which an hour's walk within its precincts discloses. We become confused and dizzy when we try to muster the streets in their thousands, to reckon the dwellings by hundreds of thousands, and the swarming inhabitants by millions. Imagination will sometimes glide, phantom fashion, over the countless acts that are passing within the metropolitan limits,

among its two millions and a number of inhabitants,* and the multitudinous activity to be seen within its dwellings, laid bare, until fancy itself is plunged into bewilderment. Yet nothing is more certain, however varied the scenes that would be thus disclosed, that to its utmost borders all is full of life and activity—increasing, uprising, expanding, populating, enriching, pauperising. The thoroughfares present from morning until night the same scenes of toil and bustle, of splendour and misery. Still pleasure wantons, pain writhes, deformity disgusts, trade overreaches, and virtue and vice are ever in conflict. There is no cessation; the stream flows on, and seems as if it is to flow on for ever. The metropolis meanwhile, an enormous specimen of the polypi genus, throws out its arms in all directions, grasping village and hamlet, [illegible] up plain and hill, making them a prey to its own selfishness, and [illegible] its desires further like a conqueror insatiate of domination.

As to the extension of London no one now dreams of its arrest; no one says, as the Stuarts did vainly, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." James I., like his predecessor, ordered that no more houses should be built within three miles of London. Charles I. tried to prevent its augmentation, and prosecutions were ordered by Charles II. against those who dared to build on new foundations. The Stuarts knew that enlarged principles were nursed in cities; that communities of men, through constant intercourse, are led to improvement and to freedom. Within the verge of large cities is generated that spirit of intelligence which is the "healing of nations." Down to so late a period as 1747 and 1754, many expressed their fears that London would become too large; that the head, out of all proportion to the body, would soon afflict the land with metropolitan apoplexy. Country gentlemen were caught by this apprehension at one time, and the higher ranks became apprehensive of losing the impression in their favour, which lingered from old feudal prepossessions among the ignorant. They dreaded encroachment upon hereditary power, for the country people never met except when invited by the lord of the soil. The inhabitants of cities met spontaneously to discuss their affairs; nor was it in England only that the magnates of the land were jealous of the extension of metropolitan cities, for in France similar apprehensions were expressed regarding Paris.

We have long resigned such jealousies to the winds. Any who, in the present day, express their apprehension that the metropolis is getting too large, refer only to the inconvenience to social intercourse arising from distance—a serious evil where time is valuable. As much time is expended in going and returning from a visit as the visit itself occupies. Dinner invitations cannot be met by railway motion in streets, and the call is made in the private carriage at a funeral pace, from the crowded state of the thoroughfares. With people of fortune and idleness this loss of time may be better sustained, but with the majority it is not calculated to keep up neighbourliness.

After all that can be said on the matter of inconvenience, there must be room in the capital of an immense empire; it must possess full breathing space. London is not the capital of the British isles only; it is the point of concentration of numerous empires, either incipient or established. London is not the head of England's European possessions alone; its vitality is foreign as well as indigenous, and being foreign in a more extended sense than can be said of any other metropolis, it must needs be

* 2,363,141 in 1851.

of an extent proportionate to its relations. Its energies are gigantic; its possessions demand that they should be so. The place where the government, the cares, fears, and hopes of a hundred and sixty millions of people meet as in a focus, must needs differ from inferior capitals. The ruling head of a territory comprising nearly eight millions of square miles, a territory nearly equal to two such continents as Europe, should be vast and populous. The capital of an empire that covers an eighth of the dry land of the planet, with a population four times that of France, twice and a half that of Russia, and equal to Russia, France, Spain, Austria, and Prussia united, must be populous, must be counted by its millions. The metropolis of inferior capitals, of no mean population at home—of Dublin, Cork, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bristol—some with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants—must excel them to take precedence. The mistress of Calcutta, with its million of souls; of Benares, Madras, Bombay, Delhi, and populous cities in India; of Quebec in America; of Sidney in Australia; of the metropolitan towns of the West India islands: of the impregnable Gibraltar and Malta—such a city must be of great superficies, populous and powerful.

But London is of importance to the capitals of foreign nations that only acknowledge its moral sway. Connected with it as the great centre of the commerce of the globe, they give it due respect. There is no extended transaction in traffic but passes through the hands of British men of business at some period or another of its progress. The hearts of other capitals beat responsive to the great heart of England here. Their lifeblood blends with hers, and both circulate together. London is cosmopolitan as well as peculiar,—belonging in the first place to England, in the second to the world.

The stranger need not enter the British isles to find this cosmopolitan city; for those connected with commerce are no strangers to its ubiquity. They discern it from their own capitals, of whatever nation they may be. The communications of London are borne far and wide; over sea and land her negations and affirmations are conveyed with timeless rapidity. The credit, influence, and commercial power of London are felt far "as winds fly or oceans roll." Happily, this credit, influence, and commercial power excite no hatred. If envied they are still admired as a general contribution to the common benefit of the species. This connexion of London, in its peaceful career with the stranger, is owing to itself alone. It is indebted to no extrinsic assistance, not even from its own government, except in gratitude for diminished interference with freedom of action—its thanks for standing out of its sunshine. England has increased and fructified in proportion as the ruling powers maintaining tranquillity, and repressing every warlike inclination, have substituted justice for policy and open dealing in place of diplomatic chicanery. Hence it is that London continues to prosper; that the indomitable perseverance of its citizens continues its expansive action, and rolls along a flood-tide of population as if for an interminable period—fit emblem of the national voluminousness.

Outvying in wealth the Roman city, the "mother of dead empires," bringing to its doors the produce of "realms that Cæsar never knew," its merchants from their counting-houses, raise and maintain armies as numerous as those the most powerful empires can command. They

govern countries, the limits of which bounded the utmost march of the conquerors of antiquity. They begin their empire where the Macedonian was baffled. From the smoky avenues of Leadenhall-street the orders went forth that annihilated the Empire of the Moguls. In pursuit of gain they unwittingly sowed the seeds of civilisation. Under the orders of a company of London merchants, the greatest living soldier acquired that power of moving large bodies of troops to which the generals of his sovereign at home were unequal, and for the interests of those merchants he began his triumphs. "The conquests of the merchants of London began where those of Alexander ceased," says a French writer, "and where the terminus of the Romans could never reach. At this moment, from the banks of the Indus to the mountains of Thibet, all acknowledge the sway of a mercantile company shut up in a narrow street of the city of London." What other subjects of any existing crown, mere citizens, few or none in consideration beyond their brethren, and unimportant in numbers, ever exhibited such an achievement?

Great in importance as the depository of the wealth of other nations, not from motives of profit alone, but of security, the British capital stands confessed. The struggle for freedom in countries despotically governed, as knowledge begins to enlighten them, leads to an apprehension for the security of property. The great European power is made the stronghold of the wealth of those who live in the midst of tumult, where the law is force, and the rapacity of rulers and the struggle of insurrectionists are equally destructive.

What stranger ascending the Thames can view the vessels that pass and repass so incessantly on the bosom of the most commercial of rivers and not express his astonishment? Where can such multitudinous activity be witnessed besides, even in the most commercial ports of other countries? The products of foreign lands, and the concentration here of the works of the industry of the United Kingdom, are not only thus exchanged, but this mighty capital, in addition, becomes the market-place of the foreigner dealing with the foreigner. The metropolis, in this respect, supports a double character. Its reign is over two elements. As civilisation extends itself this dominion will increase; the communications between nations will continually enlarge, and the best guarantee of good fellowship is the extension of mutual interests. Here is the shadowing out of a path which cannot but lead to further refinement, and carry the blessings of civilisation to the most savage shores. We are so apt to look only at what is done at our own doors, that we forget, by prolonging our glance towards the horizon, we may sometimes obtain a faint outline of events that are rapidly approximating. We regard the means only because they most concern ourselves. Yet it is not an unworthy use of our faculties to conjecture from the past what an astonishing agent in humanising mankind the Thames has been, and how its future freights and consignments will indirectly conduce to the fulfilment of objects in themselves great and glorious, of which their nature yet gives no sign, but which are still to have an astonishing result upon the prosperity and comfort of countless numbers of our fellow beings. The lifeless cargo of a laden vessel, the dead matter that fills its hold, is often a key to awaken nations from the slumber of ignorance, by a process that is in general little dreamed about. In this sense, of how much more value to England and humanity is a fleet of merchantmen outward bound from the Thames than the most renowned of the victories of ambition.

But to descant on the magnitude of London as a port is superfluous, for the twenty-nine thousand vessels that annually enter and depart from it sufficiently testify this; yet it is singular that five centuries ago London could send no more than twenty-five ships to the siege of Calais. Confessing the magnitude of the capital, the inquiry naturally suggests itself, when this marvellous accumulation of newly-created strength will cease and the day of reaction arrive? Yet what spell shall dry up the sources of a commerce that overshadows the whole earth? When will the demand of the nations for new luxuries come to a stand-still? When we see how large a portion of the globe is yet to be raised up, and to be imbued with the like desires and comforts with ourselves, it is not possible to avoid observing that, if the determination be dependant upon this event, England has a long lease to run. The time will come, no doubt, when this mighty concretion of man and his appliances will begin to change, to moulder, and decay. But we only know this because it is the law of all sublunary things. We have no apprehension of seeing it, nor can it probably happen until new wants become unknown, or man, losing his inventive faculties, is no longer capable of tendering fresh luxuries.

Eventually the time must come when London will complete its cycle, and its vastness dwindle into an historical fact. Yet London can never really die, it will even then be ineraseably written in the hearts of living men for countless generations as that of no city was ever before written—as the histories of Nineveh, Babylon, and Rome, were never recorded. Their races have perished. The sons of London will be perennial still in island and continent, in the west and south, in the north and at the antipodes. The powerful and populous nations that have sprung, and are yet to spring from British loins, cannot perish with the old capital. London will still be a metropolis in living memory, as that of the fathers of a never-dying people, which its own language and literature forbid to perish. Already in America there are twenty new and rising Londons. The sons of England, emigrated into Australia and Africa, will follow this grateful example, if only in sad but pleasing remembrance of the shores they are never again to behold. Deep, therefore, will be the record of England's metropolis in the hearts of posterity, and it will continually be renewed.

The capital pre-eminent for civility in traffic, perseverance, and judicious forecast in speculation, supports worthily the luxury and show that meet the stranger's sight, at the same time going to create fresh luxuries. Impatient of fortune when she is favourable, her favours are continually risked for new gains. In this respect there is much dissimilarity of character in the metropolitan citizen. Indeed, the English character exhibits its best fruits more by combination than individuality. Hence the Londoner detached from his domicile and usual habits fails to impress the stranger with being the important agent he is in reality, or with producing the results which cause him such surprise on visiting the British metropolis, seeing its enormity of extent, the spaciousness of its streets, and the abundance of its comforts. Nowhere is combination of effect so well understood or so quickly set in complete action as in London. The Hyde Park building, containing thirty-three millions of cubic feet, was planned in nine days and erected in three months.

The Londoner is hardly conscious of his individual importance, in conducing to the magnitude that surrounds him, composed of an infinity of methodised littlenesses, covering a startling extent of ground. He has thought little about the capital he inhabits beyond the line of street he

uses daily in his way to his business. He looks only to his own circle—to what concerns himself. The multiplicity of others into immensity attracts little of his attention. He has no impression of the variety of human life it comprehends. He thinks and acts, except on some extraordinary occasion, upon the principle of the artizan in the division of labour, who only thinks of his own part or portion of a manufacture, and leaves every thing else to others, the result not being in his department. Yet is the work of his own head or hands not less perfect. London has become what it is on no uniform plan. There was no improvement effected by the magic hand of genius in those improved streets and spacious avenues. The popular convenience originated all, as that convenience casually dictated. Thus to shorten the time in movement from one part to another, new vehicles were introduced by individuals without official consideration whether they were the best or worst adapted for their purpose. Emendation was left to chance customers. It is only when interest is opposed to interest that a struggle ensues,—then the pecuniary means being supposed equal, the public convenience will generally triumph in the [illegible]gested profit. because in the spirit of traffic the certain is less [illegible]t than the speculative.

The strangers drawn to London always find the interminable streets and apparent confusion a source of perplexity, and with some of apprehension. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, feared to cross a street by himself when he visited London. If some are disappointed at the appearance of the British capital, others are pleased. Its cold aspect arises from its vastness, which makes it disdain sympathies met with in places of more confined limits. The number of dwellings is so immense, and the inhabitants who know each other are so scattered, that neighbourliness scarcely exists within its precincts. That must depend upon propinquity; and here friends live miles asunder while their neighbours in residence are unknown. So in the streets existence flows on in a never-ending current, impassive and unblending in its constituent parts, like the coloured threads of the loom separate, and yet the same continuous body.

All being absorbed in business and bustle, and few having leisure for anything extraneous, Time's sand runs with double rapidity,—the aim being to make the most of its fleeting particles. Acquaintances with strangers are slowly made on any other foundations than those which business originates. This does not arise from inhospitality, but from the peculiarity of a cosmopolitan position, irrespective of anything retractile in English character. In most other capitals strangers are comparatively rare, in London no account is made of them. There the swarthy Moor, the delicate East Indian, the turban, caftan, and hat mingle in the multitude. The Asiatic native sweeps the street crossings in his white habiliments, the Chinese and Lascar pass along unheeded. To be a stranger where so many are strangers is not sufficient to fix the Londoner's attention to what is of such continual recurrence.

In 1851, when strangers from all quarters enter the metropolis, impelled by a generous rivalry in the arts of peace; when the crowned lady of the isle opens a vast building filled with the ingenious productions of all nations; when the useful arts prosper, and thousands witness how superior in the sight of humanity, how much more conducive to the comfort and happiness of mankind is the present compared to the past time, London may well be proud. Here we see the inhabitant of Cashmere and the Himalaya, the Hindoo from the burning shore of the Ganges, and the

Persian from the heart of Asia, intermingle with the hardy Russian from the frozen climates of Archangel and St. Petersburg. The Chinese and American greet each other. The Mohammedan and Christian fraternise. The "image of God" in ebony from Liberia and Dahomey, the Mulatto and Quadroon, hold up their heads here in contiguity with the Carolina planter or the slaveholder of Georgia, "none daring to make them afraid."

It was a procession far beyond a Roman triumph in character, that of Queen Victoria as she passed through the building of the Grand Exhibition, the genius of peace. No sovereign of the other sex could have so gracefully fulfilled that triumphant duty. There, while moving majestically to the music of "soft recorders," in the midst of her own subjects, in the heart of her wonderful capital, environed with countless specimens of the inventive power of man, the scene everywhere resplendent with purple and embroidery, everywhere reflecting "barbaric pearl and gold," all hearts did her homage. Here, as beneath her feet, lay scattered the gorgeous silks of the Persian loom; there pendent the matchless shawls of Cashmere; and on every hand rich cabinets, ivory, ebony, and gold embroidery, linen of Tyrian hues, and gems of inestimable worth; amid them those instruments and combinations which science alone comprehends, revelations of the secrets of remoter worlds, annihilating time and space, and teaching the mechanic his forms and the manufacturer his dyes—at that moment the British Victoria must have felt a prescience of the high destiny she was appointed to fulfil. Then she must have been conscious that in "the mart of nations," far from the shout of revelry for sanguinary glories, the chief boast of past times, she had achieved a nobler conquest than their annals disclose—a conquest of peace and goodwill to man. She was, morally, at that moment the sovereign of every people, and all the world, forgetting national predisposition in the universality of the benefit, might have responded "God bless her" in sincerity. Had she not opened a new chapter in her capital, placed London the foremost of cities in the history of humanity, before people of every climate and nation—and was such an act unworthy the heart homage of all?

When the organ pealed along the aisles of that prodigious building which the metropolis of England erected to be a temple of concord for all countries—when the salvo of artillery announced the completion of the ceremony, the mighty city itself, by the multitude which it set in motion, seemed sensible of the auspicious dawn which had broke forth to scatter the darkness until then hovering over the great family of nations. There seemed an intuitive consciousness abroad that men were about to become more brothers than they had ever been before. Among the vast congregated assemblage all was tranquillity and harmony, that a few years ago would have been a scene of riot; all was emblematic of that amity and peace in which we trust the more renowned of modern nations are in future about to dwell, rivals only in promoting the advancement of civilisation and happiness. Here London has been the herald in glorious things, and, standing in the foreground, might not unappropriately reassume her long obsolete name of "Augusta." To that name there can be no title more just, no claim more admissible, than the moral grandeur which, rising over the mists of the past, casts behind it the transitory glory of a false ambition. Unmocked by the immolations of war no longer, the inhabitant of the capital mounts to a

nobler elevation, and, in place of aiding to deface the front of humanity with gory renown, illumines it with augmented splendours.

It was, indeed, a proud day for London, when its population poured forth in such an astonishing affluence of every class to see the sovereign open the Exhibition. It developed a picture of improvement which showed the people of the present day were not living in vain. What orderly conduct and good temper were exhibited upon that occasion. Those who subsist in the depths of delinquency and crime seemed for a moment to have deviated into virtue, to have repented of their predatory habits. The moral impress of that hour cannot soon be forgotten. The good citizenship of the metropolis was never so conspicuously displayed—not, indeed, in the eating and revelry of city companies and corporations, which were just as refined a hundred years ago as now, and were partaken of by a few sensual individuals, but in the enlarged sense of the word—in all the inhabitants. The foreigner must have been astonished to see so numerous an assemblage so orderly and yet so free; its steps not watched by concealed spies nor environed by bristling bayonets. Free to act under its own impulses, unconstrained in word or action, the enormous multitude tranquil, pleased, and orderly. It was a moment more grand in result as regarded the metropolis thus vindicated than even the Exhibition itself. There were no factious cries from those restless after the property of others, covered with affected patriotism, breaking in upon the propriety of the scene. Yet expression was at liberty—no tongue was restrained by apprehension. The metropolitans had nothing to ask of their sovereign, no discontents to remedy. Their business was to congratulate, not to supplicate.

"The people of other countries cannot understand us," is a common remark. London on that day must have been more incomprehensible to them than ever. Our difference of action from that of others arises from our free institutions. In other countries the military and police, the *mouchard* and the tribunal, interfere in the most innocent amusements of the people, and keep up a continual soreness and apprehension. Here we know nothing about any but the civil power, and of that only enough to crave its aid if we stand in need of it. It cannot interfere with our actions or opinions unless we notoriously outrage good citizenship. It is a thing of our own creation. Our love of order, our sense of justice and propriety, all arise from being sensible of their advantages, not from a compulsory observation of them, taking their value upon trust.

The metropolis—the mart of nations—its magnitude, riches, and influence, have received an important addition to the world's praise by the moral example it has exhibited, by its practical virtues, and the exhibition it has given of the value of rational freedom. It is but just that the capital of England should teach other capitals how to regulate themselves, and that the excellences of a sound political and commercial system, the results of a constitutional throne and popular influence, should be admired and imitated. If the superiority of the example should fail of producing a due effect, the evil will recoil upon those who refuse to follow so brilliant and salutary an example. In the mean while that example will not diminish in worth, but will, we trust, refine and improve, until its moral power and its commercial grandeur render the task of rivalry, through delay, utterly hopeless. If London occupy the centre nearly of the terrestrial hemisphere, let us hope its position will lengthen the duration of its glory.

London at the head of the commercial world is not merely a contributor to the wealth of nations, and a cosmopolitan benefactor; it is a mighty moral agent in preserving and extending the desire of peace among the more civilised nations. A score of peace societies could not operate in a long period of time a fraction of that great labour in the cause of religion and humanity, to which London continually contributes most important additions. "Commerce," says a clever writer, more than half a century ago, "is no other than the traffic of two individuals multiplied on a scale of numbers; and by the same rule that nature intended the intercourse of the two, she intended the intercourse of all. For this purpose she has distributed the materials of manufactures and commerce in various and distant nations; and as they cannot be procured by war so commodiously as by commerce, she has rendered the latter the means of extirpating the former." How much this truth seems on the point of realisation, and the metropolis of England the agent for the purpose! Of three, the richest, freest, and most powerful nations of the world, England and her kindred America are the most commercial; France, the third, has the same tendency, and never was war less probable than between these three countries, the power of which united, either for good or evil, is a dictation to the rest of the world. The centre of commerce for all is the British metropolis, the "mart of nations." May it not, therefore, be hoped that the part which London is to act in the noblest drama ever performed by human agency is already shadowed out, and that its glory in the great work will be commensurate with its magnitude!

WELCOME HOME.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

OH! none can tell but those who've roved
Some bleak, some desert waste afar,
Apart from all he dearly loved,
How sad and dear life's moments are;
But none that heav'nly bliss can feel,
Save those who thus are forced to roam,
A few kind accents may reveal
From lips that bid us "welcome home."

I've sat within the stranger's door,
And alien lips spoke kindly too,
They but reminded me the more,
My own dear native land, of you;
A stranger's welcome's ever dear,
We prize it when afar we roam,
And almost fancy that we hear
The voice that bids us "welcome home."

The silv'ry brook goes murmuring by;
The wandering wind hath pleasant tone;
Th[illegible] his carols in the sky;
[illegible] nature music's power must own:
But there's a music far more dear
That greets us when we cease to roam,
When sweetly falls upon the ear
The words that bid us "welcome home."

EL LOBO DE LAS SIERRAS.

A TALE OF THE CARLIST WARS.

It is generally imagined, we believe, but with much error, that the relation of an occurrence is more seemingly authentic when accompanied by a statement of its date. Dates, however, in these corrupt times, are so sadly abused, so unscrupulously feigned for the purpose of giving currency to "things which are not," that we are determined to tell our story without. Still we are precise in our own way, and therefore beg to acquaint the reader that our first scene is to rise at Mataro, a little town not far from Barcelona, in the spring time of a certain year when Carlist feuds were rife.

It is evening; the vesper bells ring; the soft Mediterranean breezes whisper through the vine-clustered trellis-work of yonder Moorish arch. Inside the edifice to which this archway leads, contrabandista and carabinero, laying aside their mutual antipathy, are mingling in festive revelry with a host of others whose acquaintance we shall presently make. The sun, although sunk below the horizon, still bathes the west with a glow of roseate light. The cigarras chirp like birds in spring time, and the big frogs maintain a lusty croaking in the rivulets which meander hard by.

Let us now take a glance at the interior of the Moorish building and its inmates. A long series of arched vaults form one enormous shed—room we will not call it, nor stable either, although tethered hither and thither are [illegible] scores of horses, donkeys, and mules. On the floor, and in all sorts of attitudes, is a strange assemblage of men. There are pedlars, gitanos and arrieros; merchants, robbers, contrabandistas, carabineros; a host, in short, from various parts of Spain, and clad in various costumes. Yonder is a jaunty Andaluz, with long gun, tufted sombrero, calzones, and botinas. Next to him is a bluff-looking Biscayan, sour looking and truculent. A little more in the rear is seen a group of Valencianos, with white linen nether garbs and gaily-coloured mantas. But still more numerous than all these are groups of stalwart Catalans, boisterous in speech, harsh in utterance, and distinguished from the other inmates by the provincial costume; of which the most conspicuous part is the deep red woollen cap, long enough to reach half way down the back, but doubled up and worn flat upon the crown of the head.

Thickly spread over the floor are bales of cotton, panniers of sugar, salt, and spice, boxes of oranges, leather bottles of wine, oil, and vinegar, besides a hundred other things that would puzzle a conjuror to tell. Confound the place! shall we call it a shop, a warehouse, or bazaar? Strewed confusedly about are guns and swords. Yonder is a dark scowling Catalan cutting a piece of bread with a knife, the blade of which measures some eighteen inches, and is cunningly fashioned to a point—rather an inconvenient knife for bread cutting, one would think, and suggestive of other work. The Catalan, however, achieves his task, the bread is cut, and see! giving the knife a sudden jerk, he darts it past the head of his companion, and sticks it into a door panel some twelve paces away. Is the place a den of thieves? It cannot be; for see yonder is all the parade of lawful life-destruction. Mark the uniforms of the carabineros, or Spanish coast-guard. See how—faithful to military instinct

they have piled their firelocks, orderly and neatly, against the wall. Is the place a barracks? Glance your eye up yonder lateral arched recess, where beside a little charcoal stove stands that pretty black-eyed girl, her luxuriant hair neatly banded back, and partially hidden under the wavy folds of the gracefully hanging mantilla. Mark how assiduously she waves her fan to enliven the charcoal fire, and fail not to imbibe the goodly fumes which rise from the eggs and tomatoes which she cooks.

In short, what sort of place can this be, which, though allied to all, is neither house nor stable, nor den of thieves, magazine, bazaar, or barracks? Is it a cook's shop? Reader, it is not—no—but a posada, a veritable Spanish posada. And now, if you chance to be philosophically inclined—if you are prone to indulge in definitions and all that, pray define a posada to be whatever *you* please; we can only say a posada is a posada—a place without analogy, kindred, or congener—unlike everything we ever knew or heard of, and similar only to itself.

Amongst the numerous human groups who thickly stud the floor of the grim posada, a band of English must not be overlooked. There they are—sufficiently individualised by look, gesture, and occupation from their Spanish friends. Their drink, too, is peculiar; a huge bowl sends forth vapours of aguardiente: they have made themselves a hot bowl of punch with the raw spirit of the country, of which they are quaffing huge draughts, much to the disgust of the sober Spaniards. Such is the scene.

All the Englishmen, save one, were clad after the manner of railway labourers, and evidently belonged to the staff of the English contractor of the railroad from Barcelona to Mataro. Their appearance was that of navvies, and merits no further description at our hands. The excepted one, however, we cannot so soon dismiss.

Unlike his companions, who assumed no higher grade than labourers, as they were, this one, Tom Dawson by name, at least, his English name, had by some means so played his cards as to acquire the dignity of Don Tomas—wherefore, it would be difficult with certainty to explain; but the most probable cause of this great accession of dignity was a blue-tail coat, munished with a whole galaxy of brass buttons, which, shining resplendent in this sunny clime, so dazzled the vision of the natives, that plain Tom Dawson acquired the honourable pronomen of "Don."

Now "Mister," as we all know, is the most unassuming translation that can be found for "Don," and so it followed that Don Tomas, when translated into the excavators' vernacular, was "Mister Tummas," by which name he was generally called. Occasionally, it is true, some presuming fellow, forgetting the limits beyond which familiarity ought not to go, had been heard to commence addressing our friend by his plain Christian name; but never, we believe, did such people get beyond the first syllable; for a certain sort of expression, beaming from the aristocrat's eyes, paralysed the presumptuous tongues so completely, that the second syllable died away, and the speaker, retracing his steps, prefaced his remarks with "Mister Tum."

As to the personal endowments of our hero, perhaps an ill-disposed observer might have said that he seemed to belong to that numerous division of the human race called *gabies*—not so his admirers; but the reader shall judge.

His figure was remarkably gaunt, his face not unlike an oblong spheroid of glazier's putty, his nose looked up, the corners of his mouth looked down, his eyes peered so very far into space that they may be said to have looked at no place—a sort of oysterish expression about them might have sufficed to awaken a prejudice against the probability of Tom's intelligence, had it not been certain that he could both read and write; that for want of a better he had been employed as a sort of supernumerary clerk; nay, that he had more than once been seen to look through the glass of a theodolite: so the notion took root among a certain class, that Tom was a genius; and a navvy one day had been solemnly heard to avow, that "Mister Tummas, like a singed cat, was much better than he looked."

Let us now for a time leave our countrymen to their revels, and listen to the conversation of the native groups.

Whilst the libations were proceeding, the village barber was busily engaged cutting the hair and trimming the bigotes of a rakish-looking Andaluz. At length, the work being finished, the hair dressed *a pelo* and *a contrapelo*, the smirking little barber shut up his box, and, turning to a Catalan arriero, or muleteer, addressed him thus:

"Tio," said he, "how many mules have you now?"

This, although a civil question, set vibrating a painful chord in the breast of the arriero, who frowned slightly, glanced his eye first towards the mules, then back to the barber, but made no reply.

"I think, señor," continuing the barber, evidently determined to provoke a conversation—"I think," said he, pointing towards a mule that was standing near, "that is Gloriosa. Por Dios! a good animal is Gloriosa—good for the low lands, good for the mountain, good for burden, good for draught; Caramba! what a beast for the hamuja!"

How long the barber would have expatiated on the numerous good qualities of the mule Gloriosa, it is impossible to say, for his remarks were interrupted by the muleteer, who, heaving a long sigh, addressed himself to the garrulous barber thus:

"Friend," replied he, gravely; "that is not Gloriosa—Gloriosa is dead! she died last week. That one," continued he, "is Leona—pobre animal!"

"She seems weak," continued the barber.

"She is weak."

"You work them too hard, señor."

"Por Dios que si," warmly replied the muleteer; "of course, I do! some people soon will want their goods carried for nothing; already the cursed *camino de hierro* has brought us to this."

"And it will be completed as far as Barcelona in two months' time, I hear," interposed the barber.

"Some say one month," added another.

"And there sit those malditos Ingleses like any other swine," continued a third, pointing to the Englishmen as he spoke.

"*Malditos sean sus animos!*" muttered the arriero between his teeth; "I could puñalar them thus!" and, suiting the action to the word, he jerked the balanced knife quivering through the air towards the panel of a door, where, penetrating to the hilt, it stuck as we have already made appear.

Whatever might have been the acquirements of Don Tomas, philology

was assuredly not one; he gathered, however, that the Spaniards were discussing the point of the completion of the railroad, but did not understand the malediction of the angry muleteer.

"I think, Mister Tummas, them ere covies is a talking about our line," remarked one of the navvies.

"Ye-es, they are."

"And what, Mister Tummas, do they say?"

"They say I am a getting on with it in a superior manner."

"Well now, I would have made a purty round bet, Mister Tummas," interposed another, "as how that chap said that it would be done in a month."

"Some people as bets wins, and some loses," answered Don Tomas, dryly: the truth of which aphorism was so evident that all assented with a smile.

"And so it will be done in a month," remarked the first speaker.

"No it won't, nor in six neither," confidently asserted the second; and thus the argument went on; harsh words began to arise, when "Mister Tum," giving the table a deliberate tap with the knuckle of his right forefinger, thus interposed:

"I tell you what it is now," said he, drawing himself up, and stroking the germ of a pair of moustaches, which had commenced budding under the genial influence of a Catalonian sun—"I tell you what it is, the works will be all over in three months' time. If *I* don't know who *should* know?"

"Why, I suppose the ingine-eer should," interrupted a navvy; "and I heerd last night——"

"Never mind what you heerd last night, I ought to know, I say; for, in pint of fact, I am the ingine-eer!"

"Mr. Tummas the ingine-eer!" said all, with one accord.

It is probable, notwithstanding the habitual deference paid to Mister Tummas's rank, that what the Spaniards term a "carcajada," which means a horselaugh, might have quickly followed this simultaneous round of surprise, had not Don Tomas assumed a peculiar air of tranquillity, and thus enunciated himself:

"It is all very well for you to stare, I dessay; you don't know no better. I tell you I am as good as the ingine-eer. I ain't none of your square and compass and cartridge-paper chaps, I ain't; but I *can* handle them tools, too; and many's the time, when in the office, says the governor to me, says he, 'Dawson, *Mister* Dawson, leave off them wages' accounts, and take them compasses and parrerlels, or barometers, as the case might be, and work off sitch and sitch a thing. I may say, then, that I am as good as the ingine-eer of this line—yes, I am the ingine-eer."

The last words were pronounced deliberately, and with dignity; they were rendered still more emphatic by a heavy thump on the table.

The English colloquy would seem not to have been lost on a portion at least of the Spanish company. Imperceptibly, and unnoticed by the English, the Babel of strange sounds amongst the Spaniards soon totally ceased, and now little else was heard but a confused murmur, whilst all eyes were directed to Tom—"*El Ingeniero Ingles.*"

A proud epoch was this in Tom Dawson's life: he had succeeded in demonstrating, not to himself alone, but to a large assembly of Spa-

niards, of all parts, that he really was an engineer! The revelry of the posada had ceased on a sudden, as we have said; an Andaluz, who for the past half-hour had been boisterously strumming his guitar, sat motionless and mute; the noisy Catalans spoke in whispers; even the muchacha, the presiding goddess of the charcoal-fire, ceased from her savoury task, and stared in the face of the *ingeniero Inglès.*

For a period, Tom bore with dignity his blushing honours. To point each moustache, smooth his imperial, and stroke his whiskers, afforded occupation for a time; but, these things done, *then* came a season of embarrassed *gaucherie.* His own companions were mute; partly because of vexation at the idea of speedy dismissal, partly because of the rating of Don Tomas, and also, to some extent, because of the aguardiente which had mounted into their heads.

In short, the posada manifested a silence, embarrassing, if not ominous. There were unaccountable goings in and out, nods, winks, nudges, and beckonings; all of which showed that something was about to transpire.

The period of suspense was not long. No sooner did the Englishmen rise to go away, than the Spaniards, as if by preconcerted signal, sprung upon them with one accord, and threw them on the ground. The next moment the English were bound hand and foot.

It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance, all things considered, that the navvies were at this time stupidly intoxicated. Had their five senses been at work their present condition might have led to outcries for help, for which the knife would have seemed the best remedy. As it was, they bore their treatment with much stoicism. The most *exigeant* of bandits could hardly have complained of their demeanour. A low groan was all that escaped them by way of complaint, and the comical manner in which they rolled their eyes was enough to make even a cut-throat good-humoured.

Not so tractable was Don Tomas. *He* screamed out lustily, begged for mercy in all sorts of terms, and, although his arms and legs were bound, rolled wildly about in the dust to the sad discomfiture of the facial hirsute appendages which had so recently monopolised his best attentions. The truculent Catalan—he of the pointed knife—soon imposed a truce to these exclamations. The same knife he grasped now; and holding it in most disagreeable propinquity to Tom's neck, he promised by every saint of the Spanish calendar to cut his throat outright, if he were not instantly silent.

The threat was efficacious, Tom ceased all noise, and lay perfectly still.

The street-door at this instant flew open, and the muchacha, who had stolen unseen away from her cooking operations, hurried wildly in, her black eyes darting fire, her hair streaming, her aspect full of wild excitement. Accompanying her was a man of rough buccaneering aspect, armed to the teeth, and enveloped in a cloak of russet brown. Touching her stern companion hurriedly on the arm with her left hand, she pointed with the other to the prostrate Don Tomas. It was evident she had played the spy, and like another Delilah had delivered him bound into the hands of the Philistines.

Her companion seemed to be well known to the inmates of the posada, and to claim no small share of their respect. One and all they arose, politely

bowed, and gave the "Buenos tardes" to El Señor Don Alejandro. . Here then was an end to speculation. The stranger was no less than the Carlist guerilla, who had won for himself the name of "El Lobo de las Sierras," or Wolf of the Mountains. That the lobo had been perfectly informed of the progress of events in the posada was clear from his demeanour. He behaved himself as one who had perfectly digested his plan of action to the last minutiæ, and came amply prepared to carry it out. Very few were the words he deigned to utter, but he intimated with sufficient precision by gestures all he desired to have done.

The muchacha would have spoken, but the chief placed his finger to her lips, thus informing her of his pleasure and will that she should remain silent. Meantime his attendants (there were three), concentrating their attention on the lustrous sparkle of his clear black eyes, watched their glances as those who acknowledge commands and are proud to obey.

The manacled Englishman's suspense was not long. The navvies were quietly deposited on a truss of straw, and two stalwart Catalans, approaching the self-installed engineer, lifted him up, hurried him through the crowd of man and beast, and bore him to the outer door.

There stood, ready-saddled and equipped, a small but well-bred horse, dressed, Spanish fashion, with a saddle of sheep's skin, and the bridle furnished with one of those powerful bits which imposes on a restive animal the punishment of a broken jaw before he can well repeat a second kick. Quicker than thought the strings which bound together Tom's legs were unloosed, the attendants lifted him bodily into the saddle, and proceeded to secure him there with wonderful rapidity and practical acquaintance with the mechanical disturbances of mountain horsemanship.

First of all, they tied a cord round his right ankle, passed it with a twist round the girth, then round the left ankle, and, finally bringing it up over the saddle-bow, they bound his wrists tight to the latter; so that in the dusky evening Tom looked not unlike a jockey reining in his steed. All these preparations were sufficiently alarming—so alarming, that once Tom ventured to ejaculate a cry for mercy. It was only once: scarcely had he uttered the cry, when two pistols and a blunderbuss menaced him in front, flank, and rear—whilst el lobo informed him, with great politeness, that silence was the best and safest policy. In another instant, two of the three attendants mounted their horses, placed themselves one on each side of their captive, and, dashing spurs into their steeds, hurried away, the lobo and the other bringing up the rear.

Night had now set in, and the road was rough. Nothing less than the most perfect acquaintance with the mountain passes could have saved the lobo, his prisoner, and the guides from many a fall over the precipitous sides of the mere goat path, along which they pursued their headlong course. On they went, at a round gallop, up the rough sides of a sierra, Tom in the middle, a guerilla soldier on either side, one in front, and the lobo in the rear. This course, after having followed for perhaps two hours the increasing narrowness and danger of the path, necessitated another order of march. Simultaneously, as if by preconcerted signal, the lobo and his attendants abruptly brought their animals to a stand—checking just as abruptly the Englishman's steed; and now for the first time Alejandro, turning towards the Englishman, addressed the latter in his native tongue, with foreign accent it is true, but, nevertheless, with considerable fluency.

"Señor," he said, bowing with great politeness, and taking off his hat, "it pains me much to have thus inconvenienced you, but circumstances afford me no alternative. I am a chief in the service of his highness Don Carlos, and I want an engineer."

Whilst the Carlist enunciated his motive thus, the followers, lifting Tom from his horse, rapidly untied the cords which manacled his limbs. This done, he was free to rise, but rose not. His limbs, paralysed either by the ligatures or by fear, moved not except to tremble. The lobo, who, although called the Wolf, had his moments of compassion like other people, seized him gently by the hands, lifted him up, and set him on his legs. Reeling for an instant, he sank powerless on his knees, and, convulsively throwing his arms around the legs of the chief, gazed up into his face with a vacant stare.

It was enough to have disquieted a man of stouter nerves than Tom, who, torn, stupid and intoxicated as we have seen, from the vine-clad valley below, was now transported, after a short ride of two hours, into what seemed to his disordered imagination another world. In truth, the clime, the scene—the adjuncts were all strange. His labours had been in the fertile valley of Mataro, whence—although he had vacantly gazed on the mountain ridges; had glanced beyond the lower belt of olives and vines; upwards where commences the region of heaving corn; thence upwards still to the zone where Ceres in her turn yields to the empire of the chestnut and the pine; and higher yet, where the bleak rocky peaks loom like ghosts of distant giants in robes of driven snow—nevertheless, this mutation of climate and production, common enough to mountainous regions, had been to him a sort of dreamy unreality, so that now, when the cold blasts of the sierra came whistling and howling in his affrighted ears, the snow streaks seemed goblins; the rugged pines and high fantastic rocks, angels of darker hue; and the wildly gushing mountain torrents, pursuing their headlong course with hissing, howling, and crashing sound, filled him with terror and dismay.

Similar to a mass of inanimate clay moulded into the human form, placed upright on the earth, and abandoned to the gravitating force, was the prisoner at this time. He appeared to collapse upon the earth; to double up; his human lineaments to mingle altogether preparatory to a total abandonment of their human form! Meantime, the chief—naturally robust, proud, and erect of mien, stood from the contrast still more proudly up. His eyes sparkling with redoubled light, and his broad chest expanding to a quickening breath, might altogether have awakened the idea that, by some necromancy of the mountain, two human souls were being fused into one: that the engineer's body was sinking into its native clay, and his immortal part, fleeting away from its mortality, was entering into the soul of the mountain chief!

Scorn was depicted in the features of the Catalan.

"Art thou," he said, "an Englishman? Hast thou aught in common with the rayo, hurling devils of the artileria Inglesa?"

The previous glimpse of the trabujo and brace of pistols had so long restrained the prisoner's tongue by the influence of fear, that, adopting the usual plan of what we complacently denominate the weaker sex, he began to preface what he had to say by a scream. The hollow rocks reechoed the sound; and a vulture, scared from her nightly rest, fluttering about in wild gyrations, took up the chorus by screaming in her turn.

Unquestionably, the most difficult applications of a strange language are praise and reproach; here, if we would steer clear of vulgarity, all the delicacies of a tongue are required; and not unfrequently a person who talks fluently enough at other times, finds that on such occasions his lingual power is gone.

It was all over with Alejandro's English. Burning with rage and snarling with contempt, he spurned the Englishman from him with his foot, and addressed him in his vernacular:

"Calla bribon!" he growled through his set teeth, retiring a pace and cocking his trabujo; "calla! or by the Trinity——"

His reproach terminated inaudibly. The last words mingled with a passing gust and fleeted on; all that he said, therefore, does not appear; but Lavater and his science were false as sin, if the chief at that moment was not seriously debating with himself whether his prisoner were really worth the trouble of capture, and whether a dextrous puñalada might not profitably terminate the night's exploit! So sad a fate was not destined for Tom. The Catalan at length started from his reverie, and, changing his utterance of voluble anger to one of measured command, he communicated the finality of his deliberations.

"A coward! a miserable coward I perceive thou art!" said he; "but still you may be an engineer. Mount, poltroon, and follow me!"

The lobo on this sprung into his saddle, and the attendants caused Tom to do the same.

The cavalcade was now formed, the chief going first, next the captive, finally the attendants, who brought up the rear. This order of march was necessary because of the narrowness of the path. Hitherto their course had been along a rambla, or half-dry mountain torrent, but henceforth the convenience of even so bad a road was to end. The chief, beckoning to the right, put spurs to his horse, and led the way along the doubly precipitous course.

Not only courage, but equestrian dexterity was required. Confusion at the sight of so bad a path might have entered into a stouter breast than that of Don Tomas; who, now perfectly sober and alive to his true position, solaced also by a vague feeling of pride, at length brought reason to his aid and found coherent speech. He expressed his desire to be of all manner of use to the worthy gentleman, but vowed he could never ride across yonder ledge of rock—that he should fall, and break his neck, when as a matter of the clearest demonstration he would be no good to anybody.

There was reason in all this, and the mountaineer was not slow to see it. Hitherto Tom had been a prostrate nonentity; he was now at least a thinking animal.

Desperate as the first few hundred paces of the mountain pass seemed to him, they were set at nought by the practised guerillas. The rearguard pranced and caracolled; and as for the lobo, who as we have seen was in the van, he set so completely at defiance the dangers which terrified Don Tomas, that although one step forward would have carried him to a spot of comparative safety, yet he curbed his horse back on a sort of natural bridge scarcely a foot wide, on either side of which yawned a frightful precipice.

"True," remarked Alejandro, in reference to Dawson's protestation,—"true," said he, carelessly backing his horse towards the captive,

"amigo, the remark is just. Should you take it in head to reel on your saddle as you just now reeled on your legs, the end is quite clear. Bind him to the saddle again."

The order was no sooner uttered than obeyed, Tom submitting this time with good grace to the bonds.

"Vamonos!"

This signal for flight was repeated by the guards, and down came with violent swing a rope's end on the crupper of Tom's horse.

The animal kicked furiously, snorted, clattered up the rambla bank, cleared at a leap a ridge of rocks, and finally tripped over the precipitous bridge at a quick run.

The remainder of the journey was prosecuted without much talk on either side; the Carlists were now within their own lines, and so far from the valley that fear of surprise was no longer entertained. The chief, therefore, reining in his horse to an easy amble, and the rest following his example, the prisoner's equestrian powers were less sorely taxed than they had been. At length at dawn of day their proposed destination was reached.

The Carlist chief, although ignorant of the art of fortification, at least knew that, unlike the turreted strongholds of ancient chivalry, low and thick walls were the best protection against gunpowder and cannon-balls.

Long had these guerilla mountain retreats been inaccessible to the assaults of cannon, and hence the dashing, reckless chieftains had full scope for the display of their hardy valour; lately, however, the Christinos had furnished and equipped some light field-pieces, which, borne on the back of mules, found their way occasionally to mountain fastnesses seemingly inaccessible to such weapons.

To render the inequality still greater between the Carlist guerillas and the regulars, the English marine artillery had instructed the Christinos in the use of the Congreve rocket, that terrible weapon which, combining the power of the cannon with the facility of being carried to wherever a man could climb, occasionally played great havoc with the guerillas, and will long be remembered by them under the name of "*el rayo Ingles*," or the English thunderbolt.

The reader then will be at no loss to understand the new necessity which had sprung up for the genius of an engineer.

The edifice *into* which the Carlists and their prisoner rode (for mounted horsemen ride *into* houses in Spain) was built in rough conformity with what a mountaineer considered to be the true principles of a castle of defence; and although a Vauban perhaps might have detected a flaw in some of its details, it had more than once done good service in protecting its inmates from the light mountain guns of the enemy. It was to the task of strengthening this citadel that Tom was expected to devote his energies.

A flat table of rugged ground thickly studded with fragments of rock was the site, which, being cleared of stone and levelled, formed a large court-yard; the stone itself, rolled or pushed to the sides of the square, were there erected into Cyclopean walls, constituting a range of barrack-like edifices, replete with every comfort a mountain chief and his retainers could desire. A mess-room was situated in one angle of this hollow square, and here it was that, the journey being at an end, the chief and his prisoner of honour and his retinue were seated; Tom gloomily staring around the hall, leaving untouched the smoking viands before him, and

the others more sensibly employed in discussing the merits of ham and tomatoes.

Presently the report of a gun booms through the distance: too loud for a musket—too loud even for a trabujo. Another and another succeed, and now a ball crashing through the roof falls on the table, pierces it, and buries itself in the floor. A mule battery had been planted so as to command the citadel.

All eyes were bent towards the scene of destruction, yet few were the words spoken. A stern smile played for an instant over the chief's features, as glancing from the corpse-like pallor of the Englishman to the heaps of rubbish on the floor raised by the cannon-ball, he possibly contrasted the prisoner's terror with his own nonchalance. Then hurriedly finishing his meal, he arose, and, unslinging his blunderbuss from the wall, began to examine its condition and contents.

His band—some three hundred in number—had already done the same, and now they stood, armed to the teeth, a stern and stalwart crew, ready for any command their chief might utter.

Symptoms of the coming fray increase. Arms clatter, cartridges are handed about, and the click of the gun-lock mingles with the blood-curdling sound of knives being sharpened against the rough stone walls! The chief waves his hand and calls attention by the usual Spanish method of a short serpent-like hiss.

Obedient to the signal, all are instantly quiet. The men stand listening for his word of command. Bang, bang, bang! quickly follow the report of three mule guns, and, true to their aim, the iron missiles crash along the roof, and ricochetting fly on beyond the limits of the fortress.

The chieftain appeared determined to take things very coolly. Without discomposing himself, even by gesture in the slightest degree, he simply directed his eyes towards some rocky fragments which the missiles had dislodged, and dryly uttered the Spanish proverb, "that, although the dog barks, the moon still follows her course;" thus indicating his resolve not to depart from a fixed line of action merely because of the annoyance of some few cannon-balls.

Then turning towards his companions, he shouted *Pascual!* In answer to this summons, one of his retainers advanced from the ranks, bearing a basket full of hard eggs, and an earthen cantaro or jug. Such provision for creature-comfort may strike the reader as somewhat out of place, but the explanation is this. The attack had not only been foreseen, but premeditated—brought about by the guerilla himself, although not its exact time. The enemy was about to fall into one of his toils. He must presently sally forth with his retainers and do battle, but meantime what is to become of the captured engineer?

Very fertile in expedients was the brain of the chief. In the event of such a casualty as an attack at this time, he had by anticipation devised a plan for the prisoner's safe custody; and this too without a guard. In one corner of the court-yard or patio of which we have spoken there was a deep draw well, into the bucket of which the captive along with his eggs was thrust; Alejandro duly explaining to him that his safe custody alone was intended. Thus equipped, they lowered him, turn by turn, until he arrived within easy reach of the water, of which salubrious fluid he had abundant means of helping himself *ad libitum*, by means of his jug.

Turn by turn as they let him down a groan escaped and piteously re-

verberated up the shaft; at last a peg was driven into the windlass, and the bucket came to a stand.

Philosophers tell us, that being in a deep well one can look up and see the stars even at mid-day. If this be true, Tom had abundant leisure to work out his destiny in profoundest tranquillity by communion with the heavenly bodies. Was there no hope of escape?—None. A skilful climber would have mounted that chain you think—*would* he? The lobo might have been called fox as well as wolf, if named from another of his striking qualities. He was not to be thus deceived. Every here and there, on the chain's length, was securely tied a most uncomfortable bunch of cactus leaves, bristling with their rigid spines, and he who would have climbed such a gauntlet must, indeed, have possessed tough skin!

There was no hope—none. So there he sat, and there we will leave him.

The crash of artillery grows louder and more frequent; the Carlists have sallied out to meet the foe. Minute after minute fleets away, and cannon reports alone are heard. A quarter of an hour passes, and only a few musket-shots are borne towards the ear.

Let us approach the field of strife.

Surmounting, or *commanding* as military men would say, the plateau of the Carlist fort, was another plateau of much larger size. This, the Christino mule battery had gained, and thence from a distance of about 600 yards they directed a furious assault against the fort.

Opposed to the Christinos, and at a distance of about 100 yards, were some fifty guerillas of the lobo's band, who, guarding themselves as best they could by shrubs and projecting rocks, kept up against the assailants a fire of musketry. No single discharge was wasted. The Carlists were cool and self-possessed. Each musket being fired on the rest, the band had much of the power of riflemen; and the Christino officers falling one by one, rendered it necessary that the fifty should be dislodged.

For that purpose a troop of infantry, putting themselves in motion, left the plateau at given command; and steadying themselves in their descent by shrubs and projecting rocks, hastened towards the ambushed fifty with the view of driving them from their position.

No sooner had the last soldier of this band left the plateau than the whole bulk of the Carlist chieftain's men poured down on the artillery in the rear. Whilst the fifty were attacking the main body of the enemy's troops in front, the others had stealthily executed a flanking movement, gained the rear, and now charged wildly on their antagonists.

The Christinos were caught in the lobo's net, and although superior in number and in arms, they were irretrievably lost!

Short but frightful was the scene that ensued. Hand to hand they fought with the stern valour of those who neither give, nor receive quarter. In the mêlée the discharge of firearms would have endangered friend as well as foe. As if it had been arranged by common consent, the combat now resolved itself into a mêlée of bayonets and knives. Occasionally an explosion of firearms was heard; but this was merely of a pistol, used in combat so close that the bullet could not miss its aim. At such work, between guerillas and regulars, the issue of a conflict is usually neither doubtful nor prolonged. It was not in this case. The guerillas soon cleared the plateau of every living being, and returned to

their stronghold. The sun rose and dried the gory rivulets into streaks which glittered under his beams; the mountain breeze wafted the groans of the dying to the vulture's eyrie; and ere the shades of night set in, these carrion birds had gorged on the flesh of many a soldier who a few short hours before contended in all the arrogance of war for the honour of his Queen!

But what became of Dawson and his eggs? Why, to cut a long matter short, the end of his romance was this. The battle being over, there were dead to be buried and wounded to be dressed; and it was not until after Tom had remained twenty-four hours in his deep recess that the idea came into anybody's head to wind him up. Now there were wounded to be dressed, as we have intimated, and a notion of English talent having run very high, the doctor of the Mataro railway line had been inveigled, not solely against his will it is said, to lend his professional aid. By the lips of this functionary, the mountain chief was assured, with many a boisterous laugh, that after all his trouble he had kidnapped the wrong man—a mere labourer at a few reals per week!

"Amigo lobo!" said the doctor, slapping the chief familiarly on the back, "your character for sharpness is gone for ever."

"Caramba!" retorted the Catalan, "it was in the dark I caught him."

"Bueno, bueno! but hoist the poor devil out. I won't disclose the fact nor damage your character."

The Catalan, although vexed, could not restrain a smile at the ridiculous mistake he had made. He bit his nails with embarrassment, and smiled by turns; then beckoning to an attendant, he bade him turn the winch.

Click! click! click! Each revolution brought the buried Tom a turn nearer to the surface. Long confinement is said to have a paralysing effect upon the limbs. In this case it was quite the reverse. No sooner did Tom arrive within leaping distance, and before his head arrived on a level with the well's mouth, he made a sudden spring, bounded out, and settled amidst the assembled crowd on all fours. He was dripping with pearly moisture; and this, together with his strange action, staring eyes, and widely gaping mouth, reminded one strongly of a frog.

"Bueno, bueno, buenissimo!" shouted the Spaniards, on observing Tom's feat.

"Well done, Tom!" exclaimed the doctor; "that's what comes of living amongst frogs."

Tom's surprise at meeting his own doctor may be so easily imagined that we will not detain the reader by any remarks of our own on that point—neither will we waste his time by informing him of the various jokes and jibes which Tom had to put up with.

Whilst the Spaniards amused themselves by these *jeux d'esprit*, the doctor, making a very polite bow to the lobo, and proffering him a cigarrito, dryly remarked, "That truth was usually said to reside in a well, but that on this occasion the well had sent forth what to the best of his belief was the incarnation of every lie, past, present, and to come."

Need it be said that the real engineer ever after kept a bright look-out for his own safety, lest he should be obliged to accept the dangerous responsibility of placing in battery the lobo's newly acquired park of guns?

ASSIZE SCENES.

THE GRAND JURY FARCE.

A ROOM full of rosy-gilled, John Bull-looking squires, in full cry after various subjects—hay, harrows, horses, hounds—is startled by a flourish of trumpets, and the rushing in of a white-wanded bailiff, exclaiming, "Gentlemen of the grand jury wanted in *Kurt!*" They forthwith hide their hats and canes, hoping they won't be stolen, pull on their buckskin gloves, and scramble into a spacious pen of a box just as the judge, Baron Funnyfile, is bowing to Messrs. Briefless, Dunup, Drearyface, and other ornaments of the "rope walk," before taking his seat for the day. Silence being at length obtained, the commission of the peace is called over, and her Majesty's most gracious proclamation against vice and immorality openly read. The magnates of the grand-jury box then answer to their names and are sworn, the florid verbiage of the foreman's oath contrasting with the plainness of the "you say ditto to that" of the rest.

His lordship then turns sideways in his richly carved crimson velvet chair, and glancing a laughing eye along the line of looming waistcoats, thus addresses the standing men inside them: "Gentlemen of the grand (hem) inquest,—it is extremely gratifying (hem) to see such a full attendance of gentlemen of your (hem) figure and substance in the county"—his lordship thinking he never saw so many fat men before,—"many of you, I make no doubt, have left your homes at great personal sacrifice and inconvenience"—(and, to himself, "perhaps injury to your hay"). "The benefit of a resident magistracy," continues he, "fulfilling all the (hem) duties of their high station in the exemplary way they do in this county is abundantly testified by the lightness of the calendar before me"—(or, *sotto voce*, "it may be from not having a rural police to hunt up your crime")—aloud: "your experience as magistrates"—(to himself, "a nice set of Solomons you are, I dare say)—aloud again: "will enable you to deal with any cases that may be brought before you. As you are not encumbered with depositions, or anything to distract your attention, you will, perhaps, soon be able to favour me with a commencement of those valuable (hem) services for which a grateful (hem) country can never be sufficiently (hem) thankful." Whereupon his lordship makes a solemn bow, which the grand jury return, each man after his own fashion, and they all scuttle away to the place from whence they came, hoping to find their hats where they left them, declaring that his lordship is a most agreeable, sensible man, and believing that they are going to be uncommonly useful.

SCENE THE SECOND.—THE GRAND JURY ROOM.

Four-and-twenty Grand Jurors ranged at a long green baize-covered Table, garnished with Pens, Ink, and Paper.—Time, an hour or so after the above.

A GENERAL hum of conversation—much such as prevails at a race ordinary on the removal of the cloth; Mr. Girths asking Mr. Blinkers what he will take for his brown mare; Squire Screecher wondering whether Captain Dips will want a subscription if he takes the hounds; Mr. Lark-

spur inquiring after some lupins he had sent Mrs. Poppy; old Mr. Moneybags declaring he won't vote for young Lord Longbow, unless he'll support a fixed duty on corn; another asking about the dinner hour —a general hum of conversation, we say, is interrupted by the loud knocking of Sir Thomas Ninepence, the foreman, on the table, followed by cries of "Silence, silence! order! chair!" from those who have been making the most noise.

The worthy baronet, assisted by a few friends on either side, has been endeavouring to grope his way to the truth through a long list of witnesses, on the back of a formidable bill of indictment, against the celebrated Lucifer Crowbar, the London cracksman, for burglary, and which, though bolstered up with a fine array of circumstantial evidence, is deficient in the main proof. The fact is, that Tom Riverags, the great thieves' attorney, has mesmerised the principal witness, Joseph Hobnail, whose farmhouse was broken into, and Joe's memory has failed him.

What he swore to point blank before the magistrate he only *thinks* now; and altogether he is painfully conscientious. He "wouldn't like to swear nothin' he's not certain of." There's an earnest honesty about his wrinkled sunburnt face, shaded with venerable snow-white locks, that looks like truth. Sir Thomas Ninepence is puzzled. "Pray attend to this, gentlemen!" he exclaims, from the top of the table.

"What's the number?" asks Mr. Blinkers, referring to his calendar.

"Six," replies Mr. Screecher, across the table.

"Is that the assault on the woman?" asks Mr. Badlad, from below.

"*No*," growls Mr. Prettyman, with a frown.

Sir Thomas, in a clear business-like way, then states the difficulty, observing that he does not think a petty jury will convict on the evidence, while if they ignore the bill, and any fresh evidence be afterwards procured, Crowbar can then be put on his trial.

"That's to say if you can catch him again," observes Mr. Screecher.

"Wish you may get him!" exclaims Mr. Larkspur.

"Bird in the hand's worth two in the bush," suggests Mr. Blinkers.

"Precious little chance of getting any further evidence if he's in the hands of any of the great unhung," observes Mr. Girths. "Alibis, five pounds; suppression of evidence, two pound ten; witnesses to character, seven and sixpence each." (Laughter.)

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think?" asks Sir Thomas.

"O! give him a squeak for it now," says Mr. Poppy.

"Cost no more," observes Mr. Blinkers.

"No doubt he did it," says Mr. Snoreem.

"Or something quite as bad," joins Mr. Boreem.

"Or he wouldn't be here," asserts Mr. Floorem.

"His name's enough," adds Mr. Quorum."

On a show of hands, however, the bill is thrown out, and, on the application of Mr. Drearyface, his lordship allows the costs of the judicial farce.

The filthy "rags" reels off with the prisoner, vowing that he will bring an action on behalf of his *most* respectable and *much*-injured client!

DE BARANTE'S HISTORY OF THE CONVENTION.*

A HISTORY of the Convention, by M. de Barante, has, as may be well conceived, excited a great sensation in Paris. If Müller can be cited as at the head of the school of descriptive historians, M. de Barante at once occupied for himself, by his "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," a position only second to that of the great historian of the Helvetians; and, with the exception of Daru, the historian of Venice, it is difficult to find any one who, by his merits and essentially descriptive character, can be assimilated to or ranked with the historian of the Dukes of Burgundy.

M. de Barante has always had the skill and good taste to adapt his works to the national feelings of his countrymen; and in no country are all classes of persons more deeply national, more keenly alive to national topics, than in France. Thus it was that the "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," although it only includes the dukes of the Valois dynasty—embracing as it does that portion of French history in which the qualities of the nation are displayed to the best advantage, and the details of which (though it suffered at that epoch one of its most signal defeats from the English) are peculiarly calculated to excite and gratify the patriotic feelings of a Frenchman—could not fail to be a fortunate and popular subject.

But if such was M. de Barante's success in exhibiting the policy of the most politic of the kings of France, in dismembering the estates of a formidable neighbour, what must it be when the same attractive pen, which, professedly avoiding the practice adopted by the sentimental and philosophical historians, of systematising and generalising and filling his pages with discussions on doubtful or disputed points, devotes itself to chronicle the "History of the Convention," and that at a crisis like the present in France? In the Great Revolution, the world witnessed the spectacle of a nation, the most refined and polished of Europe, whose pride was its unbounded loyalty, making the correction of some undoubted abuses the stepping-stone to fanatic license, pulling down every relic and mark of the prowess and wisdom of their ancestors, trampling religion and morality under foot, overturning the altars and the throne, and murdering a simple-hearted king, whose every wish had been to move with the desires of his people. Then was vice seated in the place of virtue, licentious liberty worshipped as the only god, anarchy and the despotism of armed mobs substituted for government. The hand of this people was now against every other people, and every one's hand was against them; and as a sequence, the necessities of war brought on the rule of military despotism—a military empire—which lasted till the power and insatiable ambition of a soldier of fortune worked out the destruction of his enormous kingdom.

The history of the future of France is only then to be seen, and that

* Histoire de la Convention Nationale, par M. de Barante, de l'Academie Française. Tomes i. et ii.

but partially and dimly, by reference to the past. The reform of undoubted abuses led in the last revolution, as in the first, to the overflow of the insurrectionary torrent, and an incapability on the part of its very originators to restrain its progress. The humanity of the poet-orator, and the moralities of speculative rather than of a Christian philosophy, saved the country for a while from anarchy and bloodshed, but the leaven of all revolutions still found its way to the surface, and was only conquered by military power; in this case by the unprecedented anomaly of an ultra democratic soldier obliged to make way for the shadow of a name. The analogies in minuter details are still more curious; and the future lies in the struggle of the revolutionary and republican principle, with personal ambitions, with an hereditary and divine right, and with imperial ascendancy. No wonder that France should turn shuddering and affrighted at the position in which rebellion has placed her in, to consult the living drama of passions, and the vengeful and sanguinary scenes that were enacted so few years ago, under social and political circumstances, that only differed from the present in an almost inappreciable degree!

M. de Barante argues, and with great show of truth, that the actual moment, when many witnesses of the scenes enacted still lived, was not the best to write the "History of the Convention." As an example, he quotes Garat's contemporaneous history, in which the seditions of the town of Paris, the fearful struggles which absorbed all the energies of the Convention, universal disorder, absence of all government, and the crimes and misfortunes that followed, are all attributed to the course of events rather than to the will of men. Borrowing from Pascal an eloquent contemplation of human nature, Garat exclaimed, "What novelty!—what a chaos!—what a subject of contradiction!—what a chimera is this Convention? Judge of all things; a mass of uncertainties; the glory and the refuse of the universe. If it boasts, I humiliate it; if it humbles itself, I exalt it. I continue to contradict it, till it understands that it is itself an incomprehensible monster."

M. de Barante says, that without being positively a contemporary, or possessing the talent which M. Garat exacted from an historian of the Convention, he has, at least, had the advantage of having been an eyewitness of the aspect of France at that terrible epoch. Without belonging to the generation which took an active part in the struggles of factions, he full well remembers the sufferings of the country, the mourning of families decimated by the scaffold and spoiled of their inheritances; he had not forgot that stupor which weighed down even upon childhood, nor the public misery which constituted the equality of the time:

Yet there have been those who are not satisfied with admiring what they consider to be the magnificence of the spectacle, the extraordinary and incomprehensible character of the personages, and who delight in the emotions inspired by so much movement, so much energy, so many passions let loose, so many sufferings spread over a whole nation, and who speak of the misfortunes of our fathers as a splendid yet terrible tragedy. They have also wished to impose upon us sentiments of gratitude for the tyranny exercised in the midst of these sanguinary hazards; after having attributed their crimes to a fatal necessity and to the force of events, they pretended that honour must be paid for them to a skilful policy, to noble and expansive views, and to systems which were to give to humanity an unknown happiness.

It would be first requisite to know what works the Convention left behind it; what remains to us of its laws; what institutions it founded; for what liberties we are indebted to it. We preserve a grateful memory for the generations which procured for us the records of the States-General, which established equality of rights, national representation, and free deliberation upon public affairs; which wished to make of the exercise of power not a right so much as a duty, and which proclaimed that sovereignty has for its title the interest of the public. But men to whom these benefits did not suffice, and who, from ambition, envy, and vain pride, laboured to destroy one form of society to found another—these men, who commenced their enterprise by insurrection, to continue it by the scaffold, who led astray and deceived the working classes by testifying towards them an hypocritical sympathy—who vainly endeavoured to embody their political maxims into a code, and to give a form of government to their passions—what have they done but abolish all liberty, so as to establish their own power? What manners did they instal in civilised France? To what ideas did they accustom the mind of the public? To what spectacles did they subject the imaginations? Long years have been necessary to cure the evils which they brought about, and to re-teach the country in what good order, security, the free development of human activity, welfare and prosperity consist.

The Convention, or, to speak more correctly, the rebels who had destroyed the constitutional monarchy, had to establish a republic in France. If they had been unanimous, or if they had ever known what they were about, they might have succeeded; for opinion had succumbed before fear; but they only heaped faults upon faults, and crimes upon crimes; the punishments inflicted arising from their own tyranny and exactions. The history of this Convention, M. de Barante adds, would not have been written but for the revolution of February. "What the public has now seen, and what it has suffered, has prepared it to receive the truth,—it will find that to be likely which it would before have taxed with exaggeration or prejudice; it will recognise the same symptoms of revolutionary disease as are now in existence; the same wanderings of the human mind; the same chimeras of pride; the same use made of popular passions, excited in order to serve other passions, or to recruit an army under the orders of ambition, envy, and hatred; it will find the same doctrines, sophisms, and lies recently renewed which were employed sixty years ago, to bring about civil wars, bloody seditions, legislative assassinations, and the ruin of the country, without any of the promises lavished by the pretended friends of the people having ever been accomplished by them. The republic of 1793," M. de Barante continues, some pages afterwards, "felt that it was incompatible with French society; the republic of 1848 has not failed to acknowledge that it is the same with regard to itself; is it not natural, then, that we should place so little faith or hope in its future prospects?"

We may, at the present day, pass over those proceedings of the Legislative Assembly which, previous to the 10th of August, paved the way to the commons of Paris, to the massacres of the 2nd of September, and to the Convention on the 21st of the same month. The National Assembly, or, to speak more correctly, the minority, which continued to hold its sittings in chambers which were themselves invaded by the insurrection, had sanctioned the fall of the government. The minority had thus arrogated to itself, as it has threatened to do in our times, a sovereign power superior to the law which it abolished; at the same time that it no longer possessed a shadow of authority. No one thought of obeying it; it could not itself dream of holding the command. Had it wished it,

there was no force at its disposal, nor had it any means for re-establishing public order. Without, all was anarchy, and a useless struggle was being prolonged till it became a massacre.

On the 10th of August, after the Swiss had abandoned the Carousel, of which they held victorious possession,* to withdraw into the garden, where the king ordered them to cease the combat and to give up their arms, those who had got as far as the Assembly were shut up in the Church *des Feuillants*, and their officers in the rooms of the convent. The deputies, whatever might be their opinions or their party, were at this time almost unanimous in endeavouring to prevent the massacres. The sanguinary fury of the populace still inspired them with horror and pity. Thus most of the Swiss officers were saved during the night by the exertions of Bruat, who procured disguises for them and facilitated their evasion.

Next morning, when the deputies reassembled, one of the first things that occupied them was the safety of the soldiers shut up in the church, and whom the mob demanded with loud execrations to be put to death. Petitions were presented to spare their lives. Lacroix, Bazire, and Chabot, whose opinions, language, and conduct gave them a title to the confidence of the insurrectionists, undertook to calm their passions; but they had to bend on their knees to implore the pity of the combatants before they could succeed. This was the only success that humanity met with.

The palace being no longer defended, the Marseillais, and Santerre, and Westermann's followers, returned without having met with any resistance. Nevertheless, in order to make things certain they fired a battery of six guns several times against the palace. For fourteen years afterwards the façade was still seen riddled with shot, and upon each place the words 10 *Août* were inscribed. It was only in 1806 that the Emperor Napoleon had the walls repaired and the inscriptions effaced:

> During this second attack upon the Tuileries, the line of buildings which divided the three courts and separated them from the Carousel was set fire to: nor was the fire allowed to be put out; such was the disorder and fury aroused by the combat that the insurgents shot at the firemen who came to stop the mischief. These buildings were thus destroyed, and the ruins having been cleared away the three court-yards formed only one, which was divided off from the Carousel by a boarding, which stood there till the year 1800. The construction of the railing was finished, and it was opened to public view on the day when the First Consul came to take up his abode at the Tuileries. An inscription had stood above the door of the wooden partition, to the effect that "The 10th of August loyalty was abolished; it will never raise its head again." This inscription disappeared long before the proclamation of the empire.
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> It was then by the light of flames, amidst the bodies of the wounded and the dead, that the insurgents advanced upon the palace. A few Swiss soldiers had still remained there, and they hastened into the central vestibule, where were three

* It is not a little curious to find the Emperor Napoleon quoted by M. de Barante as the chief authority for the success of the Swiss. In the "Memorial of St. Helena," the Emperor relates that he was witness of the attack upon the Tuileries on the 10th of August; and he says: "The Swiss served the artillery successfully; in ten minutes the Marseillais were driven as far as the Rue de l'Echelle, and they did not return till the Swiss were withdrawn by the king's order."

guns, which they made use of to cover their retreat into the garden, by stopping the Marseillais a few moments. Eighty men alone remained, resolved to defend the grand staircase. The insurgents attacked them there, and the struggle was a deadly one, the assailants losing many of their number. In a quarter of an hour the latter made themselves masters of the passage, and forced their way into the apartments, trampling upon the bodies, finishing off the wounded, and killing whomsoever they met with; sometimes they cut their throats, at others they threw them out of the windows, where they fell on the pikes of the men below. The Swiss, however, continued to defend themselves bravely; the insurgents had to fight their way from room to room; seventeen Swiss were slaughtered in the chapel, selling their lives dearly. The gentlemen had almost all had time to descend by the staircase of the Pavilion of Flora into the garden; the aged and those who could not follow them in their flight were not spared. The ushers and other attendants were all put to death. It was with infinite trouble that, by speaking in the name of the municipality, a few men who seemed to have some authority on their bands succeeded in saving the females that were found in the palace. "Do not dishonour the nation," they said,—"spare the women!"

It was no longer the ardour of the combat that animated this rage and this thirst for blood. The authors of the insurrection, those who had excited and launched forth this barbarous crowd, had foreseen to what excesses they would go; they relied upon it to spread a deeper terror, to insure their victory and their domination. The circumstances of the day had still further increased and more especially propagated these ferocious dispositions. In all such battles, the combatants are always accompanied by persons attracted by the noise and carried away by the impulse, who do not consider the danger, and who expose themselves to it without having come to seek it. These auxiliaries of an insurrection count upon an easy victory; it is promised to them in order to recruit them. The beginning of the day had kept up this assurance among these second-class insurgents: there was no resistance in the streets, nor during the march; the Carousel was occupied without any difficulty; the gates of the court were broken open before a gun or even a musket had been fired; the artillery of the national guard fraternised with the insurrectionists; the king had withdrawn to the Assembly, and then, all at once, in consequence of a struggle that had taken place on the staircase, which, amidst so much noise, was neither seen nor heard, the Swiss fired through the windows on a scarcely armed crowd. This appeared as an act of treachery—a trap laid for the populace—and it was followed by a feeling of furious resentment, which rendered the mob more cruel than it would otherwise have been.

The palace of the Tuileries, soiled by the massacres, was also given up to plunder and to the savage amusement of a populace inebriated with disorder and destruction; furniture, ornaments, statues, and pictures, were broken down, cast out of the windows into the flames. It was the sack of a city carried by assault, and put to fire and sword.

The environs of the Tuileries had been at the same time the theatre of other massacres. The Swiss, who had taken refuge in the garden, had been joined there by a few gentlemen and national guards, who had escaped from the Pavilion of Flora, not without the loss of many of their number: some were murdered before they could get out of the palace, others were exposed to a deadly fire as they issued into the garden. United with the Swiss they turned their steps towards the Assembly, fired upon all sides, from the water-terrace, the terrace *des Feuillants*, and by clusters of insurrectionists who had followed them into the garden. On reaching the steps of the terrace *des Feuillants* they were received with a murderous fire. Obliged to seek the shelter of the trees, they presented themselves before the gate of the Place Louis XV.; it was closed, but they succeeded in finding a passage to the staircase which leads from the water-terrace upon the quays, at the angle of the garden, at that time called the Dauphin's Garden; arrived at length upon the place they were charged there by the *gendarmes à cheval*, who ought to have fought with them in defence of their king, and who had revolted against their officers. Upon this the fugitives dispersed in small parties, few of which were spared; pursued in every direction, they were massacred, some upon the place, others in the Champs Elysées, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, at the corner of the *Rue de Chaillot*; some got as far as the Place Vendôme, where they perished; M. de Montmolin, their officer, was cut to pieces at the foot of the statue of Louis XIV.

Everywhere they were tracked from street to street; a red coat sufficed to put a plebeian in a fury; peacable citizens were massacred for no other cause; others perished because their dress, or their hair, or some other faint resemblance, caused them to be suspected of being *chevaliers du poignard*, escaped in disguise from the palaces. Their bodies were stripped, mutilated, cut into pieces, and the fragments of flesh were carried in triumph on the top of pikes; some horrible women were not among the least sanguinary.

There were other acts of revenge, other murders committed, which cannot be referred either to the ardour of the combat or to plebeian fury. Such was the case with M. de Clermont Tonnerre, one of the most distinguished members of the Constituent Assembly, and who was brutally murdered at the section of the Croix Rouge. The new administration of the commons of Paris, the only authority which could have attempted to stay the effusion of blood, made no efforts to impede these massacres. This new council, which had taken possession of the Hôtel de Ville, had usurped the power of the Assembly, the Girondists alone offering a feeble resistance. The men who entered into its composition were guided solely by the ferocious passions of the common murderer, or by a wish to erect into a system of political necessity crimes, the repression of which would have compromised them, or have diminished the only hold which they had upon a licentious and vindictive mob. They had no plan of conduct, no system to establish, not an idea for the morrow. To destroy and to reign by force upon the ruins which they had made comprised their whole policy. Such men as Danton did not even trouble their own common sense. They permitted themselves to be dazzled by action, and to be excited by the game of the revolutions, without considering the moment of gain or loss.

On the 11th of August the Assembly met at seven in the morning. The king and his family occupied the same benches. There alone they were in safety. Santerre, the commandant of the national guard, appointed by the council of the commons, came, in the course of the day, to urge that the royal family should not quit the precincts of the Assembly. After the question of saving the few Swiss who had escaped the massacres had been discussed, that of regulating the destruction of public monuments was brought forward. Some members not totally void of common sense urged that the Assembly could not authorise the destruction of public monuments; but although a man had been killed the day before in tumbling down the statue of Louis XIV. on the Place Vendôme, the observation was exceedingly ill received. The fact was, that the destruction of monuments was looked upon as a mode of proclaiming the abolition of royalty. A passer-by was looking sorrowfully at the statue of Henry IV. lying upset upon the Pont Neuf. Another spectator, looking to the meaning of this destruction, said, "It is not Henry IV. who is tumbled down, it is the statue of Louis XVII."

Danton promised to protect the Assembly. Pétion, once more elected to the mayoralty, declared that he had spoken "to the people—that people always so good, so just—and his exhortations had sufficed to dissipate the tumultuous gatherings." But these effusions failed to calm the Assembly. It was known by the end of the second day that 700 Swiss soldiers and 22 officers had been slain in the defence of the palace or in

the retreat. Besides these were 20 royalist national guards, 3 commandants of the national guard, 40 gendarmes, 100 persons attendants of the king, the patrol massacred early in the morning before the combat, M. de Clermont Tonnerre, 20 gentlemen who endeavoured to penetrate to the Tuileries, or who were killed in attempting an evasion, and, lastly, 200 men executed as thieves, without trial. The insurgents lost 500 men; and it is said that 3000 persons of the crowd that filled the Carousel and the courts of the palace and the gardens fell beneath the fire of guns and musketry.

The notice given in a late number of the *New Monthly* of the Memoirs of Mirabeau served to show how much of the history even of the Great Revolution remains yet to be written. That work places the false estimate of the position of that great man, as given by Mr. Alison, in a remarkable light. But when we come to the meagre and unsatisfactory details culled by the same writer from the pages of Mignet, Lacretelle, and Thiers, and compare them with the practical and detailed descriptions of M. de Barante, we feel more than ever the difference existing between a mere sentimental moraliser and a vigorous historical narrator. The capture of the Tuileries and the fall of the monarchy occupy just two pages of the octavo edition, in ten ponderous volumes, of Mr. Alison's work! The same all-important event fills twelve pages of M. de Barante's eloquent recital. When the English historian enters into detail, it is in one sole instance, in which he relates a fact, apocryphal in itself, not noticed by Mignet, Lacretelle, Thiers, Toulangeon, or De Barante, and contradicted by the facts of the case themselves, even as presented to us elsewhere by Mr. Alison. The instance in question is, that some of the Swiss, when in the gardens of the Tuileries, having climbed up the marble monuments "which adorn that splendid spot," the insurgents abstained from firing, lest they should injure the statuary, but pricked them with their bayonets till they came down, and then murdered them at their feet—"an instance," says Mr. Alison, "of *taste for art* mingled with revolutionary cruelty perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world." (Vol. i., p. 332.) Nor does it appear that this instance ought to find a place in the history of the world. How little does it tally with the descriptions so vividly given by De Barante of the fifty men drunk with wine and fury, apparently travestied into theatrical brigands, headed by Westermann, with his great red feather, who first came to hands with the Swiss. Still less does it tally with the fierce cannonade of the palace itself, or with the sacking of the palace and the breaking to pieces of its magnificent furniture by drunken savages, recorded by Mr. Alison. (Vol. i., p. 455.) But more than that, the same writer has also recorded at page 456, "that the emblems of royalty, the statues of kings, were, by orders of the commune, entirely destroyed. Those of bronze were carried to the foundry of cannon. Even the name of Henry IV. could not protect his image from destruction." We have seen from De Barante that the destruction *entrait dans les projets des meneurs de la sédition*—that it was proposed to the Assembly *de rendre cette destruction regulière!* Is it likely that the same savage iconoclasts would, as a matter of *taste*, spare the enemy to save a piece of uncared-for statuary? The very idea is absurd.

But let us turn to M. de Barante:

The decree of suspension had assigned the Luxembourg as a residence for the king. The commons expressed itself at once opposed to this arrangement. The Assembly, after having heard the report of a commission, decreed that the hôtel of the minister of justice, on the Place Vendôme, should be reserved for an habitation for the king and his family. Danton had himself agreed to this arrangement. The king was to remain under the surveillance of the commandant of the national guard, and a sum of 500,000 francs was assigned for the expenses of the house until the day of the assembly of the National Convention.

The terms of the decree were becoming, and preserved a certain respect. This was a consequence of the projects of the Girondists, and of the preference given to suspension over forfeiture, or total privation of power. The king was thus placed in a provisional situation—a prisoner, no doubt, but prisoner of the Assembly, and placed in its neighbourhood and under its authority.

Such an arrangement was not, however, at all conformable to the intentions and the will of the real conquerors of the 10th of August. It was essential for their purposes that the king should be in the hands of the men who constituted the commons, and not the prisoner of the Girondists. Such an alternative would also suit Danton quite as well as the project of giving up the abode of the minister of justice as a residence for the royal family. Holding himself in readiness for any *dénouement* whatsoever, "It is I who shall save the king, or who will kill him," he said.

Manuel, solicitor-general to the commons, presented himself at the bar. "Legislators," he said, "France is free. The king is at length subjected to the law; there remains no longer any right to Louis XVI. except to justify himself before the sovereign (people). This right by itself places him under the protection of the nation. The Temple may serve as a residence for the king and his family. If you will confide the king, his wife, and their sister, to the nation, they shall be conducted there to-morrow, with all the respect due to misfortune. All correspondence with them shall be intercepted, for they have none but traitors for friends. The streets which they shall traverse shall be lined with soldiers of the Revolution, who will make them blush to have thought that there were among them slaves ready to bolster up despotism. Their greatest punishment shall be to hear the shouts of *Vive la nation! Vive la liberté!*"

The president of the Assembly replied that a decree had just fixed upon the hotel of the chancellor as the king's residence.

Manuel persisted. The decree was accordingly recalled. The commons of Paris were charged with the choice of the place which the king should inhabit, and the responsibility of keeping him was also confided to them!

The 13th of August, in the middle of the day, *two carriages* were brought to the Feuillants, and the royal family entered into them. Pétion and Manuel superintended the transfer, Pétion placing himself in the king's carriage as he had done at the return from Varennes. He was resolved that the passage through Paris should be a popular triumph, and one more outrage upon the king.

They took a roundabout way, and proceeded at a slow pace. After having passed over the Place Vendôme, where Pétion took care to point out the statue of Louis XIV. lying on the pavement, they followed the whole line of the boulevards. An insulting crowd had assembled round the carriages. At the door of one was a man with a great beard, clothed with a frock, not unlike the robe of a Capuchin friar. He was of hideous aspect; yet his ferocious look gave evidence of some compunction when he saw himself the object of public curiosity and horror. This man was called Trunchon, he was a member of the new municipality, and he had distinguished himself on all the days of the insurrection. The people called him Nicholas with the great beard, and he was often confounded with *Jourdan coupe-tête*, whose costume and physiognomy were very similar, and who also showed himself on similar occasions. That very day the crowd thought it was the executioner.

The municipal council counted among its members many men of great energy, who were at this time entirely given up to the inebriety of the revolutionary victory. Among them were Chenier, Louvet, Camille Desmoulins, Tallien, Collot d'Herbois, Fabre d'Eglantine, Chaumette; above all,

Billaud Varennes, the most ferocious of all the men of blood. Marat, after having hid himself during the combat, came and took his place at the council of the commons: Robespierre did not make his appearance till the 13th of August; their cowardice, notorious as it was, did not make them lose their popularity. The declamatory style of the one, and the revolutionary madness of the other, sufficed to obtain for them the suffrages and the confidence of their party. Billaud Varennes, like Robespierre, hid himself on the day of battle; but when there was no longer any combat to engage in, and only scaffolds to erect, they all hastened to their places. Danton, who had dominated this faction up to the 10th of August, had raised himself above his revolutionary chums: he was now a minister, and his own party soon began to look upon him as one whose tendencies were eminently aristocratic.

On the 14th of August, Robespierre appeared for the first time before the Assembly; he reappeared the next day and spoke in a tone of authority. His appeal was for revenge; he demanded that the guilty should be tried by commissioners chosen from each section, and the Assembly could not refuse its consent. In announcing the nomination of the new tribunals which were to sit at the Tuileries, the *Moniteur* added, without any comment, "the executions will take place on the Carousel." The first victim of this sanguinary jurisdiction, of which Marat was the soul, was a master of languages, by name D'Angremont, who was executed on the 21st of August. The trial of M. de Laporte, intendant of the civil list, and the second victim, was a little more formal. This old and faithful servant of the monarchy ascended the scaffold without trepidation. "May my death," he said, "bring back calm to the empire and put an end to civil discords! May my condemnation be the last unjust verdict of this tribunal!" It is said that a poor woman who had often received alms from M. de Laporte, due to the king's beneficence, exclaimed, "What! are they going to put so good a man to death?" whereupon she was massacred on the spot. The next day Durosoir, editor of the journal *L'Ami du Roi*, was condemned. "It is a glory for a royalist," he said, "to die on the day of St. Louis." But this tribunal adhered to forms and ceremonies, which so far controlled their proceedings that the more bloodthirsty revolutionists soon became tired of its progress. The high court, which was sitting at the same time at Orleans, was also taxed with dilatoriness. The anxiety to see more blood spilt on the scaffolds grew in intensity every day. The council-general sent new and menacing messages to the Assembly. The prisons were full, and new ones were obliged to be opened; the priests were banished; domiciliary visits in full action; most of the daily papers suppressed. The news from the theatre of war came to aggravate the difficulties of the situation.

The men who were in power had, however, only one object in view: they did not care to defend the territory or to save the country. Longwy had capitulated to the Prussians, who were now before Verdun. The commons only sought to preserve themselves from the just and terrible vengeance with which they were threatened.

"The Germans are arriving," said Chabot; "they wish to hang us and to deliver the tyrant; while we wish to hang the tyrant, to drive away the Germans, to seize their kings, bring them before the bar of public opinion, make them do homage to the sovereignty of the people, keep

them prisoners, and demand a considerable ransom, which shall be distributed among our brethren the *sans-culottes*, the conquerors of the 10th of August. Then we will bring Capet to trial. I know that in a short time we may be killed, but we will kill some also."

But this immense massacre, which was also ardently advocated by Marat and Billaud Varennes, could not well be brought about without some political pretext. To make a great day of the revolution it was necessary to place it under the patronage of the minister of justice, Danton. The latter was at first terrified at the idea, but he could not recede, and after a brief consideration he gave in his adhesion. The names of Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Fabre d'Eglantine, Camille Desmoulins, and Manuel, appeared among the orderers of the massacre; that of Robespierre was not there.

On the 28th of August Danton demanded from the Assembly that there should be a general levy of armed men to rush to the frontier, and at the same time domiciliary visits to purge the country of traitors. The proposal was accepted by the Assembly, and that day Danton and Marat, between whom there existed a slight coolness, embraced one another. The municipal council, acting upon the authority thus obtained from a servile majority, proceeded at once to order all citizens absent from their domiciles to return home, that all houses should remain lit up during night, and the search for suspicious persons should be at once proceeded with:

> The execution of this measure threw the whole city into trouble and fear. The barriers were closed. At nightfall commissioners of sections, who had invested themselves with their functions, began their visits from house to house, having taken the precaution to secure the two ends of the street. There was no control, no superior orders, no possible plea for regulating or arresting the arbitrary invasion of private homes; they explored every corner, upsetting the furniture and breaking open the doors. Personal pique on the part of one of these wretches, a suspicion without foundation, a calumny current in the neighbourhood, the fantasies of a political fanaticism, could be punished summarily without any interference. The opportunity was also especially favourable for thieves. Strong boxes were broken open, desks and jewels, or money boxes, carried away. The more honest among the commissioners deposited their prizes at the Hôtel de Ville. The halls and offices were encumbered with trunks and boxes. As to arms, few were found; the search for such had been a mere pretence. The number of persons arrested was also very considerable; they took place not only in the houses, but in the streets, in the squares, in the gardens, everywhere arrests were going on. There were not sufficient hackney-coaches or gendarmes to transport all who were made prisoners of The prisons were also overfull, and the arrested were crammed into a great depôt near the mayoralty.

The Assembly was not a little terrified with this alarming manifestation of municipal despotism. Complaints came in on all sides, when not only the innocent but even the partisans of the revolution had suffered spoliation. Brissot, the journalist, one of whose editors, Girey Dupré by name, had been arrested, led the van of the opposition. Even the hotel of the minister of war had been subjected to visitation. The Assembly decreed on the 31st of August, on the complaint of Girey Dupré, that the municipality should in future be enjoined to restrain itself within the limits of its legal functions. The next day Tallien appeared at the bar of the house to speak in favour of the unlimited powers of the council-general. Lacroix, the president of the Assembly, answered him by in-

quiring what would France say if Paris invested a provincial council with dictatorial authority? Three citizens stepped forward and demanded that the people should be allowed to defile through the chambers to see the representatives of the commons at that time there assembled. The mayor and solicitor-general of one of the arrondissements of Paris had also appeared at the bar with a petition against the despotism of the commons. Manuel had the insolent petitioners arrested. The National Assembly, without power or influence, without any armed force at its disposition, may be said from that moment to have been virtually extinct, and with it fell the party of the Girondists who had paved the way to their own ruin by dispersing and annihilating the more moderate among the constitutional party. This great feature and most imporant result of the general domiciliary visits of the 29th of August, described at length also by Lamartine, is slightingly passed over by most writers who preceded the historian of the Girondists and of the Convention.

The news from without added to the impulse already given by the commons. On the 2nd of September they issued a proclamation that the enemy was at the gates of Paris, that Verdun could only hold out eight days, and that all citizens must at once assemble at the Champ de Mars to fight in the common cause. Vergniaud asked for spades and pickaxes to labour at the fortification of the city. Danton said a part of the people is about to set out for the frontier, another is about to engage in digging entrenchments, and a third with pikes will defend the interior of the city. Mr. Alison, who brings Danton before the Assembly simply as giving an account of the measures taken to ensure public safety, makes him say, "A part of the people have already set out for the frontiers, another is engaged in digging our entrenchments, and the third, with pikes, will defend the interior of the city." And then he adds, with theatrical effect, "At this instant the tocsin began to sound, the cannon were discharged, and he (Danton) immediately added, 'The cannon which you hear is not the cannon of alarm; it is the signal to advance against our enemies, to conquer them, to crush them! What is required? Boldness! boldness! boldness!'" What Danton did say was simply, "The tocsin which *is about to be* sounded is not a signal of alarm; it is the charge (sounding the charge) upon the enemies of the country. In order to conquer them, gentlemen, we require boldness, still more boldness, always boldness, and France is saved." The true sense of these words, says M. de Barante, was understood by all; every one knew what that boldness was, and how it was to be directed. This was the 2nd of September; nor can we find any greater evidence than the anticipatory words of Danton for the sounding of the tocsin, or the firing of guns, and still less for the fact recorded by the English historian, that on the day before (the 1st) the citizens capable of bearing arms were assembled in the Champ de Mars, formed into regiments, and marched off to the frontier.

On leaving the Assembly, Danton repaired to the council-general, where his presence had been demanded (this on the authority of the "Procès verbaux de la Commune" and of the "Memoirs" of Madame Roland), and then he went to Pétion. The signal for the long-expected and general massacre was given at two o'clock the same afternoon.

Mr. Alison says, by mistake, at two in the morning; and then, for the first time,

The cannon of alarm, the tocsin, the drums beating the *générale* were heard. The streets presented an aspect of trouble and fright; people ran here and there to make inquiries; they shut up their shops, and closed themselves in their houses. Some fled in search of an asylum against the misfortunes that awaited them. Municipal guards on horseback, decorated with scarfs and carrying a black flag, paraded the streets, exclaiming, "Verdun is taken; the enemy is approaching. You are all lost, the town will be taken and burnt! Arm yourselves, and hasten to join our soldiers, and the infamous stranger will be driven back. You shall have nothing to fear from the traitors and the conspirators that you will leave behind you. They are in the hands of patriots, and national justice will, *before your departure*, strike them with its thunder."

Young men and workmen out of employment, on hearing this terrible proclamation, went and had their names inscribed at their sections, or at offices which had been opened upon the public squares. There the enlistments for the army were received with great ceremony. The more peaceably disposed carried thither whatever arms were in their possession, and hastened to shut themselves up, and hide themselves in their houses.

At the third discharge of cannon, a signal pre-arranged, the Marseillais, who filled the court-yard of the mayoralty, precipitated themselves into the great room, where the prisoners had been confined who were to be brought before the municipal commissioners, or who had not yet been distributed in the prisons. Six coaches had been brought to convey the prisoners to the Abbaye. Not being aware of what that fatal destination meant, they got up into the carriages. The order was given to the drivers to go very slowly, under pain of being massacred.

When the convoy had started, the escort, addressing a thousand insults to the prisoners, told them that they would never reach the Abbaye, as the people were going to do justice upon their enemies, and to cut their throats. Then addressing themselves to the crowd which had gathered round, "Yes," they shouted, "these are your enemies, the accomplices of those who have delivered up Verdun; they only await your departure to murder your wives and children. Here are our swords and our pikes—kill these monsters!"

It would seem from this that, instead as is recorded by the English historian, the enlistment having taken place on the 1st, it did not take place till the 2nd; that instead of occurring on the Champ de Mars, it took place in the sections and public squares; and that, instead of the volunteers having been marched off "to conceal the real designs of the municipality," the cowardly miscreants would in reality have gladly availed themselves of the new recruits to carry their nefarious intentions into execution:

Notwithstanding these provocations, the carriages passed along the Quay des Orfèvres, the Pont-Neuf, and the Rue Dauphine, to the Carréfour de Bussy. At this latter place the crowd had gathered round one of the platforms where the enlistments were being certified, and the carriages were delayed for a moment. A man took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to jump upon the step, open the door, and plunge his sword several times into the heart of an aged priest. The blood sprang forth, a cry of horror was heard, and the crowd dispersed horrorstruck. "What! does that terrify you?" said the assassin; "you shall see plenty more;" and he continued to stab with his sword into the carriage, till he had slain the four prisoners. He then went on to another carriage. Encouraged by his example, others of the escort began also to massacre. The convoy had resumed its progress, but the wretches did not the less continue their massacres in the carriages. Then they arrived at the Abbaye. The yard was filled with men who were waiting there for their victims, but they had been anticipated in the accomplishment of their task. Nevertheless, there still remained some that were alive in the carriages. Those who came forth were as quickly put to death; a few took refuge in an office, where a council was seated, engaged in administra-

tive labours. The assassins pursued their victims into this office. The members of the council happily succeeded in saving the lives of four of the number: one was the Abbé Sicard, the founder of the deaf and dumb asylums.

Such was the first blood of the 2nd of September. Thiers's account, followed by Mr. Alison, is, that the massacre did not take place till they had arrived at the Abbaye. The preservation of the Abbé Sicard is also attributed by the same authority, after the abbé's own Memoirs, to a watchmaker, of the name of Monnot, who stayed the pike already raised to be plunged into his bosom. The massacres at the prison of the Abbaye, led on by Maillard, followed upon this first outrage, and they were quickly followed by similar tragedies, enacted in most of the other gaols of Paris and in the religious houses, which were filled with victims. The massacre in the Carmelite monastery has been more particularly dwelt upon, from the fate of the Archbishop of Arles. The murder of the Princess Lamballe was also a most touching incident of the same fearful epoch. Above five thousand persons, it is said, perished in the different prisons of Paris during these massacres, which continued with little interruption from the 2nd to the 6th of September. The energy of the Abbé d'Anjois alone saved the Temple and the royal family. The massacres at Paris were also followed by similar scenes in the provinces. M. de Barante describes these events at length, and with an amplitude of detail never previously given to the subject; but we must pass on to the convention and its consequences.

The elections of Paris commenced the same day as the massacres—fitting inauguration of the labours of the elected! One of the reasons which had determined Danton and the commons to order the massacres, M. de Barante remarks, may have been the wish to bring the influence of terror to bear on the elections. Robespierre was the first elected, next came Danton—Marat was only seventh. Had there been any freedom of election he would not have been returned. All the councillors of the 2nd of September were elected, as were also Manuel, Pétion, and Dussaulx, the last having little in conformity with those with whom he was associated. The last elected was the Duke of Orleans, who, to facilitate his election, had received by act of the commons the name of Egalité. The commons, and especially Robespierre, sent commissioners into the provinces to influence the elections.

On the 21st of September, at noon, a deputation came to announce to the Legislative Assembly, that the National Convention had met in the Tuileries, and had just constituted itself. The president then announced that the sitting of the assembly was at an end, and the members repaired to the presence of the sovereign and absolute authority which was about to rule over France without control or responsibility. All constitutional guarantees of liberty had disappeared. The two bodies transferred their sitting to the riding-house. There were 371 members present; Pétion was elected president; the six secretaries were chosen from among the Girondists—the philosophers of the revolution. After various unimportant motions, in which royalty and dictatorship of any kind were alike repudiated, Collot d'Herbois mooted the question of the republic, by demanding the abolition of royalty. The proposition was loudly applauded, and carried by acclamation, as was also the proposition that followed, to the effect that the public acts for the future be dated from the first year

of the French republic, and that the state seal should bear the impress of the fasces, surmounted by a red cap.

"Thus," remarks M. de Barante, "upon the proposal of a miserable provincial actor, the accomplice of the massacres of September, and, after the stupidly declamatory words of a revolutionary priest, the republic was proclaimed; as if to show that the act of taking possession, effected by a power sprung from violence, cannot become the work of grave, real, and free deliberation. It is an act of force; the idea of right and the hopes of duration, cannot attach themselves to it, except when order, liberty, and the welfare of the nation have for a long time followed as a consequence."

The state of the finances, the establishment of a more democratic constitution than had been admitted by the constituent and legislative assemblies, the position of emigrants, the march of the Prussians, the enrolling of the army, and the question of universal war, were with domestic affairs, such as the massacres in the provinces, among the first cares of the convention. But the greatest anxiety within the bosom of the convention itself was the supremacy of the Jacobins and the Girondists. By the time of the third meeting of the convention, it became evident that this was a question of life or death to the parties concerned. The discussion on the events of the 2nd of September, in which Lanjuinais first entered upon that courageous career of opposition in which he afterwards so much distinguished himself, and the charges brought against Robespierre and Marat, of aiming at a dictatorship, were followed by the elections of ministers; but even that, and the successes of the army on the Rhine, at Nice and in Flanders, the retreat of the Prussians, or any other object of public interest, were as nothing compared with the civil war that was waging between the two revolutionary factions.

The most important question of all, to both parties alike, and before which the whole convention recoiled for some time, was the trial of the king. At length, on the 1st of October, this question was also forced upon the house by a deputation, which announced to the Assembly that the committee of inspection had found among the papers deposited at the Hôtel de Ville* the proof of various acts of treachery committed by the king, and, amongst others, the distribution of 500,000 francs to the members of a commission of the Legislative Assembly, which had been charged to liquidate the pensions. Evidence was also discovered there of the measures of Talon, the understanding with Mirabeau, the propositions of Bouillé, and many other secret transactions. The events that followed upon this first step were never before detailed at such length, nor with so much regard to accuracy, as in the pages of M. de Barante. The consequence is, that the future historian will find a world of more or less important matters to correct in the brief and generally hastily written descriptions previously published. Take, for example, the most interesting of all those events—the last days and the death of Louis XVI., in M. de Barante.

We find a host of inedited details too numerous for us, indeed, to enter upon. Alison relates the interview of M. de Malesherbes with the king

* The most commonly received version is, that these papers were discovered in a cavity of the wall behind a concealed iron door, where they had been placed by order of Louis XVI.

on the 17th of January. On the 18th his counsel also visited the fallen monarch, and told him that they had appealed in vain to the people in his favour, although, on going out of the Assembly, a great number of persons had approached them, saying, "No! no! the king shall not perish, or, at least, it shall only be after us and our friends."

"Do you know," replied the king, "those who spoke thus? Endeavour to find them, and tell them that I should never forgive a drop of blood that was spilt on my account. I did not wish that any should have been spilt, even if it had preserved my throne and my life, and I do not repent of it."

The mission given to Malesherbes to procure the assistance of a minister of religion is also highly creditable to the good sense and religious feelings of the monarch:

"It is," said the king, "a rather strange commission to give to a philosopher. But if you suffered as much as I do; if like me you were going to die, I should wish you the same feelings on the score of religion; they would comfort you better than philosophy."

M. de Malesherbes passed the 18th also with the king. It was the last day he was allowed to do so. Among other things recorded of that day by M. de Barante is the king's observation on seeking the name of the Duke of Orleans among those who had voted his death:

"He is more to be pitied than me; my position is grievous, but most assuredly I would not change it with him."

In addition to what Louis is reported to have said when the knives were removed from his table, may now be added:

"I hope my death may make France happy, and may save her from the misfortunes which I foresee."

The other details are generally borrowed with more or less amplitude from the testimony of the only witness who survived them—the Abbot Edgeworth. Mr. Alison attributes to Santerre the last act of rudeness of refusing to take charge of the king's will for the queen; but M. de Barante says it was a priest of the name of Roux, so ultra revolutionary in his ideas as to have even been repudiated by the Jacobins and the Montagnards. On the way to the scaffold, as the procession passed the gate of St. Denis, a few young men crossed the street shouting out, "With us those who would wish to save the king!" But the horsemen charged them, and dispersed them. This is not generally known, yet M. de Barante says it is attested by the records of the revolutionary tribunals, which, upwards of a year afterwards, condemned for this very act a young man of the name of Devaux. Samson, the executioner, has, in his report, authenticated the narrative of Mr. Edgeworth:

"To do homage to truth, it must be acknowledged that he bore everything with a degree of coolness and resolution which astonished us all. I am convinced that he derived this firmness from the principles of religion, which no one had more reliance in than himself."

The convention met on the 21st of January, a few moments after the king's death. A certain anxiety was at the time entertained by even the most ferocious among them. One of their number had been killed in the Palais Royal simply for having voted the king's death. Kersaint had sent in his resignation, intimating, at the same time, that if the love of his country had made him endure the misfortune of being the associate of

the panegyrists and promoters of the assassinations of the 2nd of September, he wished at least to preserve his memory from the reproach of having been their accomplice. The Girondists demanded that the authors and accomplices of the massacres and robberies of the 2nd and 3rd of September should be punished. Many deputies had also their tales of insults, threats, and dangers to relate. Legendre and others proposed the re-institution of committees of inspection and domiciliary visits. These proposals were but too ominous of the rule that was about to be established in France. The Girondists, who had abandoned Louis to his fate to show that they were not royalists, were at the same time daily losing influence. Roland, the mainstay of the party, had been dismissed the ministry, and Madame Roland, so celebrated in the annals of the revolution, had been obliged to appear at the bar charged with being implicated in sending a police agent to London. External events also precipitated the fall of the Girondists, and accelerated the advent of the Reign of Terror. The execution of the king was followed in England by the dismissal of the French ambassador, and this was resented by the convention with a declaration of war against England, Spain, and Holland.

Dumourier had come to Paris before the king's death; but the conqueror of Valmy and of Jemmappes, pursued by the denunciations of the Jacobins, threatened by the wretches who suspected him with reason of wishing to save the king, designated as a fit subject for the dagger by Marat, was obliged to hide himself. Westermann, having met the latter at that period in the streets, asked him the reason of the atrocious calumnies that he printed against Dumourier, and cut the explanation short by summary chastisement. The convention had now to issue vast quantities of paper-money to defray the expenses of an army of 600,000 men. The resources of Belgium were also of avail to the marauding soldiers of the revolution. "When we shall have ruined that country," Cambon used to say—"when it shall be in the same distress that France is, the Belgians will have no alternative but to unite with us."

But still the difficulty of procuring subsistence, that soon followed upon disorder and revolution, kept increasing, and gave origin to a party still lower in the stage of demagogy than even the Jacobins themselves. This party kept inflaming the popular passions, and led on the mob to the exercise of their usual prerogative—plunder:

On the 24th of January tumultuous assemblages took place at the doors of the bakers. Most of them had out of precaution baked a double quantity, so that they sufficed for the demand. But the washerwomen did not care for bread, they wanted soap. Some boats had come up with a load; they repaired in a crowd to the quays, invaded them, and had the merchandise delivered to them at a ridiculous price taxed by their own authority. The municipality had sent police agents to assist the women in laying down planks to board the barges.

The next morning, encouraged by their first and easy success, the mob of women invaded the grocers' shops. They seized upon sugar, coffee, soap, and candles, always fixing the price as it pleased their fancy. No one attempted to oppose them; no commissary of police, nor *employé* of any description, summoned them to disperse, not a patrol of the national guard made its appearance. Santerre was at Versailles, and had contented himself with issuing a proclamation telling the people to mistrust the friends of La Fayette and agents from abroad.

When the council of the commons assembled, the mayor declared that these riots had been instigated by contra-revolutionary conspirators, and

to the reclamations of delegates from the sections; the leading members of the commons contented themselves with answering that it was all the work of Royalists, Girondists, and partisans of La Fayette. The next day scenes of extreme violence occurred in consequence between the Girondists and the Jacobins, in which they taxed one another with murder; and such words as rascal, pig, and fool, were interchanged with infinite verve. These tumults in the Assembly were soon increased by bad news from the army. The Jacobins wished to send succour from Paris; the Girondists looked upon the presence of the troops in the metropolis as the only safeguard against the enterprises of the factions, and opposed their removal. The discussion was carried on with characteristic revolutionary influence. The Jacobins denounced the aristocracy, the emigrants, foreign agents, English gold, and factious intriguers. It was resolved that an appeal should be made to the citizens to take up arms, and to fly to Belgium to aid the cause of liberty.

The Jacobin party had for some time past found that they exercised their will more freely at their club than in the convention. There they had no opposition, no one to consult to obtain a majority. Thence also issued the decrees which were to promote disorder and violence, and to encourage the mob in insurrection. The idea now suggested itself of a revolutionary tribunal. It was arranged that the next day patriots, armed with pistols and daggers, should proceed to the convention, and take possession of the public tribunes, and that others should remain in groups at the entrances of the chambers. Chaumette and Pache brought forward, under such circumstances, the demand for the creation of a revolutionary tribunal; the Girondists attempted to answer, but were not heard. Lacroix associated the question with that of the army, although, as M. de Barante remarks, it would be difficult to see any connexion between the two questions; but still the argument was judged to be decisive.

The second volume of M. de Barante's work ends with the declaration of the troops against Dumourier, and the last act of his military and political life when he was driven from the camp of Saint Amand by a battalion of volunteers from the department of Yonne; and, so far as it goes, the objects of the work, apart from its high historical merits, appear to be to show, as Danton himself admitted to the Duke of Chartres, that a republic is impossible in France, and that such a state of society only leads among that most excitable people to a condition of anarchy and the most fearful excesses. Upon this subject it appears that we also have been grievously misrepresented. In the last number of this Magazine, in discussing the existing state of things in France, we advanced an opinion to the effect that, if a revision of the constitution was rejected by the minority of the Chambers, or a revision unfavourable to Louis Napoleon should be adopted, it was highly probable, considering the great popularity of the President, that an appeal would be made to the nation to solve the difficulty, and the constitution itself would follow the fate of many of its predecessors. We also took the opportunity of entering at length upon the question of the position of the President and the Assembly, and turning to the organs of the Legitimists, who appear to have made up their minds to a prolongation of the powers of Louis Napoleon as unavoidable, we said that they were mistaken in supposing

that this would be a lieutenant-generalship, for permanence and inviolability, superadded to the existing powers of the President, would constitute a monarchy to all intents and purposes. The *Observer* denounced this as a "diatribe, the object of which is evidently to puff the present President of the French Republic, and to induce him to break the oath he has taken to observe the constitution." We feel quite convinced that no reader of common sense will see anything of this kind in the article alluded to, and which the above-mentioned writer further politely qualifies as "a tissue of misstatements and false deductions." Our purely Legitimist tendencies are well known to the readers of the *New Monthly*. We have ever held that constitutional monarchy is the form of government best adapted for France. We see no objection to a fusion of family interests, for peace and the welfare of mankind are paramount over political interests, but still there can be no question as to where hereditary right lies. As to misstatements, we have so often and so long laboured at unravelling the intricacies and putting in opposition to one another the various records of the revolution of February, that we fear the accusation comes from some very young writer evidently unqualified to give an opinion upon the matter, and as to "false deductions," not having made any deductions whatsoever, we deny their incorrectness. To place in their true light, and in a proper point of view, things as they would be were certain highly probable events to take place, is a very different thing from averring or prophesying that those events will actually occur. The French are far too subtle and changeable in the field of politics to leave many chances for a would-be modern political prophet—a character to which we make no pretension.

As far, however, as events are concerned, their progress has been precisely such as we argued upon. The revision of the constitution has been approved of in a house of 724 members, by a majority of 446 to 278, and yet pronounced to be rejected on account of the said majority not comprising three-fourths of the total number of voters, or 543, as required by the constitution. Thus, there was in reality a majority of 168 votes in favour of revision, and the very victors are said to be embarrassed at their own legal success. If they are conquerors before the text of Article III., they feel themselves vanquished before public opinion. That the fact of a minority of factious personal opponents to the present President of the Republic should be enabled by a constitutional fiction to set at nought the solemn verdict pronounced by 446 out of 724 will be passed by without a murmur on the part of the real majority, on the part of the petitioners, and of the millions who gave their votes in favour of Louis Napoleon, is not at all likely with the well-known excitability of the French character. "France," says the *Constitutionnel,* "has learnt that representative government is that of the majorities, and that the majority consists in the half and one over of the votes given. It has seen this government in practice for thirty-seven years. In this case an immense question connected with its safety, its grandeur, and its prosperity, is laid before its representatives—446 votes adopt the proposition, and 278 reject it. Ask France what is the result—the reply will be, the proposition is adopted. But no, it is, on the contrary, rejected. In order to make France understand that, she must

be taught that it is the minority which makes the law. It will be necessary to invent a political arithmetic, according to which 278 is more than 446. Such a lesson is impossible. The cause of revision is a cause morally gained." It is neither puffing the present President of the French Republic, nor inducing him to break the oath he has taken to observe the constitution, to argue that in all probability the good sense and patriotism of the nation at large will declare itself against the tyranny of a factious minority, will uphold a majority overpowered by the will of the Mountain, abetted by a military faction and by personal hostilities, and will in its turn overpower by a national movement the struggle which it was so long foreseen must arise from the play of personal ambitions.

M. Thiers, *quondam* premier (possibly, in this instance, acting in the interest of the Prince de Joinville), M. Lamartine, ex-chief of a provisional government, M. Cavaignac, ex-dictator, and Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bedeau, and Leflo, men standing in the first rank of military eminence, all look upon themselves as good as Louis Napoleon, and as worthy in their turn of occupying the presidential chair. They, in consequence, naturally oppose the re-election of the latter; but will they be equally unanimous in voting for one out of their own number?—or will they sacrifice to the Prince de Joinville, as representative of Orleanist interests, or as a stepping-stone to the Duke de Bordeaux, or to Citizen Nadaud, the select of the Reds, those personal interests which opposed themselves to Louis Napoleon? If the country is to be guided by a factious minority, there is nothing but trouble and disorder open to the future.

The vote of censure, specially directed against the administration of the interior for its alleged interference with the petitions of the people, which was passed so shortly after the rejection of the revision, at once shows how great is the hostility entertained by the minority against the President and his ministry, and betrays, in its prostitution to the passions of the Red party, the very weakness of that faction. Still, with so many men of note, leaders of party, and all the great generals of the country in its ranks, it is powerful enough for much good or for much evil. It is on this account that we return to our original deduction, that there is no real safety but in a monarchy, where loyalty and devotion are made to take the place of personal ambitions; and, failing that, the election of one alone, let it be Louis Napoleon, or the Prince de Joinville, or any other, who, if not more capable than many others, still, by his carrying the national sympathies along with him, and with the majority of the Assembly in his favour, is best calculated to ensure order and peace to unfortunate France, ever on the eve of being tossed about in some new political tempest, and ever saved from wreck by some new and unexpected hand held out by an ever-kind Providence.

MR. LONGHEAD'S FIRST NIGHT AT MESS.

A STORY OF THE CAPE IN 183—.

By Captain Levinge.

Mr. Blue left the house of X. and L. joyously enough one morning in the year 183—. A bill just cashed, where money was wanted, gave a lightsome heart. He passed down the steps with a sort of triumphant bound and smiling countenance of pleasure, as much as to say, "Well, 'tis all right now." He was just in the humour to do a generous act or enjoy fun.

A group of four or five persons standing near the house, at first scarcely observed, presently attracted his notice. One amongst them was an acquaintance, and one other a stranger. Yes, decidedly a new comer—a fresh arrival, an importation—quite a novel bale of goods.

Which side had been kept uppermost during the voyage 'twould have been hard to say. His head was of vast space, of the pumpkin form. His brow did not in the least "speak the nature of a tragic volume." On the contrary, the general expression was exceedingly like "long odds and long faces" in the "Comic Annual," at the settling for the Derby, after an outsider (say "Dangerous") had won; now the proportion of the brow to the remainder of the face was as the heel might be to the rest of a foot—his eye had o'er no particular expression "mastery," though, as the sequel will show, it did "sound the parley of provocation,"—for the trunk or body (as they say in the riding-school), it was a fair medium between that of Falstaff and a certain lean apothecary. If his face was not an index of his mind, perhaps his understandings were; "and they were enormous." If the line of beauty be a curve, his legs were lovely, from their convexity. His were no twinkling feet, but "made to tread, not skim the earth."

Mr. Blue joined the group and the stranger, Mr. Longhead.

Two Hottentots had that morning, at an early hour, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Gallows Point, near Imhoff Battery; their crime, murder. Apparently their execution had formed the subject of conversation, for Mr Longhead observed, "*He had never seen a man hung;*" and, shortly afterwards, when the topic turned upon a dinner party, that "*he had never seen a military mess.*" Mr. Blue was in uniform, and in a bland, gentle, and winning manner, expressed his extreme regret—that —really—he could not promise to gratify his first desire at so short a notice—people were so infernally particular in these days; but as to the latter, he was sure that—(eagh)—he should only be so—so glad if Mr. Longhead would do himself and brother officers the honour of—(eagh) —dining with them—had a cook, really—(eagh)—shall send you a regular invitation. Good morning—good morning, Mr. Longhead— good morning.

At the mess of the 9th, where Mr. Blue usually dined, he did not fail to mention the occurrence of the morning, at the same time suggesting, as it would be Mr. Longhead's first mess dinner, they might have some fun. Accordingly, it was at once proposed, and soon settled, that the invitation should be a general one, as more dignified, and in the name of

the colonel and officers of the 9th Regiment, requesting the honour of Mr. Longhead's company at dinner on Wednesday next (that day week)—the dinner to be a burlesque. A committee was chosen, rules drawn up, a president and vice-president appointed, every one to act a particular and specified part, the whole to be duly rehearsed (excepting the eating and drinking, the latter even in 183— was not at all requisite), so that what with adopting one proposition, amending a second, and rejecting a third, the evening passed busily and livelily enough, until towards its close, when Mr. O'Rouke quaintly observed,

"'Tis all very fine and mighty well, but just supposing he takes it into his head to fight. Who amongst us, I should greatly like to know, shall have the preference?"

There was a slight pause—this contingency had not been provided for. Every one, then, generously offered to wave his claim in favour of O'Rouke himself. "No, no, boys, not that exactly; fair play's a jewel (duel?). Come, let's throw for it—the lowest is the man."

Poor Captain G—— threw the lowest; he is, alas! now no more.

Who was Mr. Longhead, and what was he doing at the Cape of Good Hope? He was the only son of a rich and influential London merchant —a partner in the before-mentioned house of X. and L., and the young man came out to do something or nothing in that house.

Mr. Longhead had created an interest of which he was quite unconscious. One of the officers had seen him in the street, and was sure 'twas he and no one else—"none but himself could be his parallel." Another had made a pretext of inquiring concerning the sailing of a vessel, and there sat Mr. Longhead—"the Douglas in his hall." Assurance was made doubly sure. The burlesque was to border on an extravaganza. The rehearsal took place, and the Wednesday came at last.

As the clock struck seven, the drummers and fifers struck up "The Roast Beef of Old England," but ceased abruptly upon the entrance of the "observed of all observers," Mr. Longhead. The officers had assembled in the square outside the mess-room. As Mr. Longhead advanced, Mr. Blue did ditto to meet him. When they had shaken hands, the officers formed open ranks, facing inwards, at open intervals, numbering altogether eight. A fifer played the air of "See the Conquering Hero comes," and led the way down the ranks, the officers bowing severally to Mr. Blue's friend and their guest as he passed them; Mr. Blue conducting him in the steps of the solitary fifer, who played till they reached the mess-room.

The president, in taking his place, awarded the post of honour on his right hand to Mr. Longhead, the others having their respective places assigned them. A sergeant now marched in a party, posting two sentries behind the president's chair. He passed round the table to his left, posting one behind each officer, till he came to the stranger, where, as Mr. O'Rouke afterwards remarked, he placed three—*one, three deep.* The sentries' arms were carried, their bayonets fixed, Mr. Longhead regarding this military movement with mixed astonishment and curiosity.

The president called to "Attention! Draw swords." (Out flew the blades.) "Gentlemen, the usual honours, 'The Crest of the Regiment.' Present arms."

The sentries did so, as laid down by Torrens and others, the officers

ported their swords and lowered them, with their points meeting as nearly as possible on the centre dish, seeing which Mr. Longhead gradually raised his arm, then slowly stretched it out, his hand and fingers extended in the direction of the sword-points. The word was given to shoulder arms and return swords, and permission granted to the gentlemen to be seated, and the sentries were dismissed.

"Faith!" said Mr. O'Rouke, in a sort of theatrical aside to his neighbour—"faith! we're as safe as the middle herring in a barrel of salt fish; so we are. Did you twig his hand?"

The president presumed that Mr. Longhead had often dined in the Tower, with the Guards. ("No; never.") With the Life Guards or Blues, then? (Another negative—in fact, it was his *first mess dinner.*) The president expressed the greatest astonishment.

Captain G——: "Mr. Longhead, we military men, you see, are great sticklers for forms and ceremonies."

Longhead: "It must be very nice, being in the army."

Mr. Bluff: "Pipeclay."

G—— resumed: "Oh, sir, you honour us poor lobsters quite as well, perhaps, in our brown coats, eh? For my part, nothing in my mind like the freedom of the city."

"Well," said Mr. Bluff, "what do you think of the crest of the 9th? In their opinion, no regiment has a better."

(It was no more their crest than it was the badge of a ticket-porter.)

Mr. Longhead again thought it very nice, and wondered how they could take it about with them, and asked if they did.

"Oh! no," from G——, "for it's always a *standing dish.*"

Captain Gimbo remarked,

"G——, there's no such thing as catching you upon the horns of a dilemma. Aye, Bluff, what do you say?"

Bluff, to servant: "Bring horn of ale."

G——: "I say, Gimbo, old fellow, you might just as well take the bull by the horns at once as speak to old sulky."

Mr. Vice: "Order, gentlemen, order; I must have order."

It may be as well to describe in some measure the style and character of the first mess dinner Mr. Longhead ever sat down to, and how the table was set out, not omitting to state what this crest was that they were all talking about.

The table had two boxes, placed one at each end, for the plates of the president and vice to rest upon, of height proportionate to their chairs, which had been raised in order to give an imposing and commanding position; the tablecloth was the union-jack of Great Britain. Of the soup there is nothing particular to state; and the names the fish bore from their godfathers and godmothers, viz., kingklip and cabaljdu, were deemed, from want of euphony, sufficient chokers to a stranger even without the bones. The side dishes, six in number, were highly decorated and set off with carved vegetables, pastry, or rice in fantastic forms; those on the near side peaceful; on the off-side, and opposite to the stranger, warlike. The centre dish on the near side (a delicate little attention in compliment to the stranger) was a model of St. Paul's in pastry and rice. The dome being removed, it was found to contain a fricassee; flanking it on one side were "cotelettes à la Soubise," surrounded by figures of Punch and Shakspeare, a ballet-girl and Milton; Judy and Newton on the other flank.

The pâtes took the form of the court cards, each dish having a motto; the domed building, "Don't rob Peter to pay Paul." Punch held a little flag whereupon was inscribed, "Punch cures the Gout, the Cholic, and the Phthisic." The King of Spades:

> The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
> Puts forth one leg to sight revealed;
> The rest—his many colour'd robe concealed.

On the further side, in the centre, a tongue seemed to be licking a couple of fowls—it being left to the imagination to decide whether from relish or affection. A front of fortification in rice, with cannon of vegetables duly mounted, protected the interesting group. In short, one side was as good as the other in design, &c., and both not bad when taken *inside.*

The top dish was a goose, garnished with two huge black-puddings, bearing a line each:

> And fat black-puddings, proper food
> For warriors that delight in blood.

Mr. Vice was entrusted with the care of a sucking-pig; but, as an inferior in office, was only allowed one line from the same author, "Fat pig and goose itself oppose."

The epergne had a truly singular appearance; amidst the flowers there was a duck, supposed to have retired to roost for the night, whilst two Cape crawfish, far larger than lobsters, were represented crawling up its branches, as one might imagine the smallest insect in Brobdenag to be doing at that very time.

But what was the centre dish—the regimental crest? Why, it was nothing more or less than a bull's head, boiled whole, with the skin, hair, and horns on. The horns were 6 feet 8 inches from tip to tip, the points covered with gilt paper; the bottoms of two soda water bottles made large protruding eyes. Jealousy herself (the "green-eyed monster") could not match them; it must be recorded that to make this dish tidy, the skin was left long enough to hide any unsightly appearance arising from the absence of the gentleman's stout neck. The head was supported on the animal's own four great toes (one can't say petit toes on such a scale), after the manner of death's head upon marrow bones.

This opportunity will serve to state that the second course was after the manner of the first, perhaps the neatest dish being calf's foot jelly in a well-turned pastry leg and foot.

The different designs were duly explained to Mr. Longhead, who praised the cook's artistical skill. Champagne was handed round with a liberal hand—conversation flagged not. Mr. Blue had asked his friend if he could not detect the slightest possible flavour of hippopotamus in the pâté?

"Wasn't sure—was it really?—very nice—certainly he did think rather different from a London pâté."

G—— advised him never to refuse a porcupine ham, Gimbo thought a giraffe's tongue much better, only you could not *always* get it, while the president gave a casting vote in favour of rhinoceros jelly, one got on the frontier.

Mr. Longhead enjoyed himself—his questions were more numerous—his answers more free and longer—every one had, of course, taken wine with the guest.

Eau-de-Cologne and lavender water were paraded round when the finger-glasses were put on, O'Rouke observing, "How stingy it was of the messman that a man couldn't have tincture of myrrh at the same time, for it was mighty improving to the gums."

The climax of the scenery had now arrived when, following the dessert, *two hand-barrows*, the last of the properties, were placed against the wall, to accommodate such gentlemen as "wouldn't go home till morning," and then couldn't of themselves if they wished—at least their presence was so accounted for to Mr. Longhead.

The usual loyal toast was proposed by the president and drunk.

Permission being given to Mr. Blue, he rose and spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, and gentlemen,—Words cannot express—I cannot express—the Bank of England can't express—notes of admiration sufficient wherewith to measure adequately the honour conferred on us this day. The Duke of Wellington and the army are thankful for it. The *toast* I propose—now, when I say *toast*, you will understand there is no allusion to *roasting* bread at the fire; no, gentlemen, emphatically I say (and the president will correct me if I am in error), *that* will come by-and-by, with the anchovies. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I give you 'The Health of Mr. Longhead, coupling therewith the Mercantile Interests of England.' (Much applause.) Gimbo, you're a shopkeeper. You're another, G——. Even the president himself is a shopkeeper. ("Order!" from Mr. Vice.) Did not that great soldier, Napoleon, call us all a nation of shopkeepers? And so we must be. ("No shop!" from Bluff.) All this sinks into insignificance when compared with a counting-house. It was sometimes noble, and always honourable. ("Hear, hear.") He would prove it. Had his hearers forgotten their history? Was it lost upon them? If not, they would surely remember that

The king was in his counting-house. counting out his money.

And was it not notorious how often the House of Commons was counted out? (G——: "Was that honourable?") But there was another house—not the House of Lords; no, he meant the house of X. and L. (Great cheering.) He had that morning had a bill cashed at par. (Much excitement, mixed with "Go on!") He now called upon them to rise as one man and support that house. (Every one threatened to draw bills in the morning but Bluff, who said, "Don't count chickens before hatched.") From the French polish on your boots, gentlemen, to the unicorn's balm, that makes *lisser et fixer* the very hairs of your head, are you not indebted to merchants? May they long continue to transport them, as they do us, with joy; and may this arid part of the globe long continue to receive such transports of bliss, unalloyed by those transports that make Botany Bay—a—a sheer hulk. (Cheers.) Mr. President, our guest has been reared in the lap and cradle of commerce, and he does that lady credit; his dwelling-place, like John Gilpin, the 'resort and mart of all the earth,' as *Romeo* says. Our distinguished guest, like Moses—I do not mean the one in the bulrushes, but, gentlemen, I allude to the Vicar of Wakefield's son, who began his career early, and was a dealer in horses and gross spectacles (a sad spectacle for his anxious parent, doubtless). Mr. Longhead, junior, will never so treat Mr. Longhead, senior. His very name is guarantee sufficient. ("Bravo!") What are the merchants of Damascus, of Bagdad, or even the Merchant

of Venice himself, when compared with those of England. ("Hear," from Mr. Longhead.) The latter made fuss enough in sharpening his knife; but I assert—I dare to say, fearlessly, boldly, and without dread of contradiction, and in the broad face of day, too, if requisite—that it is just probable his knife had the Sheffield mark upon it. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I again remind you of your glory as shopkeepers. Before us stands the scion of a leading London firm. Forget not that London is the harbour, basin, and dock of all trades, save one—the slave trade. ("Shame, shame," from the president, not of the United States.) Gentlemen, let us drink 'The Health of Mr. Longhead, and the Mercantile Interests of England.'"

Vehement and long-continued cheers greeted Mr. Blue as he sat down, very thirsty.

The toast was drunk with three times three, and one cheer more.

Mr. Longhead rose—cries of "Hear," taps of the table, "Silence," "Hurra," cheers, and "no two of them alike, and every one different" (as the showman says), emphatically marked his rising.

Mr. Longhead thus addressed his hosts:

"Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—I thank you all, and that gentleman, for proposing the honour of drinking my health —I am sure—and I wish Mr. X. or my father (a pause). (Cheers, and cries of "Glad to see them.") I am sure it's very nice in the army; but mamma wouldn't let me, though I'm tall enough, because I'm—I suppose—I—I mean I'm an only son—though I've got sisters though"— (here the two junior ensigns offered to marry them, and devilish glad to do it). "I beg to thank you for the honour—and I am very much obliged —and here's to all your healths in return—and I wish you many happy returns—and I drink your healths." (Thunders of applause.) Mr. Longhead did not immediately resume his seat, his neighbour, Gimbo, having pushed his chair quietly back out of his way—and *the speaker* was very nearly brought to "*the floor of the House.*"

The wine circulated freely in medium between the President and Vice. Mr. Longhead declined singing. O'Rouke said he would endeavour to make him some amends for not having seen the Hottentots hanged that morning, and sang "The Night before Larry was stretched." Gimbo delivered a stave concerning the "Conversation 'twixt the Monument and St. Paul's;" and the President, "Wapping Old Stairs;" both in compliment to the stranger's place of nativity.

Various were the topics discussed—Joe Miller and Baron Munchausen being taken as models. Marvellous were the exploits in love, war, midnight adventures, and police offices. But "Gimbo and G——," the principal narrators, dwelt mostly on stories of wild beasts; amongst others, that lions had been seen to crack Bushmen's, Hottentots', and Kaffirs' heads in their jaws, like hazel-nuts, merely eating the brains, having dined already heartily on Boors' vrows, who were always fat and round, like pigs at an agricultural show. One day, a man pursuing an elephant in marshy ground, fell into the hole made by his leg, and there stuck fast, till the elephant generously returned, wrapped his trunk round him, and pulled him out with a phlop, like a cork from a ginger-beer bottle; upon which O'Rouke remarked it was a pity a fox didn't happen to pass, or he might have *brushed* his clothes.

Whilst speaking of shooting, the story a certain gallant colonel tells of his own prowess in Ceylon was introduced; viz., that as he was cantering

along one day a snipe got up; he fired, down fell the snipe; the report disturbed an elephant (before unobserved by him) from some reeds; he fired his other barrel; the huge animal tottered for some distance, then fell dead; upon examination he found he had killed the snipe with a ball, and the elephant with snipe shot!

Without disparagement to the above, G——, in conclusion, narrated the following occurrence which had actually taken place but a few days previously on the frontier, he being one of the party: "Lieutenant-Colonel C——, Captain A——, and G——, with some soldiers of the 7th, were advancing courageously, and with cool determination keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon two lions. When within a few paces of them, and about to fire, the lions growled and eyed their foes in return, and prepared to spring from where they lay couched on the grass. At that moment a private of the 7th called out to his neighbour, 'Aragh! Corporal Joice, do lions ate grass?' Such a question, at such a time, was too much for Captain A——, and nearly cost him his life—he missed. The lion was upon him in a minute. That lion was shot over his body."

Mr. Longhead was delighted with these stories, and asked if there was any shooting near that he could get. Mr. Blue said: "Oh, dear, yes; but you must be there very, very early in the morning, as soon as it is light." And he described the situation so minutely that Mr. Longhead, who had already been ten days in Cape Town, found it out without any difficulty a few mornings afterwards; and, as he himself said, when telling what happened confidentially to Blue some time after the occurrence:

"You remember you told me that it was the early bird who got the worm, and if I was early I might meet the birds come down from the mountains for that purpose. Well, I went early, and saw nothing for some time, till at last I discovered a beautiful bird in a small enclosure; and you told me, you know, not to load with a ball; that small shot would do. Well, I popped my gun through the railings and took a long aim; I'm sure I shouldn't have missed him, when, what do you think? an old gentleman—I'm sure it was a gentleman,—do you know who it could be?—called out to me, 'Hilloa, young man! what are you doing there?' I told him some of the officers had said I might come out to shoot there. 'Oh! I see,' said the gentleman, 'you have been made the subject of some hoax; but go home now;' and I went, but I don't think he looked much to see whether I did or not."

The place was Government Gardens; the bird was a pet Kaffir crane; and the gentleman was his Excellency the Governor Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

The simple term "gentleman," as applied to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, seems, indeed, inadequate; his name tempts a fuller description, for he outstripped the measure of a term so common. An accomplished scholar and a good linguist; upright and honourable; a noble, gallant, brave, and distinguished soldier; possessing great discernment, with a generous feeling and Christian heart; all this and more that was good, together with eighteen years' experience in the capacity of ruler, should render such a one, as in truth he was, "the mark and glass, copy and book," that ought to fashion and model the governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

Soon after the burlesque dinner had taken place, the Kaffirs broke out. True, the conquering and expulsion of the hostile tribes could add but little to the glory of him who was quartermaster-general to Lord Beresford in the never-to-be forgotten Peninsular war; the arm that single-

handed engaged and triumphed over three of the enemy's troopers, was there unlikely to reap fresh laurels with the sword. Bismark, writing of cavalry, points out, that an officer to lead is everything; then he cites Sir Benjamin D'Urban at Salamanca, when in command of the Portuguese cavalry. But justice to the colony was tempered with mercy to the vanquished; his military eye at once saw (and who that ever saw that frontier boundary can set up a different opinion?) that the Fish River boundary only tempted to crime. On their side it was the best possible stronghold for concealment and the assembling of masses of their people. In extent, its serpentine windings occupied about ninety miles, and in depth about three. So precipitate are its hills, as to take half a day in the descent of one and the out-topping of its fellow. The belt of country, thickly clothed in "bush," is passable only through the knowledge of the paths made by elephants, its oldest inhabitants. The Kaffirs took all advantages of a boundary so strong for them, so weak for the colonists. In detached small parties they crossed the numerous fords, doing their work upon isolated farms; the firebrand or the assegai were used as occasion offered, and the incendiaries, murderers, or plunderers, with their treasures of stolen cattle, found protection upon crossing the river.

The hostile Kaffirs expelled beyond the Kei, that river was proclaimed the boundary of the colony. Wherein was the mercy? wherein the expediency and prudence? It was merciful in this—that the tribes, hitherto oppressed and crowded, should have the space in the rear of the Kei allotted to them for occupancy. The disaffected to the colonial cause, deprived of their stronghold, would sink the temptation for plunder in the certainty of detection and punishment, the country being open. Should they be able, even stealthily, to pass to the rear, the hope of passing the plunder (cattle—the bait that so allures and tempts them) between the proposed military posts—which patrols and signals linked in one chain—was lost to them—annihilated and cut off. It was expedient, then, in that it released the overpopulated country in the rear; and prudent, in the hope that this generous extension to them of territory would, coupled with their intercourse with the sojourners in the new locality, gradually ally and tie them in one general interest with the colonists. Herein lay Sir Benjamin D'Urban's discernment. He took the country—justly forfeited—not from cupidity and desire of aggrandisement in grasping at colonial extension of territory, but to relieve the oppressed, and form the base of lasting peace!

The Wesleyan missionaries and their families, at their own entreaty, were at an early period rescued from Kaffir atrocities and placed under colonial protection. Eight thousand Fingoes (inclusive of men, women, and children) were emancipated. Treated like dogs, and spoken of as such, the Kaffir spat on the ground when he pronounced the name. Not unfrequently, if the chief's cow did not produce a calf, or if the millet or pumpkin crop was blighted, was the wretched Fingoe accused of witchcraft. Pointed at as the worker of the evil, he was taken to a steep kloof, cast down it, and his body dashed to pieces.

Plenty will assert the fact, but why has no one dared to write it, that to the *interference* of the London missionaries in no small measure may be traced the source of the stream of blood so often poured out there, and the draining of the coffers at home.

The Colonial Secretary of that period slept in his office, as Knicker-

bocker's Doubter did over the affairs of New Amsterdam; but the Under-Secretary, with Dr. P——, and a few of the same sect, roused him up, and pointed out to him two words in the proclamation of Sir Benjamin D'Urban: those words were—*irreclaimable savages.* Oh! dreadful! What a governor! He knew nothing—was totally misinformed! The Kaffirs had been cruelly treated; the colonists and the governor were the aggressors. Only fancy, why, of course, the Kaffirs were *converted Christians*, and should be treated as people of education quite equal to the white man. Had they not been preaching to them since 1814? Then it must be so, or what would in future be believed of the annual strides, and the vast numbers of converts Christianity was making, and had made? Oh! they must convince them of it in London! Sir Benjamin D'Urban was removed from the government; they knew colonial politics far the best; had they not dabbled in them at all times for years and years before he came out? And so they sent home to London afterwards four or five converted Kaffirs, well crammed, as specimens, knowing how easy John Bull is to be gulled; and knowing, in their hearts, about one score in all Kaffirland was as many as they could boast of!

The Church had better not meddle in affairs of State. If some industrious and hungry spider in the Colonial Office were just to swallow those gnats, perhaps the noble lord at the head of affairs there may be induced to adopt the boundary and policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

All this is dry work; so back to the mess-table, and a glass of wine with Mr. Longhead. G—— called out to Mr. Blue and said,

"Blue, I don't think your friend would much relish being charged by a rhinoceros."

Blue: "Mr. President, I appeal to you; my friend is insulted."

The President rose and said,

"It appears to me there is but one way of settling this affair. In a case so gross as this, it would be most unbecoming in G—— to offer an apology, and as to your accepting it, Blue, it is quite out of the question. Mr. Vice, ring the bell."

The bell was rung, and the mess waiter answered it.

"The president wants you."

The President: "Bring up coffee and pistols for two. You have heard the order, gentlemen. Do you abide by my decision? Or shall I report the affair to the colonel in the morning?"

G—— and Blue both bowed to the president.

The mess waiter returned, bringing with him, on a large silver salver, two cups of coffee and a brace of pistols.

"Are you sure," inquired the President, "that they are carefully loaded?"

"Yes, sir; the drum-major loaded them himself."

"Gentlemen, take your coffee whilst Mr. Vice measures out twelve napkins; it will steady your hands."

The ground was measured out, and the principals posted.

The pistols being handed to them by Mr. Vice, Mr. Longhead implored them not to proceed. He did not in the least mind what had been said of him, and the tears literally filled his eyes.

The president whispered confidentially, that most likely only one of them would be killed; and if they did not fight, they would both be obliged to leave the service.

"Gentlemen, you will observe me drink this glass of claret; I shall do it slowly; you will fire the instant I turn up the heel tap."

They fired together. The pistols having been heavily loaded with powder, one of the mess servants, posted outside for that purpose, breaking a pane of glass in the window behind Blue, as if the bullet had passed through.

Blue said it was very near, but he was not yet satisfied. But the prayers, entreaties, and anguish of poor Mr. Longhead prevailed with the president, who bade the combatants shake hands; and, sending out the pistols, he ordered a glass of hot brandy-and-water and a cigar for each of them, and bade them sit together.

The excitement of the above scene and the pepper in the soup at last overcame Mr. Longhead, and he sank into a deep and heavy sleep. How was he to be got home? How fortunate the hand-barrows had been brought! They rolled him into one of them, Gimbo, G——, the president, and Blue acting as bearers. Their arms began to feel fatigued with so weighty a burden, and, singularly enough, they put the barrow down to rest just where one of those tiny streams came down the Heirengracht; and the bearers saw the water's gradual rise, till overflowing the dam the upper part of his stout legs had formed, a pretty little waterfall was formed on the other side.

G—— remarked, "If he had a headache in the morning, it would be an awful one, judging by the size of the head itself."

Blue said, "He could prove, from Pope, that he was sober now, though he might have been drunk before the cloth was off,

For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again;

and that last tumbler of brandy-and-water was a stiff one."

The President proposed, "Instead of chopping logic at that hour of the morning, they should proceed," which was accordingly done.

The barrow being removed from under the "illustrious stranger," he was left on the steps of the house of X. and L., where Blue first made his acquaintance; all the bearers but one ran off, taking with them the hand-barrow. Blue rang the bell violently, then ensconced himself behind a tree till he saw the door opened, and then ran off. Thus ended Mr. Longhead's first night at mess.

The acquaintance of Mr. Longhead, thus singularly begun, was not dropped. On the contrary, being a thoroughly good-tempered, good-natured fellow, apologies were made to him; his second and subsequent mess dinners were strikingly unlike the first. No one afterwards enjoyed the story more than himself, and never more was trick of any kind played upon him.

The smoke from Mr. Longhead's cigar often rose in peace with that of the officers who occupied the guard-room benches in Government Gardens, and, mingling in contented unison, was at length gradually dispersed.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD BAINES.*

When the current of public opinion was setting the most strongly in favour of emigration, as the only means of leaving a fair field for the exertions of those who might remain behind, there were many who thought that there was still scarcely a walk of life, however crowded, in which success could not be commanded at home by any one who, to a fair amount of talent, merely added honesty and industry.

In one of his Reflections, made without much exercise of that faculty, Dr. Armstrong asserts that a moderate degree of discretion and judgment, with the help of a very slight education, are sufficient to qualify almost any man to succeed in anything. The late Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, used to say that, in the present state of society, *impudence* seemed to be an important requisite; and he mentioned instances, even amongst authors, of its having done a good deal. It must be admitted, however, that, to the achievement of a fortunate career, three elements are necessary—the will, the power, and an occasion. *One* occasion, at least, occurs in the life of every man, even if he have not the means of creating it for himself by the exertion of his will and power; and, in the science of self-advancement, the latter qualities do not imply more than an average amount of mental vigour and a firm resolve. The author of "Lavengro" relies entirely upon "iron perseverance;" without which, he thinks, that "all the advantages of time and circumstance are of little avail."

A very accomplished whist-player, being asked if he thought the game to which he was devoted required much intellect, "I do not know," he said, "what amount of intellect it may require, but I am certain, at least, that all the mind a man possesses must be given to it for the time." And this is equally true of self-advancement. The object to be attained being once defined, none else must be allowed to disturb the attention or to occupy the thoughts. If it be wealth, there must be no dallying in "the pleasant paths of poesy;" no yielding to the blandishments of refinement and of taste; and, even in pursuing the one straight line, the cry must be continually, "Forward."

It is true that an eminent *millionaire* of the present day, at a very early period of his career, professed to be a lover of the fine arts; but as he could haggle with a painter for including a frame in the price to be paid for a portrait, there was little fear of his admiration leading him into any dangerous excess of fondness. This was simply an affectation. He had other objects of ambition, but he was content to see them realised in his children; and his own faculties were devoted entirely to the acquisition of wealth and of the distinction it conferred. Of the perilous allurements of an antagonistic pursuit we have an example in the elder Roscoe, who, surrounded by all the seductions of literature and art, and absorbed in the study of the middle ages, was unaware of an approaching revulsion in his own, till it had involved him, as a banker, in irrecoverable ruin. His was, indeed, a fatal instance of divided regards. The cherished schemes of self-advancement, which had been successfully pursued for years, were at once overthrown; and a residence that, while its gifted

* Life of Edward Baines, late M.P. for the Borough of Leeds. By his Son, Edward Baines, author of "The History of the Cotton Manufacture." London: Longman and Co.

possessor diffused his own happiness on all around him, was approached as a paradise, he was himself obliged to leave *for ever.* Wealth is a jealous mistress; she may sometimes jilt the eager, but she always scorns the indifferent. When we hear of a member taking his seat in parliament with a princely fortune, who began life as a clerk with eighty pounds a year, we have no difficulty in imagining the path through which his course was run.

But we need not confine ourselves to examples so eminent as these. Whether the object to be gained be a million or a hundred pounds; whether it be wealth, distinction, or competence, the same principle will apply, and the one rule can never be departed from.

We have seen, and she is still not very old, a gatherer of water-cresses, who holds a single mortgage for thirteen hundred pounds, and who gave five hundred pounds to her only daughter as a marriage portion; and all this—and more—was the produce of her humble vocation. At sun-rise she was by the running brook, and a walk of some miles brought her to the neighbouring town by the time its less *matinal* inhabitants were ready for their morning meal. Her sunburnt and toilworn appearance induced the careless visitors of a fashionable watering-place to give her something in addition to the price of her wares, and prudence and rigid economy did the rest.

At a recent sale of land in one of the midland counties, the persons who approached nearest to the reserved bidding of twenty-five thousand pounds, were a returned convict, who by foresight and industry had realised more than double that amount; and an individual who was remembered by many of those present as a labourer at fifteen shillings a week.

The higher and happier instances of self-advancement are such as we find recorded in the volume before us. In the career of Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, we see a combination of fortunate circumstances; yet they would have been unavailing if they had not been accompanied by the self-denial and perseverance which led to his eminent success. No man can be more safely held up as a model. "Brilliant achievements," says his biographer, "can be imitated by few;" but "an example of energy, prudence, and integrity in business, of earnest patriotism in a political career, of benevolent zeal for all social improvement, of the qualities that adorn society and sweeten domestic life, displayed from early youth with increasing lustre to advanced age, is one which every man may study with advantage."

His biographer shows some scattered records of the family through nearly two centuries; and it is possible that many of those who have again risen from the people may have had ancestors graced by nobility or wealth, from whom all traces of descent have been lost; but the honours they have themselves acquired eclipse the adventitious splendours of ancestry. Mr. Baines's father was an exciseman. After his marriage he engaged in business as a grocer, at Preston, but not being a *freeman* of that ancient borough, he was fined and harassed by the corporation, and ultimately formed a partnership with a person carrying on business as a cotton-spinner and manufacturer in the neighbouring village of Brindle, himself still residing in Preston, where he acted as a land agent, and as steward for Earl Derby's property in its neighbourhood. "His circumstances," we are told, "were easy, but he had not much to spare." Edward, his distinguished son, was born near Preston, in 1774. Of his

school days it is sufficient to notice that he was at the free grammar school of Hawkshead with Wordsworth, and that it was predicted of him by his master that he would either be a great man or be hanged. From a very early period he seems to have determined that the first of these alternatives should be realised. He chose for himself the only pursuit of an intellectual character which was within his reach, and, when rather more than sixteen years old, was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Walker, a printer and publisher at Preston. From this moment everything seems to have worked favourably for his destined career. When he was about nineteen Mr. Walker published a newspaper; and though it was continued for twelve months only, this was sufficiently long to initiate young Baines in the mysteries of editorship, and prepare him for his ultimate pursuit. On its discontinuance the work of the office fell off, and as he was desirous of finding a situation where there would be greater scope for his improvement, he was recommended by an acquaintance—an intelligent travelling bookseller—to try the office of the *Leeds Mercury*. To Leeds his inquiries and intentions were now directed. Mr. Walker gave up his apprentice's indentures, and, in 1795, leaving his native town, he set out to seek his fortune. This was the event upon which his Future depended; it was that turn of the tide of which so few take advantage, and to the neglect of which most of our failures are to be attributed. He went to Leeds with a fixed determination that it should be the stage where a life of honest labour should (as far as it depended upon himself) "*lead on to fortune.*"

"There was at that time," says his biographer, "no public conveyance on the direct route from Preston to Leeds, and the journey by coach through Manchester would have occupied two days. The frugal apprentice, stout of heart and limb, performed the journey on foot, with his bundle on his arm. A friend accompanied him to Clithero, but he crossed the hills into Yorkshire with no companion but his staff, and all his worldly wealth in his pocket. Wayworn he entered the town of Leeds, and, finding the shop of Messrs. Binns and Brown, he inquired if they had room for an apprentice to finish his time. The stranger was carelessly referred to the foreman; and, *as he entered the Mercury office, he internally resolved that, if he should obtain admittance there, he would never leave it.*" In six years he became its proprietor, and it was the instrument of his great success.

He came to Leeds a poor wandering apprentice. He was its representative in parliament, and one of the most honoured and respected of its magistrates. This is not the *romance* of biography, but it may furnish materials for something higher. We live in an age when a redundant population is pointed out as one of our greatest evils. A productive population cannot well be redundant, for the producer is also a profitable consumer; but the people of a country like ours can only live by the sweat of the brow; and when the classes which prefer a life of fraud and idleness to steady industry, increase, then, and then only, can the population become redundant. There is great value, then, in such an example as the life of Mr. Baines affords us. By its successful results, and by its beauty as a moral picture, it encourages the qualities which must save us, as a nation, from some of the elements of confusion and decay by which we are surrounded.

He has been compared to Franklin, and was said to have expressed, even in boyhood, his ambition to follow the example of the great

American printer and patriot. "There were many points of resemblance both in their mental character and personal history." To the vigour and originality of Franklin's mind Mr. Baines could make no claim; but in usefulness and in virtue his course was similar, and his virtue was hallowed by the influences of religion.

The secrets of his success were energy in business, great resolution and perseverance in abstaining from expense, and a firm discouragement of artificial wants. He always drank water; he never smoked; he took no snuff; he never frequented either theatre or tavern; but "the pure joys of domestic life, the pleasures of industry, and the satisfaction of doing good, combined to make him as happy as he was useful." These are "virtues too often despised by the young and ardent," but those who would have his success must employ the same means to obtain it.

One of the great peculiarities of his character, and one of the most valuable, was, that he allowed no other pursuit to interfere till his principal object was attained. The exercise of his intellectual faculties, as a writer, was fortunately an aid and not a hindrance to the business in which he was engaged; but he had also that talent for public affairs, and that desire to take part in them, by which the fortunes and success of many men have been seriously damaged; and his abstaining from these till his position was secured beyond the reach of any ordinary reverses, was a remarkable instance of firmness and resolution.

As a member of the House of Commons, he showed the same qualities as in private life. He laboured incessantly; he rarely spoke without giving valuable information as to facts; he devoted himself conscientiously to his duties. During the few years that he survived his retirement from parliament he employed himself as a guardian—not after the manner of an ancient churchwarden, but truly as a guardian of the poor; and, after a life of usefulness and happiness, prolonged to his seventy-fifth year, he died on the 3rd of August, 1848.

Now, we have thus dwelt upon the qualities which insure success, even in the present state of England, because we see anything but good in the indiscriminate encouragement of emigration. In many instances it is merely what a popular writer calls "a blind rush from known troubles at home to more painful hardships to be discovered abroad." If foreign countries are willing to take from us the idle and vicious of our population, we can have no objection that they should remove to a distance, rather than make us the witnesses of their sufferings. In a country where labour is scarce, some of them may find employment who would not find it here; but their vices, their follies, and their incapacity, will ultimately bear them down; and, carrying such additional weights, they must be distanced in the race of competition even there. The wiser policy is to prevent their increase by a better system of religious and industrial education. In the mean time, they are no loss to the country which they leave; but to the more valuable, who are disposed to labour with the hand or with the mind, and who merely look to foreign lands as offering a fairer field than England for their exertions, we would recommend a careful study of the "Life of Edward Baines," and that they should remain contentedly at home. They may not attain distinction, but they have the power of securing a happy competence. Our own love of country is so great that we do not like to see a good man leave it.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

WHAT BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO LONDON IN 1851.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Chapter XX.

MR. JOLLY GREEN COMES OUT IN A NEW CHARACTER.

There are few things in this world that encourage good fellowship more than broiled bones and brandy-and-water, especially when served up as a *succedaneum* to a dinner-party, at which, in spite of the best intentions, there has been more or less of restraint. That something like *gêne* had prevailed amongst his guests at Blackwall was apparent even to the hazy perceptions of Mr. Jolly Green, though, such was his reliance on his own judgment, he never for a moment imagined that the cause lay with himself. He had tried the experiment of mixing oil and water, and if the particles failed to unite, the fault, he felt sure, was theirs, not his.

But, in adjourning to "The Three Rummers" in the Haymarket, there was no likelihood that the unity of purpose, which ought to characterise all social meetings, would be disturbed. Mr. Jolly Green, in the pursuit of his well-considered object, was bent on humouring the designs of his new acquaintances, and they, on their part, were quite willing to give him every encouragement.

We have said that Mr. Green was accompanied to "The Three Rummers" by the distinguished French gentlemen who had been his guests at dinner; but we must qualify this statement by observing that the Vicomte de Pigarreau, who had metal more attractive in Belgravia, took leave of the party in the street, after having fully satisfied himself, in a brief conversation with Messieurs Cancalon and Gasquet, that those gentlemen belonged to a class with whose views he entirely sympathised. It was, therefore, with only these two, whom we may as well call by their proper names of Ventrebleu and Paradis, that Mr. Green proposed to finish the evening.

"Well, Musseers," said he, as soon as the orders which he gave the waiter, on entering, had been attended to—"well, Musseers, I hope when you return to your native country you will report favourably of your reception in England."

Monsieur Ventrebleu, who was a very fat man, laid his hand on the pit of his stomach, which was as near as he could get to the place beneath which his heart was supposed to beat, and, turning up the whites of his eyes, exclaimed, "Superbe!"

When a Frenchman has once uttered this expressive word, he seems to think there is no necessity for saying anything more; and Monsieur Ventrebleu, having satisfied his conscience *à la Française*—which is not saying very much—took a long pull at his brandy-and-water, and remained silent.

But Monsieur Paradis, who was of a more ardent, inflammable, and excitable nature, bounded from his chair, like a parched pea, vociferating, "Je demande la parole," as if he really did belong to the Assembly of which he pretended to be a member.

"L'honorable préopinant," he said, fixing his sinister eye on Mr. Green, and taking a minute survey of the coffee-room with the other—"l'honorable préopinant vient de lacher le mot 'superbe,'—pour exprimer la reconnaissance qui jaillit de son cœur! Soit! mais il est des circonstances qui exigent une déclaration plus étendue, un aveu plus rigoureusement exact, et j'espère qu'il me sera permis de dire que nous visons maintenant à cette question là." Here the honourable orator, observing still the traditions of the Assembly, took a sip from his tumbler, and resumed: "Voilà pourquoi j'ai l'honneur de proposer un amendement à la proposition de mon estimable collègue. Il se borne, en effet, à la substitution d'un mot dans son discours; mais quand on se rappelle que l'honorable préopinant n'a prononcé qu'un seul mot, celui que j'ai eu l'honneur d'indiquer—on verra de suite qu'il n'est pas dans mon intention d'accabler cette réunion de détails inutiles, ni de prolonger un débat épineux. Mon excellent ami a voulu caracteriser notre accueil hospitalier par une expression significative, qui va loin, sans doute,—mais—selon moi—pas assez loin! Au lieu de dire 'superbe,'—je désire substituer la phrase 'magnifique.'"

Monsieur Paradis gave so much expression to this word, and dashed his fist on the table, as he pronounced it, with so much energy, that had he actually been in the French Chamber he must assuredly have reaped the congratulations of his party in descending from the tribune—just as Monsieur Thiers, or any other French orator of note does, after *verbalisant* for an hour, and then winding up with some thundering clap-trap. Its effect, however, at "The Three Rummers," was only to bring in the waiter in a hurry, under the impression, as he said at the bar, that "them forriners was a tearin' each other's eyes out." But when he saw the stolid aspect of Mr. Green, observed the contentment depicted on the placid countenance of Monsieur Ventrebleu, and noticed that Monsieur Paradis finished his "grogs" and then quietly resumed his seat,—he changed his intention of calling for the police, and merely inquired if "the gents was ready for the broiled bones," and whether they would "prefer" any stout with it, no other object of preference being stated, though, for the sake of the waiter, in an elocutionary point of view, we venture to suggest that he meant to imply "more brandy-and-water." Mr. Green understood the question in this sense, and—to use the words of a distinguished melo-dramatist—"the banquet was served" with all the requisite accompaniments. It now became time for our wily friend to begin to feel his way in the affair which had induced him to seek the society of Messieurs Paradis and Ventrebleu, and he accordingly broke ground after his usual circumspect fashion.

"About that house, opposite to the What's-his-name, you know,"—here he winked and pointed over his shoulder, as much as to say, "Catch me committing myself"—"I say,—about you know what, when do you mean to get in?"

Mr. Green's hieroglyphics were, in the abstract, not much more intelligible to Monsieur Paradis than the speech of that gentleman had been to Mr. Green, but the pantomime performed by the latter, the intuitive perceptions of the Frenchman, and one or two words which he caught, were sufficient to enlighten him as to his host's meaning.

"Mais nous avons dejà pris possession," he replied; "we got in to-day before we came out,—see, here is de street-door key!"

And, so saying, Monsieur Paradis pulled out the iron passport and peeped at Mr. Green through the wards, with a very knowing expression of countenance.

"But you can't live there till you've got your 'traps!'" pursued Mr. Green, with the astuteness of an inquisitor or an Old Bailey lawyer.

"Traps!" inquired Monsieur Paradis,—"what traps? Que veut-il donc," he muttered aside to his companion, "avec ses pièges?"

"Furniture, you know,—beds, tables, and chairs, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh! quant à ça," replied Paradis, smiling,—"a very little does for us at present. Bientôt nous allons meubler et avec luxe, dam, oui—avec luxe, vous comprenez! Nous autres représentants, nous savons à quoi nous en tenir! Old soldiers, Monsieur Grin, coucher à la belle étoile,—sleep on the planks, under the staircase, wherever you please, but, avant tout, keep our eyes on the valuable personal property we carry in."

"And a sharp look-out on what you carry away, too," said Mr. Green, significantly.

Monsieur Ventrebleu, who had been listening attentively to this brief dialogue, seemed somewhat disturbed at this remark, and looked round him rather anxiously, but perceiving no one in the room besides themselves, he said, in a low voice to his friend,

"Monsieur parle avec mystère. Fais qu'il te donne le mot de son énigme!"

"Emporter! carry away!" reiterated Paradis. "What you shall mean?"

"I'm up to a thing or two," returned the now exhilarated Mr. Green, growing bolder as he advanced. "I know your dodge!"

"Diable!" ejaculated Paradis; "what you know, butor!—that is to say, my dear Sare?"

"I know," replied Mr. Green, edging his chair closer to the table, and leaning forward with a confidential air—"I know your plans. You're going to prig the Koh-i-noor. Dig a hole, hey? Go at it, like moles, underground."

"Sacré nom——" began Paradis, grinding his teeth; but Ventrebleu cut short the unfinished oath:

"Qu'est ce qu'il dit, le *rupin*?"

"*Rupin!*" retorted the other; "va pour le *rupin!* il a l'air d'une *serinette*."

Perhaps these terms require some explanation. "*Rupin*," in the *argot* of Paris, means "fine gentleman;" "*serinette*," an "informer," or "possessor of a dangerous secret." It was under this aspect Monsieur Paradis began to consider the adventurous Jolly Green, and certainly not without reason. A few more words rapidly passed between him and Ventrebleu, the purport of which had very ominous reference to the length of their entertainer's days, while he, smoking his cigar with the complacent air of one who has performed a scientific check-mate, inwardly chuckled at the commotion he had caused, but never entertained the slightest suspicion that the ashes of that very cigar were not more evanescent than his own life. It was the turn of a die; for already Monsieur Paradis had his hand on the knife which was always concealed in the breast-pocket of his coat; a rush, and the thread of Mr. Green's existence was severed; but the opportune entry of the waiter saved him; and by the time that functionary had retired, the robber had recovered

his *sang-froid*, and seemed disposed tranquilly to abide the issue of the affair.

Addressing Mr. Green with a forced smile, he said:

"You are a merry man, Sare. You love the joke very much! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Not so much as you suppose," returned Mr. Green, artfully. "It's all gospel—chapter and verse—all right. Under the rose, you know—I belong to the right sort—*one of you*—do you take—hey?"

The robber stared. Was it possible that this man's previous simplicity was assumed? Did he speak now in his real character? He had possessed himself of their secret, that was certain—but how? Then, again, he had the courage or the folly—which was it?—to tell him so! On the other hand, he had voluntarily come forward as their security, thereby assisting the object they had in view. But might not this be a snare? Yet, again, they found him on intimate terms with the Vicomte de Pigarreau, whom Paradis rightly guessed to be a swindler, or something worse. Still—for he had heard of such folks—Mr. Green might be a "Detective!" Yet, if so, and not "one of *them*," as he said he was, why should he have blurted out a knowledge of their intentions, which must necessarily operate as a warning? The main point was to learn, if possible, how he had obtained his information, and proceed accordingly.

These ideas passed through the mind of Monsieur Paradis far more swiftly than we have written them down.

"Who make you acquaint, Monsieur Grin, with this littel affair?"

"Oho!" thought Jolly, "I'm bringing him to book, am I? What shall I say? It won't do to compromise old Cocklico. I'll tell him something like the truth, though not quite. "Musseer," he pursued, aloud, "you perceive that I speak French like a natural, as you say in Paris"—(here Monsieur Paradis shrugged his shoulders—a compliment or an obtestation, as it suits the shrugger)—"and, therefore, you'll not be surprised when I tell you how I got wind of the matter. The fact is, I overheard you and your pal there talking it over in a place where you thought nobody understood you; while you were at dinner one day at Kensington, at the Symposium."

"Was you alone?" inquired Monsieur Paradis, with as indifferent an air as he could assume.

"Oh, quite alone," replied our friend, hardily.

"And you say you play also at our littel game—que vous êtes des notres, enfin?"

"That's the ticket," returned Mr. Green, adopting a slang tone, to give his questioner an idea of his being regularly "out on the lay," though it must be confessed that the various potations he had imbibed during the evening had some effect upon his general manner and conduct. "That's the ticket. I'm a downy one, and no mistake. Been in for a good many queer goes. Beaucoup de vols—beaucoup d'argent! Moi volait la banque de Rogers—moi volait la poussière d'or—none of 'em ever found out. Picked the Marquis of Westmin——hem—you know who's pocket, last week—robbed St. Paul's—rob the Bishop of Lon——hem—next. Never nabbed yet. Non pas attrappé par la police. Beaucoup trop connaissant—much too knowing!"

"En verité," said Monsieur Paradis, on whose mind the light began at length to dawn—"vous êtes bien fin. Vous nous serez bien utile;—n'est

ce pas Ventre——c'est à dire, Gasquet—ce Monsieur pourrait nous rendre une service immense. Lui aussi, il a la corde au cou."

"Tant mieux!" replied Monsieur Ventrebleu, who looked upon everything in a philosophical point of view.

"Yes," continued Paradis, "you shall join us, Grin. Mais, d'abord as-tu de l'argent, parceque nous sommes tout à fait dévalisés, money very scarce with us just now."

"I've got a few clinkers," said Jolly, taking out his purse, and willing to pay a few sovereigns to accomplish his purpose.

"Bon!" exclaimed Paradis, making a grab at the purse, which he quickly emptied into his hand, rapidly counting the contents: "Five—six—seven—and a half; four shilling—sixpence. Est-ce tout? Is that all?"

"All I have about me," returned Jolly.

Paradis half closed his eyes, and looked at Mr. Green very cunningly.

"When you pay the whitebait," he said, "you take money out of your pocket-book!"

Mr. Green was rather confused for a moment at this "refresher," but, recovering his presence of mind, he answered:

"Oh! that's the change you've got. I've more at my lodgings. When I go home I'll bring it with me."

"When you do go home," said Paradis to himself, "you'll not find much worth bringing. I hope we shall be there before you. Meantime, I must get you to go with us." Then, speaking aloud, he observed: "Eh bien, this will do very well at present. But you must come and see the arrangements we make in our house. Il y a des colifichets là-bas qui vous amuseront. Some pretty knickknacks there, which shall please you."

"I thought you said a little while ago that there was nothing in the house yet?"

"Bah! that was when I supposed you a strange man to us. S'il n'y a pas de meubles vous y trouverez des outils;—et ensuite—quelques brimborions. Allons! Partons d'ici. C'est moi qui paie."

And so he did, but as the money had just come out of Mr. Jolly Green's pocket, this stretch of generosity on the part of Monsieur Paradis was not very excessive. They then left "The Three Rummers" arm-in-arm, Mr. Green being between the other two, which circumstance accounted, perhaps, for his walking somewhat straighter than he would have done had he been quite alone. Monsieur Paradis hailed a "Hansom," and, if he had had a moment for sober reflection, it is more than probable Mr. Green might have thought better of the enterprise, and left it unattempted; but as that moment was not allowed him, being bundled into the cab before he well knew where he was, and as it couldn't under any circumstances have been a sober one, he yielded to his fate, the flaps of the cab came down on his knees, the driver jumped up behind, the horse gave a jerk, and away they all went at a smart gallop in the direction of Kensington.

Chapter XXI.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE COAL-HOLE.

The night was dark, and even "the blazing arch of lucid glass"—as the transept of the Crystal Palace has been poetically called—showed only a dim, spectral form, as the adventurers, having discharged the

"Hansom" at the half-mile stone opposite the barracks, drew near their place of destination on foot. Wearied out with the toils of the day, the "blue bottles" slumbered on their respective beats with an earnestness of purpose that would have done honour to the watchmen of the olden time; while, under cover of the darkness, and favoured by the relaxed vigilance of the police aforesaid, Messieurs Ventrebleu and Paradis, accompanied by Mr. Jolly Green, cautiously approached the empty house which the two former had hired of Mr. Fixture.

The well-oiled lock of the street door gave out no noise as Monsieur Paradis carefully turned the key, and admitted himself and friends into the hall; the door was as quietly closed, and, holding by the coat-tail of Monsieur Ventrebleu, Mr. Green and his pilot silently followed the leader of the party in Indian file along the passage, the vivid imagination of Mr. G. suggesting a violent resemblance between his position and that of Ali Baba in the cave of the Forty Thieves.

After groping their way for ten or a dozen paces, Monsieur Paradis whispered to them to stop. He then took out a box of lucifers, and scraping one against the wall obtained the means of lighting a wax candle, which he also produced from his pocket, and thus assisted, preceded his companions down a flight of stone steps which led to the basement floor. In the front kitchen the shutters were up, and no glimmering light could betray that the house had any tenants. Monsieur Paradis, therefore, unshrouded the candle which he held, and lighting a couple more that stood ready on a dresser, the obscurity of the place disappeared.

The account given to Mr. Green respecting a paucity of furniture was correct enough, there being only a kitchen-table and two or three of the chairs called "Windsor," probably because they are so uneasy and unlike those which George IV., that eminent upholsterer, used to lounge in. But, in the absence of couches and *consoles*, the eye rested inquiringly on the "colifichets" and "brimborions" so significantly alluded to by Monsieur Paradis. They by no means resembled the "darling ducks of things" which abounded in the "feminine-fine-arts' compartments" over the way, and which the ladies call by all the endearing names they ought to bestow on their innocent babes, but consisted, for the most part, of objects better suited to the agricultural and hardware sections: such, for instance, as mattocks and shovels, crowbars, centre-bits, files, saws, a bundle of keys, a pair of "jemmies," and a few articles of American industry, amongst which a brace of revolvers and a handsome assortment of the newest instruments for picking locks—to the confusion of Messrs. Chubb and Bramah—were the most conspicuous. There was, in short, everything that could gratify the taste or suit the abilities of the most accomplished housebreaker; and the only wonder was, how they could have been got together so speedily; but there are few people who illustrate the proverb of "Where there's a will there's a way" more promptly than cracksmen in general; and the Parisian "charrieurs" and "cambrioleurs" are not at all behind their London brethren in this or any other particular.

Notwithstanding his natural hardihood, and the stimulus to courage which he had swallowed, a cold shiver ran through the frame of Mr. Jolly Green at the sight of these various implements. He had got into the lion's den, and it was necessary he should put the best face on the matter, which he, therefore, tried to do.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, rubbing his hands, as if with excess of pleasure, though that was far enough from his thoughts, "voilà the tools! That's your sort! Quand commencez-vous ouvrage; when do you set to work?"

"Mais, de suite," replied Paradis, "this presently. Asseyez-vous—sit upon yourself a little; nous avons à faire, you will have plenty to do directly."

"Plenty—to—do?" ejaculated Mr. Green, with a pause between each word, as if he did not clearly understand the proposition,—how?"

"Ah, vous allez voir bientôt," replied Paradis, who was occupying himself in selecting a spade and a couple of mattocks from the heap.

"I don't quite see—qu'est ce que c'est que cela?—what are you going to do? Que voulez-vous? Quoi?" was the disjointed inquiry of our now somewhat agitated friend.

"Ce que nous allons faire?" asked the robber, in surprise,—"mais commencer,—comme vous avez demandé tout-à-l'heure." Then drawing nearer to his voluntary accomplice—for so we are compelled to designate Mr. Green—he added:

"On va creuser le terrain,—dig under him; je crains que le temps nous manque,—faut expédier la chose—begin at once."

"And do you expect me to dig too?" demanded Jolly, in accents of astonishment and alarm.

"Mais, certainement, oui! Pourquoi êtes-vous venu ici? Why you come here? Sacré-di,—vous êtes des notres, n'est-ce-pas?"

Mr. Green was caught in his own trap. He had proclaimed himself a regular housebreaker like the others, and now they expected him to do housebreaker's work. He saw from the expression of countenance of Monsieur Paradis, as well as from the rolling orbs of his companion, that they, at least, were not accustomed to trifle, and he felt, moreover—which was the worst part of the business—that they were, as their countrymen phrase it, "masters of the situation."

"Of course I am," he answered; "I'm your man for anything. Moi votre homme pour toute chose."

He said this with a very ill-assured air, but Monsieur Paradis took him at his word.

"Eh bien, faut filer doux alors! Tiens,—voilà une pioche! Veux-tu prendre la goutte? A littel drop, hey?" And, as he spoke, Monsieur Paradis took a flask of brandy and some glasses out of a cupboard by the fireplace.

It was, indeed, the very thing of which Mr. Green stood most in need, and he helped himself to nearly a tumbler full, which he swallowed without winking.

"Tu avales bien!" was the laconic observation of Monsieur Ventrebleu, who straightway followed the example thus set him.

"Halte-là!" exclaimed Monsieur Paradis, as he saw the brandy disappear. "Il ne vaut par la peine de se *pocharder* pour rien. We must not be drunk for nothing. Finis donc, Gasquet! Est-il amoureux de la bouteille! Le vilain singe se *pocharde* tous les jours, et quand il est en train il s'enrage *comme la bourique du major!* Allez!"

Mr. Green could make very little of this exposure of Monsieur Ventrebleu's weakness, thus confidentially addressed to him, but he nodded his head as if he comprehended it perfectly—a *ruse* which is practised in society more generally than people imagine.

"A l'ouvrage, donc!" continued Monsieur Paradis. "Otes ton habit, tu manieras la pioche plus facilement,—you pick him more easily without your coat."

Thus advised—and it was advice he was afraid to neglect—Mr. Jolly Green took off his coat, waistcoat, and a superb handkerchief of cloth of gold, which he had put on new that morning to charm the fair Clotilde, and stood in his shirt-sleeves, by no means the *beau-ideal* of a thorough-going cracksman, and it may fairly be questioned whether such hard work as he was called upon to perform had ever been attempted by a gentleman in diamond studs, varnished boots, and tight-fitting pantaloons. Monsieur Paradis seemed, in one respect, to be of this opinion; for, the glittering of the studs having caught his eye, he very quietly transferred them from Mr. Green's shirt-front to his own pocket; and, guided by the same principle, he also removed from our friend's little finger the very brilliant sapphire which always decorated it when he gave a dinner party, or wished to appear unusually smart.

"On travaille mieux," he said, "quand on n'est pas incommodé d'objets inutiles. Des bagues ce sont des charges—allez!"

It was rather a serious "charge" or practical joke to be deprived of his ornaments in this cool way, but there was no help for it, and with a heavy sigh Mr. Green began to handle his pickaxe.

The proposed scene of operations was in a large empty coal-cellar in front of the house, and thither the whole of the party proceeded, a lantern which was hung up in one corner affording the only light that was shed upon their labours.

Mr. Green's first effort in the art of mining had nearly been attended with considerable personal damage, for in aiming a fierce stroke at the ground where the shaft was to be sunk, the pick very nearly came in contact with his toes, and failing to bury itself in the earth passed between his legs, by which accident he lost his balance, and was thrown forward on his face with some violence. He scrambled up again as quickly as he could, more frightened, however, than hurt; but his face and hands were a good deal dirtied by the fall, his scarlet Berlin suspenders had snapped and carried away the buttons which held them to the pantaloons, and the pantaloons themselves had experienced a fearful rent, which was principally visible from behind.

"Sacré-di!" exclaimed Monsieur Ventrebleu, Mr. Green's mining associate, and, like him, armed with a mattock; "faut frapper plus en avant! Tiens—regardes-moi—fais comme ça!"

And so saying, he directed a steady blow straight before him, which bit well into the ground, and showed that manual labour was not unfamiliar to the *soi-disant* representative of the people. Mr. Green watched him carefully, and strove to profit by his example. This time he partially succeeded—that is to say, the attempt was not followed by the same results as on the previous occasion; but he either managed the implement awkwardly, or the point came in contact with a stone, for he jarred his arms right up to the shoulder-blades, and the pickaxe very nearly fell from his hands. He would have relinquished it altogether, but Monsieur Paradis stood by, eyeing him so attentively, and with looks of such doubtful sympathy, that he thought it better to peg away at his work as if it were anything but unpleasant, and, by dint of the prodigious energy with which he was gifted, he succeeded at last in loosening a large portion of the surface of the soil.

When this was accomplished there was a slight pause, and Monsieur Paradis came forward with a spade in his hand, to take—as Mr. Green supposed—his share of the work.

But he was mistaken; for, instead of turning to himself, Monsieur Paradis merely relieved him of the pickaxe and gave him the spade, observing that he would find that much easier, and directing him to dig away as hard as he could.

"Mon ami et moi," he added; "nous avons affaire ailleurs. Nous serons de retour dans deux heures d'ici. Pendant ce temps-là tu feras un joli trou; you make a lovely hole in that time, big enough to put yourself in,—il y aura assez de chandelle pour ça,—plenty of light to see to do dat."

"Why, you're not going to leave me alone here?" inquired Mr. Green, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, we can trust you," replied Monsieur Paradis, with a spiteful grin,—"du courage mon brave, tu arriveras à bout."

He gave Mr. Green no time for further remonstrance, but, disappearing with Ventrebleu, closed the cellar door and drew the bolts outside, leaving our friend leaning on his spade, "a perfect image," as he said to himself, "of the Farnesian Hercules engaged on the nine wonders."

When he recovered from the momentary stupefaction caused by this abrupt *exeunt*, he shouted loudly after his late companions, but without succeeding in inducing them to return. He then gazed wistfully round him, and was reminded by the streaming tallow candle that before it burnt out its dirty length there was a task for him to perform. Dashing, therefore, the perspiration from his brow, he seized the spade and manfully set to work to dig the required trench. While Mr. Green is engaged in this agreeable occupation, we shall take the liberty of following his associates, who, however "brave" they might be, were certainly not "partners of his toil."

Having secured their victim, the robbers returned to the kitchen, and their first movement was to examine the clothes of their self-devoted ally. The pocket-book was discovered, and besides a ten-pound note there were also two or three cards with Mr. Green's address on them, a gold pencil-case, two or three articles of minor importance, and a lock of dark hair, neatly done up in silver-paper, and smelling strongly of bergamot. From amongst whose tresses this had been ravished we shall not venture to disclose, observing that the hair of Mademoiselle Clotilde was of exactly the same hue as the *mèche* in the pocket-book.

"Le p'tit gredin nous aurait volé," was the indignant remark of Monsieur Paradis as he fingered the flimsy, making allusion to Mr. Green's concealment of his paper-money. "Il est *briseur* lui—allez! On n'est pas caliné de la sorte." By which expressions he meant to convey the fact —which the reader has already guessed—that he was not deceived by Mr. Green's assumption of the character of a housebreaker.

"Penses-tu," asked Ventrebleu, "qu'il va bêcher encore, maintenant que nous sommes partis?"

"Ah! dam', oui," replied the other; "c'est là son caractère. Il aimerait mieux crever que quitter son nouveau metier. S'il travaille assez il aurait creusé sa fosse avec ses propres mains."

"Vu que ses mains ne sont pas très propres," replied Ventrebleu, laughing,—"depuis qu'il a fait la culbute."

Monsieur Paradis joined in the joke at the expense of the innocent

Mr. Green, whose death, it appeared, from his last observation, he seriously meditated, besides despoiling him of as much of his property as he could lay his hands on. To carry out this last intention, it was necessary that he should take advantage of the information he had just obtained by procuring admission to Mr. Green's house and rifling it of all the portable contents—a safer plan, it appeared, for securing a good booty than any wild-goose chase underground, such as he had originally thought of. But it was desirable—though every moment now was precious—that Ventrebleu and himself should deliberate on the best mode of effecting their double purpose; and after a long and earnest discussion, the worthy pair came to the conclusion that, having Mr. Green in their power, they ought at once to make away with him, and, as soon as the day came, take the necessary steps for securing his property and quitting the country. The pit which the poor fellow was now at work upon was ready-made for their purpose, the ruffians were strong and determined, and under the influence of no scruple, the weapons were at hand, and nothing remained but to strike the blow, and huddle him into the grave which, as Paradis said, his own hands had prepared.

After upwards of an hour of painful labour, Mr. Green had dug himself perfectly sober, and as he stood in the trench which he had been so busily excavating, and which reached already above his knees, he began to meditate upon his position. Fool as he was in most matters—we grieve to apply so harsh a term to his conduct, but the Muse of History is inexorable—he did stop short of absolute fatuity, and when he ran over in his own mind the occurrences of the day, it seemed even to him that the course he had taken was not the most judicious, and that the representatives of the French nation possibly intended him some harm. He accordingly desisted altogether from work, and, getting out of the trench, approached the cellar door, to see if he could make his way out; but the bolt was too firmly shot, and there was no interstice through which he could introduce his hand. He then tried the door with his shoulder, but it refused to yield to his repeated efforts. While he was in the attitude of striving, with his head bent forward, he thought he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. He listened, and became assured that such was the case; and though they spoke in a whisper, he was convinced that the speakers were Paradis and Ventrebleu. He stood aside, therefore, still holding the spade, hoping that, when the cellar was opened, he might slip through the doorway unperceived. After a few moments of breathless suspense he heard the bolt withdrawn, and the two robbers entered, Paradis leading the way, armed with a revolver, on the upper barrel of which the light from the dim candle cast a sickly, lurid ray. His companion carried a short iron crowbar. These, at all events, were not implements of labour, and poor Jolly Green saw at once that he must prepare for the worst.

Paradis came forward with outstretched neck, peering into the gloom. He heard no noise, and, muttering an oath, exclaimed that the *rupin* had fallen asleep over his work. He then drew close to the trench, and observed the heap of earth thrown out, but could see nothing of Mr. Green. Turning his head in surprise, he caught a glimpse of his intended victim making for the doorway. As quick as thought he levelled the revolver and fired. But he had not calculated his aim correctly, or probably Ventrebleu had also seen Mr. Green's movement, and sought to intercept it, for he it was, instead of the gallant gravedigger, who

received a bullet in his body, and fell heavily to the ground. At the same moment the candle flickered in the lantern, and its light was extinguished.

"Sacré mille chandelles!" exclaimed Paradis; "y a plus de lumière. Où est-tu, donc, Ventrebleu? J'ai abattu le *rupin!*"

A deep groan was the only reply.

"Pourquoi ne reponds-tu pas?" cried Paradis, advancing towards the door.

Jolly Green, who had been transfixed with terror at witnessing the fatal shot, raised the spade at his approach. Paradis repeated the question, and came a step nearer. He was now within arm's length of our friend, who, measuring the distance by his ear, brought down the spade with all his force on the robber's head, and felled him senseless to the ground, at the same time knocking the revolver out of his hand. This feat accomplished, Mr. Green found his voice, and began to shout with might and main; "Fire!—Murder!—and Stop thief!" being the burden of his song. To utter these cries in the bowels of a coal-hole did not offer much prospect of relief; but stranger things than this have happened, and before Mr. Green had thrice gone through the gamut of his despair he heard a grating sound overhead, which was instantly followed by a gleam of blue light, and this was as speedily eclipsed, while a voice in gruff accents demanded to know what the devil was the matter down there. The fact was that Sergeant Lynx of the Detectives, who was prowling about on the beat at Prince's Gate—(having received a communication from Monsieur Coquelicot which induced him to have his eye on the premises there)—heard a tremendous noise in the cellar beneath his feet, and raising the trap through which the coals are shot, put the polite question to Mr. Green which we have already recorded.

The answer he obtained was brief but sufficient. He told Mr. Green to remain quiet for a moment where he was, and then springing his rattle, obtained the necessary assistance from the police on the beat, forced open the street door of the house in which the occurrences we have described had taken place, and, descending to the cellar, speedily discovered how matters stood in that darksome region, on which the bull's-eyes of the force now shed a detective light. Ventrebleu lay weltering in his blood, not dead but sorely wounded; Paradis was stretched on the ground, still insensible from the effects of Mr. Green's heavy blow; and that hero was standing alone in his glory, with his back against the wall and the spade in his grasp.

The story he had to tell was too confused for Sergeant Lynx to make much of, and at all events he was not there to adjudicate the question; so, desiring his subordinates to procure a couple of stretchers, the bodies of the Frenchmen were provided with that accommodation, and Mr. Green being taken into custody, as a measure of necessity, the whole party were conveyed to the station-house, to be brought up on the following morning before Mr. Beak, the magistrate.

Chapter XXII., and Last.

THE BALLOON. WHO GOT INTO IT, AND WHERE IT WENT TO.

The season had been a prosperous one for the Cosmopolite Club; and its worthy President, the Vicomte de Pigarreau—with those favoured members who were permitted to join in the lion's share of the spoil—had

reaped, if not "golden opinions," at all events a golden harvest. In spite of the police, the play had gone on every night; and in spite of Mr. Poppyhead and his lawyer, the club held possession of his house. What was worse—as far as Mr. Poppyhead was concerned—the rent, notwithstanding the guarantee of Messrs. Hornblower, Jolibois, Sloaker and Company, had not yet been paid up. Mr. Poppyhead had been so completely thrown off his guard by the Vicomte de Pigarreau's flourish of trumpets, and the apparent respectability of the Barge Yard firm, that he had let his house for six months, at his own price, it is true, but without specifying the period when the money was to be paid. Accordingly, when an application was made for the first quarter's rent, Mr. Cincinnatus W. Sloaker coolly returned for answer, that "he knew of no obligation no-how to justificate him to part with a cent's worth of scrāpins until the correct balance of time was figured up;" and, therefore, all that Mr. Poppyhead took by his motion was the conviction that—to continue the phraseology of Mr. Sloaker—he was "drawn out cold," which, being interpreted, means that he was "done" in every kind of way.

We have seen that the Vicomte de Pigarreau was not one of those men who neglect the tide of fortune by not taking it at the flood; but he had had too much experience of the affairs of this world not to be aware, also, that there is such a thing as a run of luck suddenly turning. He had, up to the present time, made a very good thing of it, but to continue the game to the very last moment would, he felt, be dangerous. He could not always hope to baffle the police; he had personal reasons for not wishing to be brought into too close contact with the authorities; he was doubtful of several of his own people—particularly of some who grumbled at not getting so much as others—and the longer he remained in London, now that his pockets were well filled, the greater risk he ran of being compelled to disgorge his booty. He resolved, therefore, to cut and run, at the first convenient opportunity.

The way to do it unsuspected by his most intimate friends—whom he had not the slightest objection to leave in the lurch—was the difficulty. He meditated upon various projects, but rejected them, one after the other, almost as soon as they were formed. There were few capitals in Europe that were not already too hot to hold him; and "the infernal electric telegraph"—as he used to call it—would infallibly be put in requisition by his allies if he bolted in any direction by the grand railway route; bolted, we mean, with the bank of the Cosmopolite Club, which he fully intended to carry off when he started. America was out of the question, if he could even get there; for, in the midst of his aberrations, he had not lost a certain sense of refinement,—and to spend his ill-gotten gains, and probably pass the rest of his life in "the land of liber—ty," was too repugnant to his tastes to be thought of for a single moment. Of the two, he would rather have taken the longer voyage to Australia.

At last the Vicomte came to the conclusion that the most advisable course for him to follow would be to discard the semblance of a man of fashion for the present, and drop down upon some quiet little place on the Continent where he might pass the rest of the summer *incognito*, and reappear at leisure an entirely new man. This "dropping down" was not a casual expression, but had a very literal meaning, it being his intention to effect his transit by the medium of a balloon. To one who, like the Vicomte de Pigarreau, had been at "all in the ring," this mode of travelling presented neither novelty nor difficulty. He had been "up"

repeatedly, with more than one celebrated aeronaut, and had succeeded in getting a great deal nearer to heaven than those who were best acquainted with him would ever have thought possible; but it was only to come down again, with increased fondness for the earth to which he more properly belonged. Only so late as the last season he had formed one of the party who made an ascent from the Champs Elysées with Monsieur and Madame Poitevin in a calèche and pair, accompanied by a dromedary, a wolf, a bear, and a few more equally agreeable travelling companions. He had thus acquired as large an amount of celestial experience as the most "intrepid" aeronaut who ever ventured a worthless neck, and could look upon a seat in the floating car as serenely as on a corner in an express-train, or as the weaver Malek contemplated the flying chest which bore him to the arms of the Princess Shireen.

And what reconciled the Vicomte still more to this unusual manner of performing a voyage, was the fact that he meditated having a fair Shireen to solace him in his flight.

His notions of propriety with relation to the fair sex were not the most correct, as those may believe who remember the description we gave of the Vicomte's matrimonial engagements when we sketched the character of his friend and *quasi* brother-in-law, the Baron van der Cuyck XXXVI. As a visitor to the Crystal Palace, he had been quite as much struck as Mr. Jolly Green by the prettiness and piquancy of Mademoiselle Clotilde Coquelicot, and on more than one occasion had played the agreeable to that young lady, and, as he thought, very successfully, for he was a gentleman who had a tolerably good opinion of his own powers. We do not mean to accuse Mademoiselle Clotilde of being a coquette, but she certainly never showed herself particularly *farouche* when a compliment was addressed to her.

It was very much to the Vicomte's surprise, but greatly to his gratification, when he became formally introduced to her at the whitebait party at Blackwall, and sat by her side at dinner. Their conversation turned upon a thousand subjects; and though Mr. Green now and then put in his oar, he did not materially interfere with the Vicomte, who confined himself almost entirely to French, and only spoke English when he was obliged to do so. Amongst other themes he discussed the science of aerostation, dwelt on the pleasures it afforded, proved to demonstration that it was entirely free from danger, and succeeded at last in inspiring Mademoiselle Clotilde with an ardent wish to make an ascent. It was very easy to do so, the Vicomte replied; he was well acquainted with the proprietor of the Ghuznee Gardens at Chelsea, who had a stock of balloons always on hand for the accommodation of private parties; and, if Mademoiselle would permit him, he would make all the necessary arrangements for going up on the following evening; with a gentle breeze from the north-west—and the glass was now steady, with the wind in that quarter—nothing could be more delightful. He had no difficulty in persuading the young lady, and the consent of Monsieur Adolphe Coquelicot was also obtained, without more trouble than was necessary to convince him that his own fame would be greatly increased when it became universally known—as it would inevitably be—that he was the father of the enterprising aeronaut, the first French lady who had ever attempted an ascent in perfidious Albion.

"I can easily make terms with this sprightly damsel when once we are fairly *en route*," said the Vicomte to himself, "and then, if the wind

holds, which there is every prospect of, we will cross the Channel, and settle quietly down somewhere in Belgium. To pass the summer with Clotilde in the valley of the Meuse, or amidst the romantic glades of the Ardennes, would be a very convenient way of killing time till one was tired of it; and when that time arrived, it would be equally convenient to leave her in those romantic solitudes and try one's luck somewhere else."

These were the virtuous thoughts which floated across the calm mirror of the Vicomte's conscience when he rose from his couch on the following morning, satisfied with the very considerable "pull" which the bank had made after he reached the club the evening before, and still more satisfied by reflecting that the key of the strong box was in his possession. His first glance was at the sky; and the steadiness with which the zinc foxes on the chimney-cowls turned their tails to the northwest, seemed an assurance to him that Nature herself smiled on his proceedings, and was bent on furthering them. As soon as he was dressed he wrote a note to the proprietor of the Ghuznee Gardens, wishing to know if he could have "a balloon for two that evening at six," and despatched it by a special messenger—one of the red-waistcoated men, who do their spiriting so effectually—requesting an immediate answer. The reply, which was in the affirmative, was received by the Vicomte as he sat at breakfast with Baron van der Cuyck XXXVI., Mr. Cincinnatus W. Sloaker, Major O'Reilly, and the Reverend Arthur Wadbrook; a *petit comité* having been assembled, at the Vicomte's invitation, to hear the details of a plan for further fleecing the lieges to an indefinite extent. "A plan," he emphatically added, "which only requires us to be true to ourselves and to each other to be the most successful thing we have yet attempted."

Every man swore, of course, to be as true as steel, with the mental reservation of limiting this incomparable fidelity to the first part of the proposition; and while they swore, each was turning over in his own mind what would be the most favourable moment for betraying his associates.

The Vicomte de Pigarreau had, however, the start of the rest. His scheme, such as it was, was already matured and about to be acted on, and as soon as he was alone he paid a visit to the strong box, of which—by an unpardonable oversight on the part of his colleagues—he was the sole custodian, and in the course of a couple of hours had sealed up a great number of very nice little rouleaux, transferring the fund into small canvas bags, which he meant to dispose of about his person—"the ballast for his journey," as he facetiously observed, when he tied them carefully up. He then put everything under double lock and key, and went out to pay a visit to Monsieur Coquelicot and his charming daughter.

He found them at home, and prepared for a visit, though not on his part only, for Mr. Jolly Green had said when he took leave on the previous evening, that he should have the honour of calling to escort them to the Zoological Gardens to see the Uran Utan and the hippopotamus. They waited accordingly; but the morning passed and no Mr. Green made his appearance, a subject of wonderment to the fair Clotilde, who had always found him, she said, so faithful in keeping his appointments. The Vicomte was secretly rejoiced at the absence of this "faithful" one, being afraid that when he heard of the proposed ascent he might wish to be of the party. With a passing sneer at our Abdiel, whose *légèreté*, he declared, was well known, Monsieur de Pigarreau took his leave, pro-

mising to return, *en voiture*, about five in the afternoon, and drive his friends over to the Ghuznee Gardens.

"A warm shawl or two will be desirable," he observed; and he would fain have added "a nightcap and toothbrush," but he feared that the bare mention of those needful articles would have raised some suspicious notions with regard to the length of the voyage, which he was not at all desirous of exciting.

The Vicomte did not neglect to make a good use of the intervening time. The greater part of his wardrobe and other movable effects had already been transferred from "A 1, Wilderness-road, St. John's Wood," to the "Montagne de la Cour," in Brussels, and all that remained was for him and his money to follow. The latter, in these times of doubt and danger, he never parted company with, till he was able to make a safe investment of it with his own proper hands. What personal effects he had at the club he resolved to leave behind, all but an ample cloak, in which he enveloped himself when he stepped into the carriage, and which he wore less for comfort than for the cover it threw over his person, rendered rather more bulky than usual by the little canvas bags, and a few necessary articles of raiment, with which he had stuffed his pockets.

At the appointed hour he drove to Nassau-street, where his newly-acquired friends were ready and eager for the expedition.

"It was strange," Mademoiselle Clotilde remarked, harping upon the subject more than the Vicomte thought pleasant,—"it was strange that Monsieur de Grin had never come near them all day; something," she feared, "must have happened to him."

The Vicomte assured her that the idea was "perfectly chimerical;" but if he had pleased to do so he could have told her that Mr. Green was then at the Ramillies-street police-office, undergoing an examination before the sitting magistrate, Mr. Beak, who was engaged in investigating the "Mysterious affair at Prince's Gate," as it was called in the *Globe*, a copy of which newspaper, of that afternoon's edition, the Vicomte had at that moment in his pocket, having bought a copy at the Black Bear-cellar, in Piccadilly, on his way to the Coquelicots.

The Ghuznee Gardens were filled with "the choicest of company," as the red-hot posters informed the town; and when it became known that a "real lady and gent" were to make an ascent, the excitement in that polite quarter became prodigious. When people risk their lives any amount of spectators may be calculated upon, and if the proprietor could but have advertised the fact in that day's *Times*, they might have filled the gardens twice over.

We pass over the preliminary arrangements, which are to be found stereotyped for every balloon ascent that has taken place during the last twenty years, to come to the moment when the "gallant" and the "graceful" prepared to "step into the car which was to waft them through the realms of space." The absence of that rich colour which usually mantled on the soft cheek of Mademoiselle Clotilde, denoted some internal misgiving or struggle, some mingled emotion of fear or regret; but she smiled, notwithstanding, as she embraced her father and uncle, who stood on the platform beside her. The Vicomte de Pigarreau was in a very radiant mood, and when in that condition of mind, his eloquence knew no bounds, and every syllable he uttered was a lie. He could promise Monsieur Coquelicot that in thirty-four minutes, or it might be thirty four minutes and a quarter—for he would not pledge himself to a

few seconds,—the balloon should descend in a grass field belonging to a friend of his at Dartford, in Kent, about two hundred yards from the powder-mills; and so certain was he of the fact that he had ordered a carriage and four posthorses to be on the spot at half-past six to bring them back again to town in time for Rachel's performance of *Valeria* that evening, having engaged four stall tickets for the representation. The safety of Mademoiselle Clotilde, he averred, was infinitely dearer to him than his own life, but he would even take care of his own worthless existence (here he did accidentally speak truth) that he might the better assure her comfort and sustain her parent's equanimity. But, after all, there was nothing in the matter to think twice about; the weather was perfectly steady (there were clouds rising which he did not see), and the breeze was so gentle that it could not drive the gossamer from its course (the wind was shifting and getting up as he spoke); in short, it was more dangerous, according to his account, to be dragged in a Bath chair through the Crystal Palace than sail through the skies in the car attached to "The Wandering Phœnix,"—for such was the name of the balloon.

After this oration there was nothing more to be done than make the expected start. Again Clotilde embraced her relatives. "Adieu! mon père! Adieu! mon oncle!"—"Adieu! mon enfant!"—"Adieu, adieu—ad—i—e—uuuuu—u—u—u;" and as the last vowel fluttered on the air, the cords were cut, the handkerchiefs were waved, the crowd hurraed, and "The Wandering Phœnix" rose "gracefully and majestically into its adopted element."

But though the balloon shot up straight enough from the gardens, which were enclosed by very lofty trees, as soon as it was clear from their protection, the force of the breeze began to tell upon it, and it sailed away upon the wings of speed in exactly the contrary direction predicted, and, we will so far do him the justice to say, expected by the lying Vicomte. As the points of the compass are not familiar objects of study to Parisian shopkeepers, and as a Parisian, moreover, is out of his latitude everywhere but in Paris, it is probable the *marchand de nouveautés* and the *épicier* might have calmly persuaded themselves that "The Wandering Phœnix" would descend, as promised, near the Dartford Powder Mills. But the sudden arrival of a friend at the Ghuznee Gardens, who, if he was master of no other science, at any rate knew his right hand from his left, was the cause of their being informed that the direction which the balloon had taken made it much more likely that the descent would be effected at the powder-mills at Hounslow.

This friend was no other than Mr. Jolly Green, who had been detained almost all the day at the Ramillies-street police-office, in substantiating his accusations against Messieurs Paradis and Ventrebleu, the former of whom was sufficiently restored to be brought up for examination, though his fellow-prisoner was unable to attend, his wound, a serious one, requiring surgical care in the hospital. It was well for Mr. Green that the affair came before Mr. Beak, and that the worthy magistrate still had a lively remembrance of the whitebait and champagne, or that facetious but feather-headed gentleman might have had some difficulty in clearing himself from the charge of consorting for evil purposes with convicted robbers, the damnatory letter "F" having been discovered on the shoulder of each of his companions. But he did come out of the inquiry safe and sound, though bail was required for his re-appearance to prosecute; and as soon as he could get through this technicality, he hurried off to Nassau-

street, where he learnt that the Coquelicot family had gone to the Ghuznee Gardens; the red-elbowed maid of all work, who answered the door with a slop-pail and broom, increasing his astonishment by telling him that she "b'lieved Miss was a-goin' up in a b'loon with sitch a nice gent as had gived her harft-a-crown," and, she might have added, had she been disposed to tell the whole truth, who had kissed her behind the door when he gave her the money, notwithstanding her dirty face. Mr. Green's generosity being proverbial, he doubled the pecuniary gift to the damsel, but—with better taste than the Vicomte—did not venture any further, though the young lady made the usual preparations for a salute, by wiping her lips with the corner of her dusty apron. Not noticing, or not caring to notice, M'riar's advances, Mr. Green called a cab that was passing, and jumping into it, desired the driver to gallop off as fast as he could to the Ghuznee Gardens, hoping to arrive there before the ascent came off. But his first upward glance, as he hurried into that fashionable place of amusement, was sufficient; the silken sphere was already above the trees, and drifting rapidly away to the westward, as if its occupants had urgent business at Windsor Castle, Stonehenge, or the Bristol Channel.

Great was the consternation of Monsieur Coquelicot, *père*, as the balloon was quickly whisked out of sight, and Monsieur Coquelicot, *oncle*, blubbered outright when he found his niece had fairly disappeared. But neither father, nor uncle, nor all the relations put together, who could by possibility constitute a French *réunion de famille*—numerous as such a party necessarily must be—had the faculty of brewing so fierce a storm of mingled rage and grief as heaved the bosom, and poured from the lips and eyes of the enamoured Jolly Green. He would follow the balloon, he swore, if it drifted to the torrid plains of Africa—a safe oath, when we remember that it was taking the opposite course; but lovers in a passion may be permitted a little lee-way. His energetic exclamations were of course overheard by those about him; and one person, who happened to be a sensible man, observed, that if the gentleman ever hoped to overtake the balloon, his only plan was to get into a train at the Great Western Railway, and chance it for some thirty miles down the line, as it was his opinion it would come down nigh to Maidenhead or Reading, or "someway thereabouts."

As this person, who was a flyman, "happened" to have a disengaged vehicle at the gate of the gardens, Mr. Green and the Coquelicots at once caught at the suggestion, and very few minutes elapsed before they were all rattling over the stones to the Paddington station.

In the mean time "The Wandering Phœnix" was leaving brick and mortar—maugre its wide extent—far behind. Mademoiselle Clotilde was in high spirits, as any one had need to be who was so high up in the air; but the Vicomte de Pigarreau saw with dismay, that he was much more likely to settle down amongst some country creditors of his at Bath than settle with them when he got there. Being, however, a man of expedients, he soon devised a remedy for this *contre-coup* of fate. He would descend before dusk near some post town on their line of route, and get across as fast as he could to the South-Western rail, reach Southampton in the course of the night, and be off to Havre, Jersey, Portugal, or Alexandria, according to the destination of the steamer which he might find ready to start the first thing in the morning. He had secured the money and the person of Mademoiselle de Coquelicot; her inclinations would keep her with him as a matter of course. To put this to the test,

he began to make violent love to the charming Clotilde, who received his first demonstrations as a *badinage* which, she presumed, he merely made use of to dispel any anxiety arising from the novelty of his position; but when his urgency became more serious, when, neglecting the valve and forgetting the ballast, he threw himself on his knees before her, avowing the *ruse* he had practised to get her into his power and make his escape from England, the real character of Clotilde came out, and his advances were rejected with scorn and indignation. Still the Vicomte persisted, laughing at what he called her "affected scruples," and making what he said the more pleasant by avowing it as his belief, that if virtue existed anywhere it certainly did not reside in the bosom of a little French milliner. Nor did he stop here, but presuming on her defenceless state, attempted to draw her to his side. But, quick as light, Clotilde perceived his intention, and not having been unobservant of his manner of managing the balloon, made a dart at the waving cord which was attached to the valve, and grasped it with all her might. Her weight opened the valve, the gas escaped rapidly, and the balloon as swiftly began to descend, the suddenness of the manœuvre operating to the disadvantage of the Vicomte, who rolled head over heels into the bottom of the car. There was something of the Templar and Rebecca in their respective situations. The Vicomte did not say, "Rash girl, come down; I swear by earth and sea and sky, I will offer thee no offence!" but as soon as he recovered his presence of mind he swore *at* her with all his might, and told her if she did not let go the rope they should both of them be smashed among the chimney-pots of a large building which they were then nearing at a railroad pace. But in spite of his oaths and threats Clotilde held firmly on, and the Vicomte was, at heart, too great a coward to stir hand or foot for their mutual preservation.

It was a beautiful evening, though a gusty one, and on the terrace of Mr. Poppyhead's country mansion three persons were enjoying the delicious perfume of the air as it swept over the beds of flowers "like a caravan of musk arriving from Khoten." Those three persons were Mr. Poppyhead himself, M. de Beauvilliers, and Agatha Vere—the former in a state of mind which promised more for the lovers than they had ever yet dared to hope. But many circumstances had occurred to work a change in Mr. Poppyhead's opinions, and all he now wanted was an excuse for relaxing from his apparent severity.

As Mr. Poppyhead was mechanically gazing upwards his attention was attracted by something in the sky, which seemed fast approaching the place where they sat.

"Ave Maria purissima!" cried out the worthy Puseyite. "God bless my soul, I mean, what the deuce is this?"

The lovers turned at this sudden exclamation, and, equally to their surprise, beheld a balloon descending at an incredible rate, exactly over "The Pinnacles." The reader need not be told that the aerial carriage was "The Wandering Phœnix."

"They can't manage it—they'll be on the roof of the house if they don't take care—keep off, keep off!" shouted de Beauvilliers at the top of his voice, while Agatha Vere turned deadly pale, when she saw that two persons—and one of them a woman—were in the car, which was swinging about with frightful velocity.

"Take care of the crockets!" screamed Mr. Poppyhead, in a tone that

a peacock would have given a full moult of his tail to be able to beat. But shout or scream was alike useless; the aeronauts either could not hear, or could not manage the cumbrous machine to which they were attached, and what the miserable humbug, who called himself a Viscount, had predicted arrived. With a shock that made every finial dance, down came the car upon the roof, bang went the body of the balloon against a stack of chimneys, the netting became entangled with the pinnacles, which gave their name to the building, and there the monster stuck fast, the painted globe rolling to and fro, like a sick boa-constrictor with a swelled head. Nor was this all, for out of the car there came the body of a man, which whirled down the steep slated roof, and finally lodged in a gutter behind the parapet.

All instantly was confusion and alarm; ladders were brought and placed, trap-doors opened, knives brandished, and every hasty method resorted to, to cut away the balloon and rescue the travellers. De Beauvilliers was the first to reach the roof and scramble to the spot where the car was wedged between two high fantastic gables. There was a female figure recumbent in it; she was motionless, and round her hand was twisted a silken cord, which had saved her from being thrown out. But she had only fainted, and, after being extricated from her perilous position, was carefully carried below, and tenderly looked after by Agatha Vere. Meanwhile, De Beauvilliers continued his search after the male aeronaut, whom he at length discovered with his face downward in the gutter and groaning terribly, with loud exclamations between whiles that he had broken every bone in his skin. He turned him over, and found to his surprise that the groaning individual was no other than the Vicomte de Pigarreau; or, as an old reminiscence at once assured him, the Chevalier de l'Escroc, *alias* "Gentleman Jones," who, a year or two before, had first swindled him out of a thousand louis at *écarté*, and afterwards forged his name for a similar amount.

In winding up a narrative where such a catastrophe as this comes to perplex the narrator, a thousand things must be taken for granted, which, were we writing a three volume novel, would be told in full detail. But a magazine admits of no such amplitude, and we leave the *dénouement* to the imagination of the public, merely observing that Mademoiselle Coquelicot soon recovered from her fright, and was that very night restored to the arms of her parent and uncle, who, guided by the lucky star of Mr. Green, were able to trace the balloon and reach "The Pinnacles;" that "Gentleman Jones" was made to give up the whole of the plunder with which he was stored—the greater part of which was seized upon by Mr. Poppyhead, in payment of the rent of his house in Belgravia, the continued tenancy being no longer insisted on; that the Cosmopolites, finding their bank gone, disappeared in a body; that Messieurs Paradis and Ventrebleu were reclaimed by the French government as *Forçats liberés*, and are now working out their time, *en perpétuité*, at Toulon; that Mr. Poppyhead, abjuring Puseyism, became a reasonable man, and gave his consent to the marriage of M. de Beauvilliers with Agatha Vere; and that Mr. Jolly Green having made a frantic declaration of love to Mademoiselle Clotilde Coquelicot in presence of "mon père et mon oncle"——but no—there must be some reservation: the public have heard what Mr. Jolly Green had to say to "ALL THE WORLD"—they have still to learn whether he was able in his own person to add—"AND HIS WIFE."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE A CONSERVATORY OF SCIENCE, ARTS, AND INDUSTRY.

PUBLIC opinion appears to be decidedly in favour of the permanence of the Crystal Palace. There may be a few dissentients—neighbours, gluttonous of Saxon seclusion; subscribers, who, having also had their tickets to pay for, wish their subscriptions returned from out of the surplus, and crotchety persons who have viewed the whole thing with distrust from the beginning, and who would oppose its continuance as they would that of any other novelty, however much it might tend to the enjoyment of many, the refinement of more, and the intellectual improvement of all classes of persons. But, these few apart, the great mass of the more reasonable and less selfish among mankind are in favour of preserving, for as long a period as possible, a building of exceeding beauty, which is already associated in their minds with moments of high gratification and reminiscences of honourable competition; and which, to whatever purposes it may be applied, can scarcely fail to add to the resources of the metropolis for pleasure and instruction.

But so many and such various opinions have been emitted upon the purposes to which the structure should, supposing its permanence insured, be devoted, that a few words of common sense upon such a theme may, perchance, not fall unheeded. In the first place, there can be no question about the intrinsic merits of the building itself. The most novel and interesting feature of the whole Exhibition, it has been justly remarked, has certainly been the building itself, which has surpassed all the high-wrought expectations of every visitor. It is the most surprising of all the manufactures exhibited; for a manufacture it has been accurately called by Mr. Babbage, with its thousands of self-same columns and girders, its miles of sashbars, and its acres of glass. As a permanent structure it has been very properly proposed to give the building still greater perfection, by removing the boarding which protects the bottom tier and replacing it with glass. Although it is argued that the Crystal Palace was not built as a temporary structure—that this was a stipulation in the bond, but that the contractors, from the very first, thought and hoped that it would never be removed, and, at a considerable sacrifice to themselves, went so far beyond the letter of their bond as to erect a permanent structure, where they were only required to erect a temporary one—still it would appear that there is room for improvement. The glass ought to be thicker; and this might be brought about by replacing every broken pane by one of a far more durable character, and thus, with the progress of time, all the present fragile glass would be replaced by better material. The lights also admit of being arranged with a nicety of angle and degree of intensity, such as belong to no building of the ordinary materials; and this must not be lost sight of, in case some portions of the building are devoted to the exhibition of drawings and paintings, and for which it is admirably adapted. Many of the sashes should also be made moveable, for the admission of air, in case the favourite idea of a conservatory being carried out, as well also for ventilation in hot summer weather.

When it became publicly known that the receipts at the Crystal

Palace were so great as to leave a prospect of a surplus at the end, variously estimated at from 140,000*l.* to 150,000*l.*, there was no moderation in the magnificence of the projects, hastily broached and as hastily adopted, for the investment of such a fund. It was even proposed, not only to buy up the Crystal Palace, but all that it contained. But a little investigation soon showed that the value of the contents at the Exhibition had been appraised by no one at less than twelve millions, while the calculations of some went up as high as thirty. A writer in the *Athenæum* at once pointed out that, supposing 2000*l.* to be received daily at the doors, over and above all the expenses of management, twelve millions of money would not be raised till the expiration of 6000 days; that is, after deducting Sundays and other religious days, when the palace must of course be closed, in exactly twenty years! Then, again, let the question be looked upon in another point of view. At 5*l.* per cent. per annum, the interest on twelve millions is 600,000*l.* a year; or, leaving out Sundays and a few other as non-productive days, just 2000*l.* a day! If the contents of the Exhibition be really worth twenty millions, a daily income of 3300*l.* would not discharge the mere interest on the capital lying dead in the Crystal Palace. The suggestion, therefore, of purchasing the Exhibition, in order to keep its contents together, was justly denounced, at the outset, as one which merely showed to what wild poetic heights the imagination could climb up the wonderful shafts of the Palace of Glass.

This proposal being thus summarily dismissed, the *Athenæum* offered a modified form of the same idea for public acceptance. "We will take it for granted," says the writer in question, "at the moment, that the Royal Commissioners, before laying down the temporary offices which they were appointed by the queen to discharge, will purchase the Crystal Palace in the name of the English people. Should it then be announced to all the present exhibitors, in the first instance, that such of them as have fitted up stalls, or obtained spaces, may retain them for, say a year, on the condition of keeping them filled with their present or other contributions of the same high class of excellence,—we think it probable that a great majority of the most useful and beautiful articles would be left on such terms." We should at once express our doubts upon this point; without some prospect of benefit to be derived from such an exhibition, it is not likely that the producers, manufacturers, and dealers, who compose the majority of exhibitors, would sacrifice time and labour to a permanent exhibition. Many also are foreigners, and could not possibly do it, even if they had the will. It is different with another class of exhibitors, and most of these come under categories to be discussed afterwards. There are many things in the Exhibition that are not worthy of prolonged or permanent exhibition; and other objects, as food, grains, flour, and many perishable articles, are unfitted by their nature and character for permanency.

We differ also with "Denarius," that it is not necessary to reckon among the grounds of preservation the proved fitness of the Crystal Palace for any future exhibition, because there is a public purpose much nearer at hand, and which is certainly a great public want. That want is a covered area, where, in this most variable climate, sheltered from its vicissitudes of wet and cold, the public at large, and especially the invalid and weaker portion, might be free to enjoy air and exercise. We think

that the fitness of the Crystal Palace as a place of exhibition is the first great consideration; that of a winter garden and sheltered promenade coming afterwards, and, indeed, following as a matter of course. Admitting the fitness as a place of exhibition, it is equally evident that the most legitimate of all adaptations must approach as nearly as possible to the original idea for which the Crystal Palace was erected. This is in part presented to us in the principle of foundation of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* (the Conservatory of Arts and Trades), in the Abbey of St. Martin, in Paris. It has long been admitted that few museums are more interesting, and none more instructive or valuable than this. Such a collection of all the machines invented by French genius and industry, in every kind of manufactory and every branch of art, has been hitherto peculiar to, as it is highly creditable to, the metropolis of France, and it has been productive of the most beneficial effects. It has undoubtedly diffused through France a knowledge of mechanics, and the further adaptation of the simplest implements to the most complicated purposes. How much more so might this be expected to be the case in a country whose inventive and mechanical genius is not only its boast, but one of the many sources of its power and prosperity? One hall in the Abbey of St. Martin is devoted to improvements in architecture, and contains models of public and private buildings of every description; it is obvious that such should not be omitted from the British Conservatory. Most of the machines, we believe, in the existing Exhibition are made in model. These cannot be sold or used in actual factories, or for agricultural or other operations. If taken away, they will either be broken up, or buried in local museums. There is every reason to believe that the proprietors of such models, as well as of architectural and other models, would prefer that they should remain as their advertisements and representatives in the great centre of observation. This would form a first and sound nucleus for a British Conservatory of Arts and Trades. It is possible also that the same principle might be made to extend to a considerable extent to the ironmongery. Grates, stoves, iron safes, culinary apparatus, furnaces, lamps, tools, and the infinite variety of other articles of this description of manufacture are not so perishable but that the manufacturer might find it to his interest to have a central and permanent exhibition of his art. All kinds of earthern, stone, and glass ware present the same advantages. Models of boats, and of almost every other description, are also of no use but as models, and are most desirable for a conservatory. Models, as those of Liverpool, of the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight, of Rosenau, of Heidelberg, and a hundred others in the Exhibition, are also highly deserving of a permanent exhibition, and add life and interest to illustrations of a more mechanical character. Others again, as the Mexican figures, might be purchased to assist in establishing the first nucleus of a National Exhibition of Art and Industry.

The French Conservatory is kept up to the progress of discovery and invention by government compelling every Frenchman to deposit in that museum a model of any instrument or machine that he may invent or improve, with a detailed account of its construction and use, and the whole process of the manufacture in which it is employed. While the patent laws are being placed upon a more just and liberal footing, it would be a good and fitting opportunity to effect something of the kind for this country, and it is obvious that with or without a nucleus to begin

upon, the departments of civil engineering, philosophical, astronomical, musical, and other instruments, and machines of various descriptions, would soon receive an adequate and most instructive illustration. Nor would the demand upon the inventor be more burdensome than what is made by the public libraries upon every new work entered at Stationers' Hall; and while an inventor would reap the advantages of the publicity given to his invention, an author obtains none—not even a public acknowledgment for his contributions to the literary resources of his country. Attached to the "Conservatoire" is a very good library, containing every publication in every language, on the different subjects connected with that institution. It might be well worth while giving due consideration to the question as to whether or not such a complement to the British Conservatory might not be desirable in every point of view. Public attention has also been much drawn lately to the merits of the Exhibition in an instructive point of view; and at the French Conservatoire, in order to give further utility, lectures are delivered by qualified persons on geometry. mathematics, the different branches of natural philosophy, geology, the arts, and construction of machines, and the processes of different manufactures; the British Conservatory might, in this respect, set a noble example to its contemporary the British Museum, which has been so long dead to all educational purposes. While looking thus, in the first place, to the main objects of a British Conservatory, we are at the same time delighted to second the views of those persons who advocate the full use being made of a building so admirably adapted for the purposes as a summer and winter garden. A garden of hardy flowering plants—plants that will stand our winters under glass and in a conservatory moderately heated, and among which hosts of splendid creepers, fine flowering deciduous shrubs and trees, and evergreens of various and grateful foliage, are now at the command of every one. The idea of a hothouse, or even of a conservatory warmed with a summer temperature all the winter, as advocated by "Denarius," we cannot but consider to be extremely objectionable. There would, in the first place, be considerable additional expense entailed by such a plan, but that which is worse than all, would be the danger to persons even in summer, but most particularly so in winter, who might be induced to spend a few hours in such a place, of catching cold in going out. As to invalids, it would be little better than a pleasant high-road to their last home. Shelter from rain and wind, and to a great extent from a variable climate, would be insured by a simple conservatory, and is decidedly all that is desirable or to be wished for.

Equally objectionable do we deem "the pleasures of twenty acres of grass sheltered from all weathers." Grass cannot grow without water, and if the ground must be kept moist, it cannot but be disagreeable and dangerous to walk upon; indeed, it would soon by such a process be altogether destroyed—a dry greensward would become a dusty promenade, a wet greensward a muddy marsh. We cannot imagine how such a suggestion could have come from any sound practical mind, and yet it is not half so wild as the idea of admitting equestrians into the precincts of the Crystal Palace. What a vision of bustling and kicking, of alternations of whirlwinds of dust or splashings of mud, and of the fragrance of flowering plants, overpowered by far less fragrant equine relics, does the mere

idea suggest? We do hope, and sincerely believe, that this notion has been already universally rejected. The admission of any such plan would at once utterly destroy any possible pleasure or advantage that could be derived from a British Conservatory. Delicate instruments, clockwork, and other machinery would inevitably suffer from the concussion of the air; fragile manufactures, as china and sculptures, would be tumbled down, and the pedestrian would be deprived of all peace and enjoyment, and obliged to look more to his safety and cleanliness than to his amusement or instruction.

The Crystal Palace, it has been justly remarked, is a garden even now: and its beauties in that respect would increase every year. The contributions of industry leave plenty of space for trees, and shrubs, and flowers, but the floor must be dry, and adapted for promenades only, boarded or laid with cement or asphalte, after the fashion of the conservatory in the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park, with room for the plant cases in most instances below. It is only under such circumstances that the objects exhibited could be examined in detail without danger to health, or that lectures or expositions of any kind could be attended. The various floricultural societies of London have already expressed their willingness to hold their exhibitions in so splendid an edifice—and the income of these societies alone is said to be upwards of 30,000*l.* a year. Upon this point it has also been justly remarked, that the opening of such an edifice for the exhibition of flowers would give a new impulse to floriculture. There the grower would always be certain of good light—the public of a dry day. Foreign and provincial gardeners would probably contribute largely to a floral show in such a place, where the specimens forwarded would be seen by vast multitudes, whose examination would not be confined to a passing glance under an uncertain sky. A sense of order, surety, and permanence which has never yet characterised these beautiful but ephemeral exhibitions, would soon grow about them when conducted in the Crystal Palace.

That the decoration of the Crystal Palace might be made conducive to the promotion of sculpture—at present an art almost purposeless in this country—is, after the more important suggestion of a British Conservatory of Arts and Industry, and the self-evident one of a summer and winter garden, one of the happiest suggestions of "Denarius." A beginning in this direction might, that writer suggests, be made by the purchase of a few of the best works now exhibited, and the garden might be most appropriately connected with an annual exhibition of sculpture. Proceeding with the development of the idea of a garden more in detail, "Denarius" also points out that the nave and aisles, forty-eight feet high, would give a space of ten acres, independent of the galleries, which would give in addition walks exceeding a mile. We are not quite prepared to join issue with the same writer, that while the ground-floor might be used for plantations and sculpture, the galleries should be devoted to potted flowers and smaller works of statuary—we are inclined to think that the galleries had better be left to works of art, and to look upon potted flowers, which must be watered, as objectionable overhead. We heartily, however, join in the expression that in whatever is done care should be taken to consider the promenade as the chief feature, and not to occupy too much space with the collections. "The public," says "Denarius," "would desire to

have walks among flowers and plants—not flowers and plants with some walks. This last kind of treatment belongs to Kew and Chiswick, and the Regent's Park."

It is, also, because we hold this as a paramount object, that after taking into consideration the amount of space that must be devoted to the objects of a British conservatory of art and industry, and to the decoration of the building by plants and sculpture, that we are prepared to oppose as objectionable the suggestion made in the *Athenæum*, to make a home in the Crystal Palace for the learned and scientific societies in London. Such societies require more permanent and solid structures. They must have their libraries and illustrative museums about them, as well as a more general museum common to all. They would fill up half the bays or recesses of the building to the exclusion of a general public, and of other purposes; nor is the Crystal Palace at a very convenient distance for winter night meetings. But few of the learned and the scientific of the country roll after a prolonged dessert in cushioned carriages to slumber at a late meeting of more humble but more zealous labourers.

There are, however, suggestions as to the devotion of particular localities to particular purposes, which are highly deserving of consideration. We are far, for example, from opposing the suggestion to mark off and prepare one of the side galleries for paintings, by boarding in double or single plank, as the case might require, the space between the pillars, so as to make the walls solid enough to hold their weight and exclude all light except through a portion of the roof—as is to some extent the case in the present sculpture-room. In this way it has been remarked, that it would be possible to obtain a gallery, as well adapted to its purpose if not as highly decorated, as the noble gallery of the Louvre. Nor would we object to the more humble suggestion of a medical correspondent to the *Times*, that a part of one of the refreshment courts (and refreshments themselves should by no means be discarded) be converted into a German Heilquelle, where artificial mineral waters, many of which are fully equal to the natural ones, might be imbibed. By the means of such an establishment, "M.D." justly remarks, all the advantages now sought for throughout England and Scotland, in Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Pyrenees, to say nothing of Saratoga, would be brought to our very doors.

The idea of introducing live birds into the British conservatory, and the accumulation of coprolites in the plants and statuary, is too fantastic to merit serious discussion; but we are not prepared to say whether the purposes of science may not be served, to a certain extent, as well in the Crystal Palace as the purposes of art and industry. We would not at first encumber the idea of a British Conservatory of Arts and Industry, and a garden decorated with sculpture and fountains, made convenient by refreshment-rooms, and sanitary by mineral waters; but a good deal would depend upon the amount of space that would appear to be demanded by such a permanent exhibition, whether or not fine arts and science might not also find a home there. In as far as science is concerned, should such an idea be adopted, we would certainly make the exhibition a national one. For science generally we have the British Museum and other institutions, but British geography, topography (geology also, till recently), mineralogy, zoology, and botany, have no national illustrations. Strange to say, British archæology has also no

existing illustrative museum; yet the arts and industry of bygone times, are as intimately allied with the arts and industry of our own times as science and raw materials are with invention and discovery, and the produce of art and skill. We have, indeed, strong feelings (if such a plan were feasible) in favour of an exhibition which would illustrate at one view the structure of the British islands; the extent and variety of its living forms; its quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, and shells; its minerals side by side with chemical products; and its past history illustrated by such a museum of national antiquities as would soon grow up, were a good permanent locality for a nucleus offered to the zealous and liberal-minded collectors of the country.

While admitting this pre-eminent adaptability of the Crystal Palace to purposes of science and natural history, we must express our strong disapprobation of the idea of Mr. Paxton's, advocated by Lord Brougham, of transferring to the Crystal Palace the superabundance of the British Museum. The mere emission of such an idea is calculated to do injury to the whole cause, and to prejudice the minds of a large party interested in the welfare of the British Museum (already sufficiently notorious for their jealousy of all other institutions of any kind whatsoever) against it. We do not entertain the slightest doubt that a conservatory and museum, such as we propose, would be filled to the brim in a very few years; and as to the departments of natural history being, as we proposed, made more popular and acceptable, by being confined to the illustration of the geology and natural history of the British islands, let the professors or keepers attached to each department have a certain time of the year allotted to them, and some small fund placed at their disposal, and we will answer for it, that, with public donations (duly acknowledged by ticket), the geology and natural history of the British Isles will be more efficiently and more satisfactorily illustrated in a year or two than in any other existing institution. The same thing applies itself to British archæology, the followers of which equal, if they do not excel, in zeal and public spirit, the devotees of any other branch of inquiry.

The first condition in carrying out these views is, that the great principle of the Exhibition itself shall be applied to any future uses to be made of the building; namely, the self-supporting and self-managing principle. Mr. Paxton was at first in favour of supplying the pecuniary means by a public grant, chiefly from a wish to throw the building open to the public free of charge; but to this proposal, "Denarius," the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, and other journals, and nearly every paper and person having voice authoritative in the matter, have stated objections of the most absolute kind.* The success of the Exhibition itself, as "Denarius" remarks, "is mainly due to the adoption of this feature; and no one can doubt that the Exhibition would have been far less popular, and far less successful, if it had been carried out by the government instead of the public themselves. The best chance of the building being made fully to answer public wants, and its management progressing with the growth of public intelligence, is to adopt as a principle of action independence of the government, subject only to its control as the guardian

* Mr. Paxton has now also embraced the same view of the subject. In the petition presented by that gentleman to the House of Lords, he says, "In conclusion, your petitioner submits as his opinion, that, having such great public attractions, the Crystal Palace might be rendered self-supporting."

of Hyde Park. Every one is able to foresee what the consequences to the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park would be if the government should undertake the management of the animals. In fact, the Zoological Gardens have beaten the Royal Menagerie at the Tower altogether out of the field."

Supposing pedestrians to be admitted at 1d. per day for the four first days of the week, on Fridays at 6d., and Saturdays at 6d., yearly subscribers 5s. each, and equestrians and Bath chairs proportionably, added to the receipts from twenty-one special reserved days, which would be devoted to holding agricultural, floral, and other fêtes, and the receipts from those of the reserved portions of the building, "Denarius" estimates the annual revenue at 14,521*l.*, and the expenditure, including 5500*l.* for maintenance, 2000*l.* for heating, 4750*l.* for management, &c., would come to very little less; but as we oppose the admission of equestrians, or the monopolising of any portions of so perfect and beautiful a whole, we would meet the loss by saying 3d. a day for pedestrians, 6d. on Fridays, and 1s. on Saturdays; we would also diminish the expenses of heating to 1000*l.*, and place receipts from lectures in lieu of receipts from reserved portions of the building. Annual tickets should also be at least 10s., if not 1*l.* Judging by the experience already obtained at the Crystal Palace, and at the Polytechnic and other institutions, and at the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, the public would always be willing to pay a small sum for admission to such a permanent exhibition as we propose. The *Athenæum* proposes guinea annual tickets, by which that paper calculated an income of 10,000*l.* a year would be raised at once, or one-half more than is wanted. We are neither so sanguine nor so extravagant in our ideas as our contemporary, although we have gone along with him in many of his intelligent ideas as to the disposal of the building for the future. We think also with the *Athenæum*, but upon different grounds, not upon the payment of 6d. each individual, but upon the frequent returns of the same individuals at 3d., and the additional sale of 10s. tickets, that the annual income of a permanent exhibition of science and industry and produce in a winter garden, and the most graceful and attractive building in the world, would be nearer 15,000*l.* a year than 5000*l.* There is here a large margin for the discussion of improvements, for which there is plenty of time yet for the public to avail itself.

Certain it is that a winter garden would not of itself pay the expenses of repair and management. The Crystal Palace must be made, if possible, still more attractive to be self-supporting; hence it is that we have been induced, whilst its preservation is still under discussion, to give what we consider to be at once the most simple, most easily attained, and most attractive objects to which so admirable a building can be devoted. Much might be added in the way of detail to what we have said, but our proposition had better stand at the present moment unencumbered before the public, who will best judge of its propriety, its feasibility, and its attractiveness. It may, indeed, have appeared premature to have entered at all into a discussion of details when the very fact of preserving the edifice is still a matter of debate; but there are two very good reasons for doing so, the first of which is, that the arguments for the destruction of the Crystal Palace have been founded [illegible] erroneous views as to what might be the general feeling in regard to its disposal, supposing its per-

manency admitted; and secondly, that the mode of disposal was the subject of so much variety of opinion, that it was most important that it should be thoroughly grappled with at the present crisis. Thus, for example, the *Times* says, that the most formidable missile yet discharged against the "winter garden" is that supplied by the *Quarterly*, which agrees with us in denouncing "a showy, steamy, suffocating *jardin d'hiver*, as a capital thing for apothecaries." But Mr. Paxton himself has in his petition, presented to the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, somewhat modified his original views upon that subject; and while he has adhered to the obnoxious passage in reference to "fragrant trees and Southern Italy," he has expressed himself more concisely that a temperate climate was all that was intended, and that while due regard was paid to the deterioration of air which took place under the old system of building conservatories, and to avoid the warm and humid atmosphere of the Palm-House at Kew, climate would be the principal thing studied in the Crystal Palace, which by its size is admirably adapted for the proposed improvements. "Let Mr. Paxton's plan," says the *Times*, commenting on Lord Campbell's opposition, "be understood before it be rejected. He does not propose a palm-house or a hot-house of the common kind. He proposes to keep the temperature of the Crystal Palace just high enough for the preservation of some garden shrubs and flowers through the winter, and for the comfort of the visitors." If this is really all that Mr. Paxton demands he ought to have been more explicit at the onset, and we should have heard nothing of the dangers of sudden change, for conservatory plants cannot be preserved through the winter in our climate without some artificial heat. We should, however, still object, notwithstanding the example of the Botanic Gardens, to any part of the Crystal Palace being raised to so high a temperature as to preserve exotics. Such are not wanted in a promenade garden.

As to the opposition of the titled inhabitants of Kensington-road, the same authority has summarily disposed of them by stating that the public will put its own construction on such hostility to the Crystal Palace. The opposition of the clergy of the same district grieves us more, for the exponents of education and morality should be the last to throw difficulties in the way of encouraging both. "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," said Lord Brougham, "regard the Crystal Palace as an ally of their friend the schoolmaster, and backed it against all the gin palaces in the land. The delight which people of late years had been taking in innocent amusements had drawn tens and hundreds of thousands to contemplate the stores of instruction which were congregated in that beautiful structure—stores which would be remembered with enthusiasm even when they were withdrawn from their sight."

The rev. author of the Great Exhibition Prize Essay* has said:

Everything which tends to the well-being of man must tend to the honour of Him who made him, and who placed him upon a world which He considered suitable to his bodily and mental constitution, and able to supply all his wants; and thus, as far as his body is concerned, to make him happy. He who can prove that

* The Great Exhibition Prize Essay. By the Rev. J. C. Whish, M.A. Adjudicators: the Rev. Richard Michell, B.B., Public Orator of the University of Oxford; the Rev. Robert Walker, [illegible] F.R.S., Reader of Experimental Philosophy, Oxford. Donor: the Rev. [illegible] Emerton, D.D., Hanwell College, Middlesex. Longman and Co.

there need not, and ought not, to be any such thing as unsatisfied hunger or shivering nakedness, that even though we should work but little, yet if we would all work wisely, there would be no lack of necessary comforts—he who proves this would, indeed, be rightly called a benefactor to his race; yet his highest praise would be, that he had performed a *religious action*, that he had justified the ways of God towards man, and helped to clear away the mists which prevented their seeing the extent of that Divine benevolence which has been actually exercised towards them.

The Rev. J. A. Emerton also, in his "Moral and Religious Guide to the Great Exhibition," says: "Let it be man's to render the glory and the praise where it is due; no fitter opening could there be for the Nations' Peace-Temple than its blessing and its dedication to God. The banners of war are blessed; surely, then, the shrine of peace is self-consecrated in its fulfilments and its objects."

A building and object of which such things, and others of a far more zealous character, have been said, and which at its opening was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in presence of royalty, was scarcely a fitting object for attacks on the ground of public morality. If the cultivation of taste, the improvement of the mind, the refinement of manners, and the widening of sympathies are subversive of public morality, then let the Crystal Palace be razed to the ground. But let such a result be made clear and manifest first in the face of the hundreds of thousands who have witnessed that glorious Exhibition, and who have returned from it wiser and better persons.

Whether the temptation of meandering walks in a winter garden and reclining among fragrant trees may threaten public morality, we are not prepared to say; but even Lord Campbell himself admitted that all the apprehensions which some persons had entertained—in his opinion very unreasonably—about the occurrence of riot and disorder during the Exhibition, had turned out to be false and groundless; and we venture to say the same thing will occur of the "British Conservatory;" and if not, the same efficient means that were put in force to prevent disorder at the Exhibition, could be easily brought to bear on a smaller and yet equally effective scale in the winter garden. But why should the Crystal Palace in every form that is proposed to it, be so continually obnoxious to public morality? Why not the British Museum, the Zoological or Botanical Gardens, or any other place of resort? Simply because it suits a purpose to prove the Crystal Palace to be a nuisance, and those who repair there disorderly people. It is not, however, before such a phantom cry that men of comprehensive intelligence and wide-embracing sympathies will retreat from a good work.

We have before discussed the financial part of the question, and, although Lord Campbell dwelt chiefly upon the fact that money was to be taken at the doors to defray the expenses, and people could not be admitted without paying some small sum—say 6d.—for each admission, then the poor would be excluded, we cannot help remarking that this would bear upon the other objection of danger to public morality, for a certain degree of exclusion would be observed; but the fact is, that the middle classes would as willingly spend 3d. or 6d. upon a British Conservatory as they have done one shilling upon a National Exhibition.

Another objection frequently urged and much dwelt upon is the perishableness of the structure; but the fact is, that the chief materials and main construction of the Crystal Palace are as durable as any other

structure in the metropolis, and as for the fitting up, the sash bars and the ornamental work, particularly the wooden pillars and girders, introduced for uniformity, they will not require more painting or more frequent repairs than any common dwelling-house in London. These repairs, it has also been justly remarked, are peculiarly accessible to painters and glaziers. Point out a defect, and it can be set right in ten minutes anywhere about the building. There is no need of a hunt in the dark through the timbers of a roof; no necessity to rip off all the tiles in order to find the peccant member, or to erect lofty scaffolding merely to repair a water stain. It is all light as day, and accessible to the hand as well as to the eye.

Lord Campbell had been misinformed when he stated that only one-third of the uprights which support the Crystal Palace are of iron, and that two-thirds of them are of wood. The fact is, that the entire framework is composed of wrought and cast-iron, fixed securely together, and firmly bedded in a concrete foundation; and with ordinary attention to the painting, this, the most important part of the edifice, will last for ages to come, with but little repairs of any kind being necessary. Every column on which the house rests is made of iron; the intermediate ones in the exterior row being merely placed there for effect, and to divide the sashes, but have nothing to do with the support or stability of the building. All the girders which form part of the framework and security of the structure, are also composed of wrought and cast-iron. There are some wooden girders, but they are only introduced for effect. Mr. Paxton, in his letter to Lord Campbell, dated July 14th, says: "Of the permanence of wooden sashes and other wood-work, if kept properly painted and attended to, we have sufficient experience to be able to form a good opinion; there are some hot-house lights at Chatsworth which have at least been in constant use for upwards of 100 years, and appears likely to endure for a time to come. My estimate of the duration for the sash and glass-work of the Crystal Palace is fifty years; but, in my statement of expenditure, provision was made for a renewal every twenty-five years; however, with care and attention, my belief is that 100 years would be nearer the reality. The duration of wood-work depends very much upon its position, and the attention paid to it. We must not forget that many of our most enduring public buildings have wooden roofs; for instance, Westminster Hall, Lincoln's Inn Hall, and the dome of St. Paul's, all of which are in excellent preservation."

The whole of the objections which have as yet been brought against the permanency of the Crystal Palace, except that of the understanding upon which it was first permitted to be erected, may be truly said to be of the most insignificant and, in some instances, ridiculous character; and as public opinion is so strongly in favour of the permanency of so great an addition to the intellectual and recreative resources of the metropolis, and the preservation of so elegant a structure, it is sincerely to be hoped that, upon a question not so much of business, but of contributing to the gratification and improvement of all classes of her Majesty's subjects, the peers of the realm will make a graceful concession to public taste and public feeling. Lord Brougham, who originally opposed the erection of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, now thinks that nothing could be more useful to this great metropolis than to retain the same building as a great horticultural garden for the recreation of the

people. "He implored their lordships to protect the Crystal Palace from destruction, and, from what was tantamount to it—removal. After this Exhibition had succeeded beyond any man's expectation, and after the public had become absolutely enamoured of the building, he must say, that if it (the public) were to turn round and cry out, 'Let us have it removed, break it up, smash it to pieces,' it would give to the world an exhibition of fickleness which would exceed that even of the Athenians themselves."

Mr. Paxton, in his petition to the House of Lords, called for immediate decision upon this question; but as there may be some difficulty arising out of the pledge given by the Royal Commissioners of Woods and Forests that it should be removed within a certain given time, it is better that preliminary inquiry should be instituted and a first grace obtained. Lord Brougham said that he thought that it would not be difficult for one branch of the government to procure from another a release from that pledge. We hope it may be so; but we feel confident, that if only the grace of a preliminary inquiry and delay be granted, that such inquiry will end to the satisfaction of the public in preserving for them one of the greatest ornaments of the metropolis, and obtaining for them an institution which, having in view the improvement of the intellect and the cultivation of taste, combined with innocent recreation, cannot but tend to the welfare of all, and the progress instead of the decay of public morality.

TO EMERSON.

BY CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY.

Thou dost thy mission well! As to the star
That shone upon the Babe of Bethlehem
I look to thee; and, gazing from afar,
Scarce dare in thought to touch thy garment's hem.
Whether thy theme be "Self-reliance," "Faith,"
"The laws that do our inmost being move,"
"Heroism," or "Friendship," or "Divine Love,"
"Art," "Intellect," "God," or "Man," or "Life," or "Death,"
Philosopher, and moralist, and sage!
Thou hast made real the visions of my youth;
For while I pore on thine immortal page,
Whose system—Nature; guide—the Word of Truth,
Thy logic rivets, and thy language warms;
And verse itself with less attraction charms.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MEETING IN BARTHOLOMEW-CLOSE—THE WEB IS WEAVING MORE CLOSELY AROUND HESTER.

MR. PIKE and Flemming met by appointment the next day in the small square north of Christ-Church Hospital, known by the name of Bartholomew-Close. The attorney was all energy, good-humour, and buoyancy of spirits, but the hunchback was reserved, stern, and silent.

"How is it with thee, my dear young friend? you look pale, and your manner is disordered; but take courage—yes, courage is the noblest attribute of man; without it we can achieve nothing great, nothing worthy of our destiny."

"And nothing stupendously wicked," added Flemming.

"That which constitutes wickedness is a matter of opinion—quite a matter of opinion. Some call Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon wicked; others hail them as heroes and demi-gods. To pluck the flower of beauty, to bear away the goddess of your worship—this is not wickedness. You do but follow the great examples of the worthies of old: the names of Paris and Theseus are crowned with the deathless bays of poetry for the abductions they made. That which French and other European kings, enjoying every gratification beside, did not scruple to do, surely a subject, whose means of pleasure are so contracted, may well be excused in performing. But we must descend from the classical and the past to the life of the present hour. Ah! my friend, this existence of ours is lamentably short; let us enjoy the dream while it is in our power; let us not dash away the cup of rapture when offered to our lips!"

"A truce to this philosophy!" exclaimed Flemming, impatiently; "you are a man of letters, Mr. Jones, and I am a devotee of music; we cannot, therefore, exactly understand each other."

"Speak not so, my adopted son; I wish our sentiments to be in harmony, and our esteem and love to be mutual. But how say you? will you possess the being of your heart, or will you renounce her? Will you render yourself and her happy, or will you be content to be lonely and miserable? What determination have you formed?"

"The struggle is over—passion has triumphed—hell has prevailed," said Flemming, groaning inwardly.

Mr. Pike seized his hand, and cordially shook it. The little smiling visage of the lawyer offered, indeed, a striking contrast to the countenance of the other, which was livid, and had a ghastly expression.

"Right, my dear friend, right; your decision is that of a man of sense and of courage. But, out on you, boy! you are always dreaming of the bugbear crime. Had you lived as long, and studied as much as I, these mists which now float around your intellect would have vanished, and in the pure sunshine you would behold the sublime forms of Reason and Truth."

"To business, Mr. Jones. What now is your advice?"

"Yes, certainly, to business. I have got up the programme of that

imaginary concert, which we must suppose will be held in the West-end of London. Let me see, on what night had we better fix it?"

Mr. Pike, as he spoke, drew from his pocket a long slip of paper, which resembled any other theatrical or concert bill, except that it was in manuscript, he himself being too cautious to employ a printer.

"What night, I say, shall our concert be?"

"Sir," said Flemming, "you speak as if I were certain of winning Miss Somerset's consent to accompany us."

"True; I almost forgot that little matter; but I think the innocent lure we shall use will prevail over her scruples; she is so morbidly eager to obtain money for that father of hers. Mr. Flemming, let us move to the dead wall yonder; I don't like these houses here—some one may be listening."

The companions walked to the spot named, and there, in cautiously-whispered words, the apparently kind patron and the blinded protegé consulted further together, and settled their plans.

The day succeeding the above meeting, Flemming resolved to address Hester. By a long and violent struggle, he had thrust aside his better principles, and brought his mind to embrace a black determination. For the first time in his life, he was about to act the hypocrite and villain.

Flemming entered Hester's room, holding a printed programme in his hand; for, at the suggestion of Pike, to carry out a seeming of reality, he had caused a few bills to be printed. His step was steady, and his hand did not tremble; his countenance only was deadly pale.

"Miss Somerset, may I say a word to you? May I ask you a question?"

"Walk in," exclaimed Hester, cheerfully; for, endeavouring to forget her late sorrows, she had been busily engaged thinking of some method to retrieve her fortunes. At present she was without employment, and had formed no definite plans for the future. Hester did not regard Flemming with feelings of aversion, but had forgotten and forgiven the past. She hoped and believed that his good sense had enabled him to conquer the unfortunate passion he once entertained. Perceiving now the bill in his hand, she addressed him without embarrassment. "Well, Mr. Flemming, you offered good advice to me on one occasion, and I profited by it, until the enemy worked my ruin. What have you to propose now?"

"Not much," said Flemming, in a husky voice; "but believing that your time just at present is unoccupied, and that a few pounds gained by a little exertion would not altogether be unacceptable——"

"They would be most acceptable. My poor father's weekly allowance, whether I labour or not, must be paid; and I wish to procure for him some necessaries which he has long stood in need of."

These words of the innocent, unsuspecting, and dutiful child powerfully affected Flemming. He gazed in her beautiful face wistfully. And must he overthrow her fond filial projects, and link the lot of this lovely confiding being to that of a monster like himself? He was unable to proceed with the words he had intended to utter, but presently subdued the choking in his throat:

"I have here the programme of a concert in which I am interested, being one of the projectors. It takes place at the Hanover-square Rooms in a few days time. The instrumental and vocal performers have

all been engaged, except one—we are still in want of a good pianoforte player."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Hester; "I have never played in public."

"But every one must have a beginning, dear Miss Somerset; and this *début* may be highly advantageous to you; it may lead to other engagements, and ultimately prove the means of your gaining much money."

Much money—this was the lure, the all-powerful spell, that ever operated on the mind of Hester. The obtaining of her father's freedom was the subject always uppermost in her thoughts. To advance this end, what feelings would she not sacrifice?—what project would she not dare?

"But even if I were inclined to offer my services, do you think, Mr. Flemming, I can play well enough to fill the part assigned to me?"

"There is no question of it."

"I doubt it," said Hester, shaking her head.

"The sum is small," observed Flemming, anxious to bring his task to a close; "very small, I allow; the pianoforte player for the evening is to receive five pounds."

"Five pounds! I think it a great deal—very handsome. Five pounds would support my father and myself for a month."

"Then make yourself mistress of the money, dear Miss Somerset; nothing, I assure you, will be easier."

"Let me see the programme," said Hester, eagerly; "what tunes shall I have to play? there is so little time for preparation."

"The tunes selected are very simple; I think you know them all. But say the word, that you will attend the concert, and I will immediately hire a piano, so that you may at once begin to practise."

"You are kind—very kind. I do not know how to express my obligations to you. This concert, could I muster courage to attend it, might indeed be a desirable opening for me. Well, I will endeavour," she exclaimed, her heart palpitating, and the colour rushing to her cheeks—"I will endeavour to conquer my timidity; I will consider the step as a great and a solemn duty, and then I shall be supported. Heaven bears me witness that I am influenced by no promptings of vanity, no desire of public applause. My heart and my soul are devoted to the cause of a suffering and imprisoned father."

"Then we have your consent," said the exulting Flemming. "I will acquaint our gentlemen that the part is now filled. Everything shall be rendered easy to you; and I doubt not you will give high satisfaction to all engaged in this musical entertainment."

When Flemming had retired to his room, he crept into a corner. Anguish of the most poignant description mingled with his happy dreams. His uncouth limbs shook as with a frightful palsy, and he struck his forehead with his bony hand.

"Wretch! liar! worse than murderer that I am! What do I meditate? Into what an abyss would I plunge this child of innocence and nature? But I adore her—my passion devours me—hypocrisy, cruelty, I must embrace them—guilt, death, I must defy them!"

Chapter XXIII.

THE HOUSE OF MOCK MARRIAGE AT WESTMINSTER.

Not far from the venerable abbey at Westminster, and lying in a south-west direction from that building, is a district which has long been famous for the profligacy, drunkenness, and other vicious propensities of its inhabitants. What the Alsatia of Whitefriars was two centuries ago, the region which boasted the Sanctuary and Caxton's printing-office, has been for the last fifty years, and is almost to-day. The propinquity of aristocratic Whitehall, and the gay park of St. James's, has imparted no polish to the rough and ragged colonists; nor has the divine harmony of the bells of St. Margaret, though pealing over the spot, solemnised their souls, or, by reminding them of a hereafter and a God, deterred them from one act of low iniquity. The place, in a word, seems entirely to have been given over to the squalidness of poverty, and the dominion of vice.

At the south extremity of this region, and lying back from one of the main thoroughfares, there existed, at the time of our narrative, a short street almost destitute of inhabitants. The reason of this comparative solitude might be that the houses were in a very dilapidated condition, some having their windows and doors battered in, and others presenting large apertures in their roofs, which circumstance might lead to the conclusion that they proved such bad property to the landlord that he felt no inclination to expend any money in repairs. On the other hand, the inhabitants of the neighbouring district might, by mutual consent, have appropriated these houses to the transaction of certain business, turning them into depôts for the reception of merchandise which had not been paid for; or into places of appointment for the commission of sundry criminal acts. Consequently, thieves and murderers, having a common interest in the premises so well suited to their designs, guarded the spot with peculiar care and zealous love.

That one house, however, contained some sort of inhabitants was apparent, inasmuch as smoke was seen issuing from a half-fallen chimney, and, in the windows, fragments of brown paper were pasted over divers shattered panes, with a view, evidently, of protecting the inmates from wind and rain.

A man, now in the dusk of the evening, approached the door of the forbidding and ominous-looking domicile. He tried to turn what appeared to be a lock, but it would not move; he pushed against the door, imagining it might yield to pressure, but he pushed to no purpose; then, for knocker there was none, he struck smartly the lower panel with his boot. This painful and awkward application for admission having been made again and again, a little window was observed at length to open above the door, and the next minute a head presented itself, rendered huge and uncomely by a frightful mass of red matted hair; at the same time, two bloodshot eyes glared down suspiciously on him who sought entrance into that house of dilapidation and mystery.

"What do you want?" said a gruff voice, issuing from between two huge flame-coloured whiskers.

"The parson."

"What do you mean? there's no parson here. We don't preach, man; we are honest tradespeople."

"Of course you are; but I want the parson, for all that."

The large head drew in for a few inches, and seemed to be meditating. Again it spoke:

"I don't know you. Who sent you here?"

"A friend."

"That's nothing. Friends turn traitors and enemies. 'Tis so in the great world, and so in ours."

The visitor mentioned a name which seemed well known to the occupier of the house, for he instantly exclaimed,

"Ho, ho! we're understanding each other now. Perhaps the parson *is* in the house. Anything else?"

"The password—'Free marriage to all the earth.' Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said the owner of the head, which instantly disappeared.

In a few minutes the undrawing of a rusty bolt was heard, and the black door opened just wide enough to admit the body of the applicant, who glided in. The passage where the men stood was almost dark, one tallow candle only burning in a hole in the wall, formed by the removal of some bricks. The doors of the two rooms on the ground floor were carefully closed; but unwashed, wormeaten stairs, flanked by half-broken balusters, intimated that dwelling apartments might be found above.

Mr. Pike was constitutionally bold, or his heart would have failed him, thus placed in such a den, face to face with the ferocious man of the huge head. The fellow was dressed in a brown fustian jacket; his brawny chest was open, rough as the chest of Esau, except that the hair, matching with his whiskers, was of a fiery hue. His nether person displayed corduroy breeches and yellow leather gaiters.

"I am the keeper of the house. A customer, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pike. "This is the first time I have had any business in your way, but it may lead to more."

"Thank'ee," said the man, whose name was Judkins.

"A good institution yours, friend, when people want quick nuptials. But don't think me a fool; I know, of course, your marriages are worthless."

"Worthless!" said Mr. Judkins, with a frown.

"Come, come, friend, we understand each other," said Pike, taking the man's rough hand. "Good blind to satisfy girls, scrupulous damsels, who else would never listen, perhaps, to those who want to be their husbands." Saying which, a pleasant smile showed Mr. Pike's sharp yellow teeth from ear to ear. The man also grinned, and smoothed his great whiskers.

"Why, we do transact a little business in that way. The girls who come up to London from the country don't, of course, know very much; but then they're remarkably shy; so we pacify them with our parson here, and they live very peaceable and easy with their husbands afterwards. Yes, as you say, ours is a fine institution."

"Well, friend, can I see this parson?"

"No; he don't manage the business. The concern is mine, and I make the bargains."

As Mr. Judkins said this, he took the candle out of the hole in the wall, and, touching a spring, one of the doors in the passage flew open.

"We won't stand here in the draught. Come into the church," said the master of this house of mock-marriage.

As Pike entered, he cast his eyes around the room, the original windows of which appeared to have been blocked up. The smoky flame of the dripping candle which his companion carried in his hand enabled him faintly to distinguish objects. The brick floor was sanded; two wooden forms stood in the centre, while, at the head of the apartment, was a small desk, made of smoothly-planed boards, painted red. A pillow, covered with a green cloth, served for a cushion, and on it was seen a clasped book, that might or might not have been a Bible.

"Now then," said Mr. Judkins, "I usually make bargains in the church, as the most fitting place." Relieving his hand of the candle by placing it on the desk, he continued, "Who's to be married?—yourself, eh?"

"Not now—not I—no, no!" said Mr. Pike, "I'm rather too old for that, Mr. Judkins."

"Not at all—better late than never. Bless you! we marry gentlemen here double your age. 'Tis very strange, but I remark the old ones are always more eager after this sort of thing than the young."

"Well, the bridegroom, in the present case, is a young man, and the lady a few years younger than he."

"Is the gentleman wealthy?" asked Mr. Judkins; "we always square our charges with the circumstances of the parties. That's fair and just, I think,—oh yes, we are honest men here."

"I am sorry to say," observed Mr. Pike, shaking his head, "that the young man is poor; so you must be as moderate in your charge as possible."

"But the lady perhaps is rich?"

"Poorer still—her father is in the Fleet."

At this unwelcome intelligence a shadow came over the countenance of Mr. Judkins; the huge head dropped a little as if in thought, and the bloodshot eyes half closed. "Bad—bad; however, friend, we must make the best of it, and so I'll name my lowest price—ten shillings for myself, five shillings for the parson, and a half-crown each for the witness and bridesmaid."

"Which just make a pound," exclaimed Mr. Pike, with a severe look. "I must say your terms are rather high."

"Can't take less," said Mr. Judkins.

"Higher than I was led to expect."

"We never lower our price when once named."

"Higher than those of the Established Church of England."

"Of course, because we are more accommodating—can't say a shilling less."

"Hark'ee, my friend, I agree to your terms, if you will oblige me in one particular."

"What is that?"

"Can the witness and bridesmaid appear like a gentleman and lady?"

"Of course they can if I lend them clothes."

"Then let them assume the dress and air of foreigners, and speak broken English."

"What possible use can that be?"

"I will send a coach for them," continued Mr. Pike; "they will drive

to the lady's house in the character of professional singers, and the bridegroom being with them, they will succeed in getting the young lady quietly off."

Mr. Judkins was remarkably quick in diving into the meaning of everything which bore upon his peculiar line of business; he therefore readily comprehended the half-explained project of Pike.

"Perhaps," said he, thoughtfully, "I sha'n't be able to spare the witness and bridesmaid: besides, there is the dressing of them up—the clothes, the moustachios, the gold chain, and the female turban—oh! I must have more money for all this!"

"I can't give more than the pound," said Mr. Pike, firmly.

"Must have more money," urged Judkins.

Mr. Pike walked about with his hands in his pockets. He himself would be called on to pay the pound, for Flemming, he knew, did not possess so much money in the world. The thing was like drawing the blood from his veins; but a bright thought now struck him: possibly, on representation, Mr. Hartley might be inclined to defray the expenses; yes, it was but reasonable, he thought, that the burden should fall on Hartley. Without further murmurs, then, he resolved to meet the demands of Judkins.

"That's like a gentleman," said the latter, as Mr. Pike consented to an increase of the fee. "We always work better when paid fairly—'tis human nature, sir. I'll meet your wishes in everything, and no doubt all will go off smooth and comfortable."

"To-morrow, then," said the attorney, "the coach shall be here. But look you, suppose the girl is difficult to manage, and should swoon or shriek."

"Oh, that's nothing," observed Mr. Judkins; "'tis generally the case with our younger customers. Shrieks and other noises are rather common in our quarter; the police, through custom, seldom take notice of them. Ah! we have gone through several rough jobs in our house, sir, so I do not much fear of performing your little business in a respectable and satisfactory manner."

A half-sovereign being placed in the broad palm of Mr. Judkins, to "bind the bargain," that worthy, with his flaring candle, preceded his visitor out of the church. Mr. Pike followed at his heels, and the next minute, stealthily as a fox, glided through the half-opened door of the notable house of mock-marriage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE VICTIM IS LURED INTO THE SNARE.

ST. PAUL'S had just struck six, yet it was already dark, for the month of October had begun—a period of the year peculiarly cheerless in our great metropolis.

A hackney coach, slowly passing down the Old Bailey, entered Fleet-lane, which contracted thoroughfare just admitted of its progress, the wheels extending almost from kerb-stone to kerb-stone. The vehicle contained a man in foreign attire, having on a thickly-braided frock-coat, a hat very high in the pole, and wearing a massy gilt chain, while his moustachios were large and black as jet. By his side sat a woman, finely but tawdrily dressed; yet her robe of staring colours, huge turban, and

sundry mosaic and glass ornaments, might be in keeping with the general costume of a third-rate Italian cantatrice.

These two persons were Signor and Signora Ruboni: they called themselves brother and sister, and the part they had to perform had been fully explained to them.

The coach stopped at the house where Hester lodged, and the driver, knowing his business, without any intimation from the parties he carried, knocked at the door. Presently, Flemming made his appearance. In spite of his endeavours to be calm, there was something hurried in his manner, and a wildness flashed in his eyes which singularly contrasted with the quiet, cold, self-possession of Signor and Signora Ruboni.

"Is the lady ready?" asked the signor.

Flemming replied that she would be with them in two or three minutes.

"There is no time to lose," said the signora, in good English, casting a significant look at the hunchback.

But even at the last moment Hester hesitated, for she dreaded appearing in public. A timidity and a shrinking now seized her, and it was with difficulty that her trembling hands could arrange her hair, or place on the last article of her dress. Flemming knocked at her door; she would come instantly; he retired, but again returned, saying that the concert commenced at half-past seven, and they ought to be early at their posts.

"Shall I abandon it?" said Hester to herself. Then the thoughts of the money, and the hope of making more in furtherance of her great design, rose in her mind, lent her energy, and settled her determination.

"Signor and Signora Ruboni send their compliments, and hope you will not be much longer," said Flemming.

This was sufficient. Hester left her room, and, her music-book under her arm, hurried down the stairs. Flemming, in silence, assisted her into the coach, sprang in himself, and the vehicle drove off.

They proceeded through Fleet-street and the Strand. The heart of Hester was too full to admit of her speaking much, but she addressed a few words to the female at her side in reference to the approaching concert: the signora was one of the singers, so Flemming had informed Hester, and, residing with her brother in the city, had kindly agreed to take the two friends in the coach hired for the occasion. Hester, however, was sorry to find that the lady in the bright turban could speak no language but Italian, which she herself did not understand; all the signora could do was to nod her head, and make gestures with her gloved hands. Though her features in the lamp-light were only faintly distinguished, she appeared to be a remarkably coarse and vulgar woman.

The signor talked in broken English, his voice sharp, and his manner abrupt. But what struck Hester as being most strange, was the complete taciturnity of Flemming; he sat in a corner of the vehicle; his arms were folded, his cheeks were deadly pale, while his eyebrows were contracted until they met each other. His whole countenance expressed intense thought and inexplicable sorrow.

Hester regarded him with feelings of the liveliest interest and pity.

"You are very silent, Mr. Flemming. Does anything perplex you connected with the concert? I hope I have not, by my little delay, caused the party inconvenience."

Flemming returned no answer, but Signor Ruboni did. Hester shrank from this man with an instinctive feeling of dislike. He might be an Italian singer, she thought, but certainly one of the lowest description; in spite of his gold chain and frogged coat, he resembled a brigand rather than a gentle professor of Melody's divine art. She leant back, and remained silent for several minutes; but again glancing at the sad countenance of Flemming, she could not resist addressing him.

"Nay, rouse yourself, and let us talk of the parts we have to go through. Of course I feel anxious and uncertain as to my success, having never sung in public before. Mr. Flemming, will you not speak to me?—are you ill?"

He heard her now, and started. The colour rushed to his faded cheek, and light beamed in his eye. He stooped forward, and seized her hand:

"Forgive me—forgive me! I am a fiend, but when the storm is passed, the sunshine will again smile. I am not so black in soul as I may appear. I will protect you—I will devote myself to you for ever—I only ask you to forgive me."

Hester was astonished at these strange incoherent words, and almost began to think that Flemming's intellect was disordered. The unconcern and apathy of the two Italians might be attributable, she imagined, to their slight acquaintance with the English language. Flemming by the lamp-light perceived the expression of wonder which her countenance betrayed.

"Ah! I strangely forget myself," he said, appearing to awake to a consciousness of his position. "I believe I was half-dreaming, or thinking of a scene in some play. Well, your songs—you will get through them with applause. How slowly the coach moves! We have only reached Charing-cross."

The driver, however, had been flogging his horses to a rapid pace. The anxiety of Flemming, and the fever of his mind, might well cause all motion to appear tardy. Hester glanced through the window, but she perceived now that, instead of turning to the right towards Regent-street, they were proceeding down Whitehall to Westminster.

"Mr. Flemming, the coachman has misunderstood your order; he is taking us in a wrong direction."

"Oh, no, miss," said Signor Ruboni.

"The concert is to be held at the Hanover-square Rooms, is it not?"

"Yes," said Flemming; "but, dear Hester—Miss Somerset—I, I had forgotten to tell you that we go to Westminster first." He suddenly thrust his head out of the window, and desired the coachman to drive faster; upon which the whip was heard to play around the horses' sides, and they broke into a gallop.

"This is extraordinary," said Hester; "why go to Westminster?"

"We have agreed to take up a lady there—a singer—to save her the coach-hire," said Flemming, shading his face; "she lives in a street behind the abbey."

"Yes, and when she gets in, I shall turn outside on the box," observed Signor Ruboni.

Hester appeared satisfied, and yet, unsuspecting as her nature was, the vulgar manners of the Italians, and the singular demeanour of Flemming, together with their present route to a district so far from Hanover-square, raised feelings of surprise and mistrust in her mind. Swiftly turning out

of Parliament-street, with the abbey on their left hand, and proceeding down Great George-street, and along the west side of St. Margaret's Churchyard, they soon entered the region where squalor, idleness, and low iniquity begin.

"It is nearly seven o'clock," observed Flemming.

"We are in the Broadway," said Signor Ruboni; "we sha'n't be long now."

Few lamps were seen, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the gin-palaces. All shops of a respectable appearance had vanished; costermongers, small grocers, dealers in marine stores, and owners of coal-sheds, being the chief tradesmen in the locality. Groups of people stood here and there on the pavement, men leaning against posts smoking, and women without bonnets discussing domestic questions before the spirit-shops. Now a fight was got up, the crowd nearly blocking the way; and now the shrieks of females frenzied with drink, and tearing each other's hair, rang in the ears. The scene, although Hester caught only a passing glimpse of it as the coach hurried along, excited in her strong sensations of fear.

"I hope we shall soon pass out of this dreadful neighbourhood," she observed to Flemming. "Where does the lady who accompanies us to the concert live?"

"Not far off—we have nearly reached the house."

"Oh! surely she cannot reside here. Fleet-lane, where I lodge, though mean and wretched, is quiet and retired—this place is horrible."

The coach dashed down a narrow turning on the left; the noise of the more populous streets was left behind, yet what the place gained in one respect by the change, it lost in another. The aspect of the houses here was cheerless, dirty, and desolate; a few wretched beings in rags moved to and fro, and even the spot seemed forsaken by dogs and cats, as though aware they could find no food in that poverty-stricken region.

The vehicle jolted over the rough stones. It reached, at last, the mysterious little street already described in our pages—the street of thieves, and their depôts for stolen merchandise—the street where was situated the silent house of mock-marriages.

"Here we are, then," said Signor Ruboni; "mam'selle will be anxiously expecting us."

"How dark it is! I do not see a single lamp," observed Hester, trembling now for the first time, and shrinking into a corner.

"Oh, there are plenty of lamps," said the signor, "only they have not lit them yet."

"Mr. Flemming," cried Hester, turning quickly to the hunchback, "there is something wrong—there is something in all this which I do not comprehend. Tell me the meaning of it, I beseech you."

But Flemming seemed to have relapsed into his former state of abstraction and stupor.

"Mark Flemming—dear Mark," said Hester, in a tone of entreaty, "speak to me—I am in your hands—you—you are my protector."

The features of Flemming could not be seen in the darkness, but he was heard to groan.

"'Tis all right," cried Ruboni; and as he spoke the carriage stopped. The driver immediately let down the steps. "I'll get out," said the counterfeit Italian, "and fetch mam'selle."

A grating bolt was now withdrawn, and a door cautiously opened. The heart of Hester beat wildly. She felt her arm grasped by Flemming, and her terror increased every moment, she scarcely knew wherefore.

Signor Ruboni returned to the coach.

"I'm sorry to say mam'selle is taken ill, and can't go with us to the concert. She wishes to—see—Miss Somerset."

"See me?" exclaimed Hester; "for what reason? I do not know her."

"Why, miss, she is a singer, and was to sing at our concert, as you know," said the wily ruffian. "She's too ill to leave the house, but wants to give you some directions concerning her part; she will not detain you a minute."

"Shall I go?" said Hester, in a half-reluctant and frightened manner to Flemming. "You must be my adviser, dear Mr. Flemming; and if the lady is indeed ill——"

"Yes," said Flemming, abruptly; "let us go into the house and see her—now, come."

The hunchback handed Hester out of the coach, and she leant confidingly on his arm; the darkness prevented her from distinguishing the repulsive and miserable entrance of the ruinous building. They passed within the door, and reached the passage. There was the candle burning in the hole in the wall, and there was the side door standing ajar, and opening into the room termed the "church." Presently heavy steps were heard in the dusk, and the man with the ferocious bull-dog head, Mr. Judkins, strode up to the group. He did not speak, but immediately closed the front door and bolted it.

"Where is the sick lady?" cried Hester, wildly gazing around; "why are we shut in this dark house? Tell me—am I awake, or only in a frightful dream?"

She saw the countenance of Judkins as he held a candle in his hand. The wild mass of red hair, the bloodshot eyes, the bloated cheeks, and the savage expression of the hideous mouth, gave him the appearance of an ogre, a satyr, or some monster of cruelty and ugliness.

"Save me!" cried Hester, clinging to the arm of Flemming, and looking imploringly into his face.

"Save you from myself, you mean," exclaimed Flemming, with bitter laughter. "I am your worst enemy—your attendant demon. No, no, no! I am your worshipper—your devoted slave; and, Hester, dear Hester, you will now be mine for ever!"

The whole horrible truth seemed at length to flash upon her understanding, yet no shriek broke from her lips. Her voice and the power of action appeared suddenly to be taken away, her grasp on Flemming's arm relaxed, her eyes closed, her head swayed backwards, and she sank on the floor, lying there in her white dress like a wreath of snow, or a beautiful alabaster statue cast down from its pedestal.

A CENTO OF MODERN VERSE.

On our way to the South of France, about two years since, we were induced by the beauties of the Loire to linger for some time on the banks of that noble river. From Orleans to the sea, we visited every town of importance, and examined every château of note—now pausing enraptured amidst the palaces of the house of Valois, and anon gazing with profoundest interest on the crumbling remains of the feudal dwellings of our own Plantagenets. On the walls of those cities and towers is written the history of France, from the time of Charles Martel to that of Louis XIII.; and, passing over the epoch of Versailles, we find the darkest pages of her annals inscribed on the stones of Nantes, and signed by the hand of Carrier.

The pictured story of the Loire has two sides—one bright and gorgeous in its hues, the other gloomy and terrible. The splendours of art and the noblest deeds of arms attract us first. The tapestry is reversed, and crime of the deepest dye has marred every graceful line and blurred every glowing tint. Not a single object on which we gaze but is associated with some tale of blood—whether we penetrate the dungeons of Loches, traverse the glittering chambers of Blois, or stand abroad in the open air and watch the course of that revolutionary torrent which swept thousands at once to their doom. In vain we smile on the heroic achievements of the peerless Maid, or the gallant efforts of the brave Vendéens; the sigh still rises as we think of the tortures of the iron cage, the groans of the murdered Guises, and the drowning cries of the victims of the pitiless *noyades*.

The sun shines brightly as ever on the dancing waters of that famous river, and cruelty still dwells upon its shores—the cruelty of a whole people centred in one small spot. Two years ago this thought was uppermost in our minds as we stood upon one of the bridges which partially cross the Loire, and looked upwards intently on the antique battlements of the old castle of Amboise. As we followed the irregular outline of the building, our glance at last fell on a massive round tower at one extremity, surmounted by a kind of modernised pavilion, the windows of which were visible for their entire length above the low parapet. One of these windows was open, and, seated at a table on which some papers were scattered, we could perceive a figure wrapped in a white bornoose, apparently lost in thought, for his head was raised, and not a limb stirred. It was a prisoner whom we saw, and that prisoner was the Emir Abd-el-Kader, the victim to his own high sense of honour, and the living evidence of the breach of faith of a nation which has ever claimed to esteem honour above all other virtues. He had then been a captive about twenty months—in the lazaretto of Toulon, in the fortress of La Malgue, in the birthplace of Henri Quatre, and now within the walls of that castle which witnessed the butchery of the Huguenot prisoners after the famous "*Conjuration d'Amboise.*" He had barely surrendered, and had time to learn that there was that in Europe which shamed the "*Punica Fides*" of old, when France arose to shake off the manacles with which she deemed herself fettered. She gained her liberty, such as

it was—the liberty of a drunken Helot—but Abd-el-Kader was "a prisoner still;" and in the midst of all her bloody struggles her eye glanced backward fearfully, to assure herself that the African chieftain was still in chains. Orleanist, Legitimist, Bonapartist, or Red Republican, it was the same with all; none felt for the noble captive, none felt for the honour of France. One heart, perhaps, that beat in the bosom of the highest-placed, once a prisoner himself; but his will was powerless.

Twenty months more have gone by since we stood on the old bridge of Amboise, and where is Abd-el-Kader? Look carefully along the time-worn battlements, and his form may be descried pacing the narrow limits of the cell in which he yet lingers. There has been no change of opinion to benefit him. In the very last debate in the Assembly, when every orator in turn proclaimed his political doctrines, the name of Abd-el-Kader—thrown like a shell into the Chamber—exploded amidst shouts of derisive mirth; that name which should have chilled them all to silent shame was laughed at as an object of scorn. Laugh on, high-souled patriots, but in your laughter remember that there breathes no meaner thing on earth than the promise-breaker.

In giving utterance to these sentiments, we are fully impressed with the conviction that they are not ours alone, but are shared by the great majority of our countrymen. Could we doubt it, the picturesque and glowing verse of Viscount Maidstone* is before us to attest how deeply a generous sympathy has taken root. He has shown himself its most eloquent exponent, and we rise from his pages with a feeling of pleasure such as very few poems of recent date have excited; charmed not only with the brilliant imagery, the vivid description and the copious flow of language which everywhere abound, but spirit-stirred by the genuine feeling which o'er-informs the whole and testifies to the noble source from whence it sprang.

In his brief but modest preface Lord Maidstone says, that "an author is singularly fortunate who finds such a hero as the Numidian Emir as yet unappropriated by others." This may be true, but we look upon it as equally fortunate for his readers that so gifted a writer as Lord Maidstone should have selected the theme to which he has here done justice. If anything besides the actual subject were necessary to commend the poem to the public, it might be found in the additional reason which Lord Maidstone gives, that it was intended "as a tribute to the memory of a dear friend (the late Lord George Bentinck), whose premature death has been the cause of many heavy hearts among all classes of Englishmen." He dedicates his poem, accordingly, to the memory of that lamented statesman, whose character he ably paints in a few vigorous but harmonious lines, and then addresses himself to his labour of love, the illustration of the struggles of the great African warrior.

"Abd-el-Kader" is no epic poem, neither is it written in the heroic measure consecrated to epics. It is rather a picturesque and shifting narrative in ballad-metre of the leading events of a remarkable period, in

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* Ad-el-Kader. A Poem in Six Cantos, by Viscount Maidstone. London: Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.

which in its main features the truth of history is preserved, while with the tale a thread of fiction is interwoven, slight of texture, but by no means devoid of interest. Lord Maidstone, notwithstanding his skill in turning the ballad-metre to his purpose, has strong misgivings respecting the form in which he has cast his poem, and though there are precedents —to a certain extent—for the course he has adopted, we ourselves think he would have done better had he chosen a more sustained measure. But, apart from the difficulties which he has had to surmount, and which are inherent to this form of rhythm—with the accent falling on the penultimate in every alternate line as a principal obstacle,—Lord Maidstone has been eminently successful, nor did we suppose, till we had fairly gone through the poem, that the structure of his verse would have borne him so well to the end.

Observant of the Horatian maxim not to commence with the exordium of the "Scriptor cyclicus," though he sings "the fate of Priam and the noble war," Lord Maidstone opens his poem with some fine stanzas in Spenserean metre, descriptive of the region of "El Gharb," or "The West," in which province the scene is chiefly laid. He describes also the proclamation of the "Sacred War" against the French Giaours, and the hurrying to and fro of the scouts employed in making it known, mounted on those famous thorough-bred camels, called the Maherry, renowned throughout the north of Africa. The poem then breaks into a spirited dialogue, in ballad metre, between a pilgrim from the Sahara and a Targhee scout, the latter painting a pleasing picture of the Deira of Abd-el-Kader, whither the pilgrim is bound:

There, the tents are throng as wild fowl
  Gather'd on the pool at eve.
Goodly tents of swarthy goats' hair,
  Such as Arab maidens weave.
And the riches of Numidia,
  Nibbling sheep and grazing kine,
Trusting camels browsing stately,
  Gem the hills in wavering line.
And the little wanton urchins,
  Under their keen fathers' eye,
Rolling in the parch'd arena,
  Dusty, mimic battles ply!
There, in oasis of verdure,
  By sweet waters rippling clear,
On a knoll before his tent's door
  Abd-el-Kader strikes his spear.

The travellers part, and the pilgrim, a desert-warrior named Khaled, of the race of the Zemmoura, proceeds on his journey to offer his sword and the support of his tribe to the Emir:

These two parted in the Desert—
  Parted, never more to meet—
With that blinding sun above them,
  And those sands beneath their feet.
Soon, each gaunt Maherry's shadow
  Dwindles to a paltry speck;
And the lurid haze receives him
  As the sea engulfs the wreck.
Each man trusting to his manhood
  Journeys on with lifted spear,

Howling sand-wastes of Sahara
  Closing round him, flank and rear.
So in life's bewildering journey,
  Thou that happenest on a friend,
Know, 'tis but a wayside-greeting
  He must pass—and thou must wend
To the bourne beyond the Desert,
  Whither all thy sires have gone.
Linger not too long in converse!
  Greet thy brother—and pass on!

Khaled is warmly welcomed by Abd-el-Kader and his warriors, and the greeting is heard afar, not by the French captives only, who sat

· moodily apart,
Foul with rags, and worn by labour,
  Sorrowful, and sick at heart;

but by the heroine of the poem, the high-minded and beautiful Khadidjah, the sister of the Emir, who goes forth into the camp to learn the news.

Tall and stately was the daughter
  Of Numidia's royal stock;
Dark her eyes' unfathom'd lustre—
  As the pool beneath the rock
Where a drifted torrent slumbers;
  Free her speech, her bearing high;
Such as best beseems the Bedouin,
  Eldest child of liberty!

Khaled and Khadidjah, who are the fictitious personages of the story—though Abd-el-Kader has a sister, in fact, so named—fall in love with each other, and the poet takes occasion to dwell on the power of the passion in lines which we do violence to our inclinations in abstaining from quoting. Then comes a feast on the Berber "kouskous," the staple dish of the Nomads of El Gharb, and which Lord Maidstone describes in a note as being composed of "a sort of flour rolled into grains, and then thoroughly steamed through, and saturated with the flavour of stewed mutton or chicken, the meat being served out with it. I have eaten it," adds Lord Maidstone, "and must admit, that it is simply the best thing I ever tasted." Kouskous is not only "the food of love," but apparently the incentive to heroism, for after the feast Abd-el-Kader addresses his people, recalling the glories of the Moorish race from the time of the successors of the Prophet (the first Khalifs), and carrying its history through the conquest of Spain and the loss of that country under Boabdil, whose evil star still shines balefully on all his race, down to the period of the arrival of the invading Franks, "steering here without a breeze." The Emir relates why and when he rose, tells his followers—as he really believed—that he bears a charmed life, urges them to watch and suffer in the assured hope of vengeance, reminds them of their exploits at Macta and Constantina, and calls upon them to swear revenge. A night scene follows, when the Berber's camp-song is heard, and with this strain the first canto ends. The second commences with an apostrophe to "Peace," which gives its name to the canto, and, this theme discussed, the poem renews its course with a striking picture of the great necessity of Afric life—water,—the procurement of which, where it is scant, is the Desert man's

greatest claim to praise. Here follows another beautiful picture descriptive of night and morning in the camp of the Faithful:

Wrapt in haick and bornoose slumber
  Hardy warriors many a one;
Though the purple night is waning
  To a promise of the sun.
Underneath the stately palm-trees,
  Cast about in groups they lie;
Rigid forms of Bedouins shrouded
  From the treacherous moon's cold eye.
Stars are plentiful as fire-flies,
  Fretting heaven's arch with light;
Sounds are none, to break the silence
  Of the solemn desert night—
Save the gurgle of the streamlets,
  And the challenge of the hound,
To the flying pack of jackals
  Whining petulantly round.
Mark! those lines of distant ombrage
  In portentous gloom reveal'd,
Here and there a group of camels—
  Sable on an argent field.
Hark! it is the Dubbah's laughter,
  Pealing from the lonely waste;
As he skirts the straggling Deira
  In his gallop of hot haste.

See! the mountain-tops are kindling
  Into radiance, one by one,
And the palm-trees gather verdure,
  And the Desert looms less dun.
Many a formless purple shadow
  Brightens to a sharp-edg'd line;
Serpentining exhalations,
  Misty yet, the streams define.
Twilight's mellow short-liv'd freshness
  Steals aloft—and Libyan day
Settles on the proud horizon—
  Pulse by pulse, and ray on ray.

Khadidjah rises early and seeks the lotus-margined springs in a lovely glade of Atlas, where, surrounded by her maidens, like another Diana she makes her toilet without fear of any intrusive Actæon; and the simple repast of the Desert over, calls on Lellah Maynoun, one of her attendants, to sing of Hagar, and how it fortuned with Ishmael in the Desert. After excuses as valid as those of Lady Heron, or of any other accomplished vocalist, she chants a spirited lay, and is followed by another maiden, Bedra of the Beni-abbés, who, in praise of "El Naamah," the ostrich, sings with equal poetic fire. But Khadidjah is abstracted; the theme she longs to hear is left unsung. Ayesha, from Ghadames in the slave country, notes her abstraction, and pours forth a ballad in honour of the stripling of Zemmoura, who slew the terrible lion of El Hamra's Well, with what success we leave all true lovers to divine. After this come the rising of the camp, admirably told, and a hunting scene, where Khaled, in the glen, smites a wild boar as he rushes past, but without effect, the fierce monster seeking shelter in a thicket of impenetrable blackthorn. There is wonderful vigour and poetical beauty in this scene. The adventure of the boar, who is supposed to be a Jinn,

gives rise to the legend of the famous boar of the Djurjura: "A boar by day and a Jinn by night," of whom the *refrain* tells us that "A pitiless Jinn was he." This is an excellent ballad, and the story it tells is as full of life as any of Gordon Cumming's raids.

In the third canto we have a rapid transition from "Peace" to "War." The latter is prefaced by the arrival of Khaled's band, who are met by Abd-el-Kader himself, mounted on his coal-black mare Djerouah. Khaled claims the first adventure against the Franks, which is granted, and he is ordered to storm the blockhouse in the pass of Bibân. Before he sets out, he receives a message by Maynoun from one who follows him with loving eyes, bidding him prosper, and with the message is sent a scarf of silver tissue, to be dyed "scarlet-bright" in the blood of the Giaours. A fine description is then given of the Atlas mountains, with the stronghold of the French commandant La Harpe;—the march of the French troops, the ambush of the Kabaïles, and the fierce contest which takes place in the pass called "El Môchtar," or "the Avenger," follow in quick succession, and Khaled dips his scarf in the blood of the French leader. There is a terrible and highly wrought episode of battle in this account, where Adolphe and Mesrour, the last who are left alive in the pass, finish their death-struggle with dagger and bayonet beside the fountain's brim where each has crawled to drink; it is full of the most thrilling interest. The canto closes with an energetic appeal to the better feelings of mankind against the "accursed teaching" of the "evil priest and unsex'd priestess" Sue and Sand, whose social doctrines Lord Maidstone justly holds to be the bane of civilisation, and but for whom, he says, Algeria's name would never have been a by-word among nations, nor the shame of a mighty country.

Our continuous account of Lord Maidstone's poem must be more summarily told. "Kabaïlia," the subject of Canto IV., tells of a rumour of battle and defeat, which Khaled hears returning to the camp of Abd-el-Kader after his successful onslaught. He returns to the accustomed spot, but no traces are there of the Emir and his band, but the tokens of a fray and the body of Maynoun in a death-like trance, from which she only recovers to die in reality without being able to proffer speech. Khaled causes her to be buried, and then follows the track of the French troops, meeting here and anon with some fragment of the plundered Deira in his path. At length he reaches the camp where the French have halted, and sees that they have his mistress prisoner, whom he instantly resolves to rescue. He creeps among the sleeping soldiers, reaches the tent where Khadidjah is captive, releases her, and together they mount the same steed for flight. The morning-star rises, and its sudden light awakens a Zouave, who sees the lovers flit by, and raises the alarm. Khaled cuts him down, and the pursuit begins. He is wounded, but escapes, and the lovers eventually reach a dashkra of the Kabyles, where Khaled recovers, and breathes his passion to Khadidjah, urging her to become his. But the princess tells him of a wondrous vision, and the secret mission of Abd-el-Kader; in consequence of which she had vowed herself to God and Islâm, nor could deem herself free till the Giaours were driven out of El Gharb.

Canto V. is called "Mulucha Flumen." The banks of the river Molouiah, whither Abd-el-Kader has at last been driven, is the scene of this

portion of the poem. This was the limit in old time of Jugurtha's domain; it is the limit also of the freedom of action of Abd-el-Kader, who has found his Bocchus in the person of Muley Abd-er-rahman, the Emperor of Morocco, now his enemy. The Emir holds a midnight council, and tells his Deira that the emperor has urged him to surrender. They answer his appeal, and resolve to attack and fire the Moorish camp by means of camels loaded with pitch-prepared herbage. The enterprise is conducted by Khaled, to whom, in the event of success, Khadidjah promises her hand. The camp of Muley is very picturesquely described, as well as the scene of confusion and terror which follows. The Moors are beaten, but they muster again with renewed force, and the Emir is hemmed in on the brink of the Mollouïah. He daringly resolves to cross the swollen river, and safely effects the passage; but Khaled, who had kept the enemy at bay, performing prodigies of valour, falls beneath the murderous aim of a Riffian, who had lost two sons in the fight. Storms arise in Atlas,—the host is scattered,—and Abd-el-Kader, with his family and a few followers, finally surrender on the terms which the French government subsequently refused to ratify,—not choosing to feel themselves bound by the verbal conditions made with Lamoricière and the Duke d'Aumale.

The sixth canto shows us Abd-el-Kader and the widowed bride, his sister, in the prison fort of La Malgue, depicting the pains of his captivity in a manner as touching as unfortunately they are real; and the poem concludes with the aspiration that in the progress of time the Numidian, converted to Christianity, may read this lament from a distant land over the fate of the great Numidian chief.

We have left ourselves no room for further extracts, though we had marked numerous passages, all of them of great beauty. We here, therefore, give our farewell greeting to Lord Maidstone, in the earnest hope that this his noble effort may tend to rouse attention to claims which, for the sake alike of humanity and honour, should no longer be postponed.

We turn from Lord Maidstone's volume to the mournful tribute which next demands our attention. "Eustace"* is an elegy penned by a sorrowing father to the memory of a son who was in every respect worthy of a parent's love. Captain Eustace d'Eyncourt fell a victim to yellow fever, at the early age of twenty-five, a few days after joining his regiment in Barbadoes, in the year 1842. In one of the towers of Bayon's Manor, Lincolnshire, the family seat of the Right Honourable Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt, M.P., a clock-bell was placed, with this inscription: "Me posuit Carolus de Eyncourt, Filium, flore ætatis abreptum, Eustachium dilectissimum deflens. Revocet vox mea dulces amoris horas: moneat quoque—quam fugaces! Quantula sit Vita!" The elegy contained in the volume which records a father's deep-seated grief, is an expansion of the above lines in English verse, graceful in construction, tender in sentiment, and sadly mournful in its general tone. The thoughts which they embody are full of earnest truth and sound philosophy, and none can close the volume without feeling that he is better, albeit graver, after its perusal.

* Eustace: an Elegy. Second edition. Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street, 1851.

Our "Cento" is strangely composed. We have three more poems to complete the diverse collection, but of these we are not called upon to say much. The first of them is "Marican,"* a new Auracana, but not destined like that fragmentary Iliad to live beyond the hour. Indeed, the only resemblance between the two is in the scene where the story is laid, that small province on the coast of New Granada, whose warlike inhabitants yet retain the name and observe many of the religious traditions of their unconquered ancestors. The story of "Marican" contains some fairly written descriptions of an interesting country, but it has nothing in it of real poetry. The next on our list is "The Reign of Avarice,"† but the interest which this allegorical satire excited in us may be judged of by the fact, that when we had cut the leaves of the book, instead of reading the poem we read the advertisements at the end of it, nor did we find any reason in glancing at the volume to repent us of having done so. "Tryphœna"‡ is the last of this batch, and as in the very first stanza of his poem the author informs us that he hardly hopes to improve the minds of his readers, he will not take it hard that we should confirm his ingenuous opinion. He also says that this is "his first poetical (!) attempt:" we trust it may prove his last. That we may not be thought captious, we give a specimen of Mr. Fletcher's style, only altering the manner of printing the lines. Our extract is a stanza (!) in which he describes his hero, and runs thus:

"Now to begin, there lived not long ago, no matter where, a youth full six feet *high*; a goodly size as you may say, and so he thought *himself*; he was not fat, nay, I may say that he was thin; indeed, I know he generally was considered by his friends as such, therefore there need not be more words on the subject, thin was he."

The Aldine press is honoured by two such productions as "Tryphœna" and the "Reign of Avarice." A few more poems like these and we shall believe in the return of the Golden Age.

CAUSERIES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

"Petit bonhomme vit encore."

Clown *loquitur*—Miss Glascock's *Oriental Quadrilles*—Variétés: 'La Ferme de Primerose," Mademoiselle Page, Charles Pérey, Mademoiselle Ozy—Gymnase· Mademoiselle Brassine, Mademoiselle [illegible]—*Eau de Portugal*—Dialogue at an Elysée Ball—*Chameaux*—La Bacchante *à matelas*—"Le Monstre et le Magicien"—"English Exhibition:" Hyacinthe, "L'Amant de Cœur," Mademoiselle Scriwaneck—The "Folie Asnières:" Mabille, &c., Mademoiselle Rigolette, *La Galerie*, Mademoiselle Stucy, Mademoiselle Olympe, &c., Maria.

CLOWN LOQUITUR.—"Here we are again!" says the clown.

Gentle reader, did it ever strike you that, in these four words, there lurked a profound Machiavellian subtilty, an ingenious evasion of a deli-

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* Marican, and other Poems. By Henry Inglis. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1851.

† The Reign of Avarice, an allegorical Satire. In four cantos. London: Pickering. 1851.

‡ Tryphœna, and other Poems. By John William Fletcher. London: Pickering.

cate point worthy of M. de Talleyrand or Jack Bunsby? No? Well, then, *expliquons-nous.*

Observe that, by this simple announcement of his return, the *enfant prodigue* in no wise commits himself. His audience have ocular proof of his presence, and what he *says* does not advance them the hundredth part of a jot. It would not answer his purpose to let them into the secret of his temporary absence, or to confess the peccadilloes we may have committed in the interim. For all they know, he may have been flirting with Columbine, if he be a pantomimic clown; or tripping up the gentleman with the long whip, if he be a child of the circus; or swallowing a pilfered Bologna sausage, or any other dainty in which members of his profession traditionally delight; but he keeps his own counsel. He thinks that, however long he may have stayed away, or whatever *escapades* he may have been guilty of while absent, he more than atones for all sins by throwing a summerset, and uttering the four cabalistic words already quoted; and the public think so too, to judge from the reception they give him.

Even so, reader, does the *habitué* purposely conceal from thee the why and wherefore of his long silence; and, following the example of the party-coloured *Azaël* (barring the summerset), modestly recalls himself to thy notice with a truly cordial "Here we are again!"

Miss Glascock's Oriental Quadrilles.—And before I forget it, let me here discharge a debt under which my conscience has been some time groaning. Generally speaking, I am not troubled with dreams, but for some weeks past my slumbers have been animated by visions of fantastic beings, clad in Eastern garb, and all dancing as vigorously and as indefatigably as Petra Camara or Baron Nathan. And to the liveliest, most characteristic music imaginable! It was familiar to me, and yet when or where I had heard it I could not for the life of me remember. One morning lately, however, after having "assisted" at a more than usually boisterous exhibition of St. Vitus's art, a light suddenly flashed on my memory.

Mais, sapristi, je connais ça!

And I had been wondering all this time at the *verve* of my nocturnal visitors! Why, they couldn't help themselves; the music had been continually acting on their toes and heels quicksilver-fashion; and, like the magic fiddle, had not allowed them a moment's breathing time. In a word, they had been dancing to Miss Glascock's *Oriental Quadrilles!*

Variétés.—The theatres are, as is usual at this time of year, wholly dependent on the rise or fall of the barometer, their receipts vary according to the weather, a ray of sunshine throwing the managers into a fit of despondency, and a good smart shower towards six in the evening locating them temporarily in the seventh heaven.

The Variétés have lately reopened under a new administration, and the success of the present augurs well for that of the future. The hard, comfortless stalls have already given place to easy *fauteuils,* and the remodelling of the *troupe* is fast following that of the *salle.* A very neatly written little piece, "La Ferme de Primerose," the scene of which is laid in England, affords scope for some admirable acting on the part of pretty Adèle Page and Charles Pérey; the latter of whom, always an original and painstaking *artiste,* is gradually becoming a first-rate comedian.

Were I to omit, in my notice of the Variétés, a passing word of

homage to Mademoiselle Alice Ozy, I should be guilty at once of an act of *lèse-beauté* and *lèse-talent.* The time was when the latter term could hardly have been considered applicable to the lady in question, except by those whose penetration could discover real dramatic capabilities, intentionally allowed to remain inactive, but nevertheless only requiring to be developed at the will and pleasure of their fair owner. What may have at last induced Mademoiselle Ozy to exchange the provoking nonchalance which used to characterise her acting for a most attractive combination of grace, liveliness, and *entrain,* matters little: it is sufficient for us that she *has* done so, and in a manner which admits of no retrograde movement. Parts formerly *joués sous la jambe,* to use an expressive local term, must henceforth be invested and interpreted with the peculiar charm and finesse whose existence *chez elle* she has herself betrayed. Like the *Juif Errant,* she must perpetually advance; like the luckless horse in Mr. Pickwick's cab, she must go on, she can't help it. If ever *vaisseaux* were *brûlés,* hers are.

Gymnase: Mademoiselle Brassine.—A great favourite of mine, and let me add of the public also, Mademoiselle Marie Brassine has recently quitted the Palais Royal for the Gymnase, where her place has been marked ever since the retirement of Mademoiselle Melcy. An excellent and ladylike *tenue,* an easy and refined tone of comedy, and a host of personal attractions into the bargain, form an assemblage of qualities sufficiently rare in these days of dramatic dearth, and M. Montigny is not the man to let them go a begging. Nay, more; I have no doubt that, when Mademoiselle Brassine's engagement was duly signed and sealed, the worthy manager inwardly felt convinced that on that occasion at least *his* boulevard might well be said to merit its name of *Bonne nouvelle.*

Mademoiselle Luther.—Another promising young actress of this theatre, Mademoiselle Amedine Luther, is rapidly gaining ground in the estimation of all true *connoisseurs,* by her exquisitely natural impersonation of the *ingénues. Biondina e grassetta,* as Théophile Gautier aptly described Jenny Colon, with the sweetest of all possible smiles, and a most attractive and infantine manner, Mademoiselle Luther has every imaginable qualification required by her *emploi.* After a temporary sojourn at the Théâtre Français, where, notwithstanding a most brilliant *début,* she soon found herself condemned to vegetate in obscurity, owing to her refusal to comply with certain conditions imposed on all young and pretty *pensionnaires* by more than one of *messieurs les sociétaires,* she resolved on seeking a more limited but far more congenial area for her talent, and appeared in the "Grand' mère," under the fostering auspices of Rose Chéri, with immense *éclat.*

Charming and *espiègle* on the stage, she is equally lively and *spirituelle* in private life, with, moreover, a decided propensity to harmless *badinage,* in which, however, she on one occasion met her match. *Voici comment:*

Walking late one evening with her *bonne,* a worthy creature considerably past the meridian of life, she was followed very assiduously by a young man, whose attentions speedily became so marked that she determined to get rid of him in her own peculiar manner. Turning suddenly round upon him, and affecting to consider him as some fifty years older than he really was, she exclaimed with a look of mingled commiseration and reproach:

"Fi donc, monsieur! poursuivre les femmes à votre âge, quand vous ne devriez songer qu'à vous faire enterrer!"

"Comment, madame, à mon âge," retorted the youth, thoroughly taken aback by this unexpected pleasantry, but immediately after adding, with perfect *sang-froid:*

"Du reste, ce n'est pas à vous que je parle, c'est *à la jeune!*"

EAU DE PORTUGAL.—A few years ago, when the Orleans family were still in peaceable possession of their dignities, one of the young princesses, in answer to repeated offers of presents from the court of Lisbon, wrote to the queen, begging her to send her a supply of *Eau de Portugal*, imagining that the perfume so called was manufactured in the country whose name it bore. What was her surprise, and that of the court in general, on duly receiving four tuns of more or less pure water, with the accompanying missive:

"Je ne sais si l'Eau de Portugal vaut mieux que celle de la France, mais telle qu'elle est, je vous en envoie quatre barriques."

DIALOGUE AT AN ELYSÉE BALL.—Frenchmen are not *always* the best-bred men in the world, as the following anecdote, a positive fact, will testify. At one of the balls given last winter by the President at the Elysée, an indefatigable dancer accosted a young lady to whom he was a perfect stranger, and asked her to dance the first *contre-danse* with him.

"Je suis engagée, monsieur," was the answer.

"Ce sera donc pour la seconde, madame."

"Je suis également engagée pour la seconde."

"Eh bien, madame, pour la troisième, je vous en supplie!"

"Désolée, monsieur, mais je ne suis pas plus libre pour celle-là que pour les autres."

"Que le diable vous emporte!"

CHAMEAUX.—Talking of dancing, I must not forget a delicious bit of *naïveté* which escaped one of the *habituées* of Laborde's balls, in the Rue de la Victoire, shortly after the production of "L'Enfant Prodigue."

The merits of the new opera were under discussion, when one of the circle incidentally remarked that "selon lui, il manquait une chose à la scène du désert . . . des chameaux."

"Des chameaux!" exclaimed a pretty *rat* and *figurante* in the spectacle alluded to (only thinking in her innocence of the crowded state of the stage at that moment), "*des chameaux!* que dites-vous donc? *Nous sommes toutes en scène!*"

LA BACCHANTE A-MATELAS.—A certain actress of the Vaudeville (I will not mention names) who played *Amalthée* in "Daphnis et Chloé," on the first production of that ever-famous *bergerie*, was persuaded by some of her *camarades* into a firm belief that the character sustained by her was that of the Bacchante *a-matelas*. When subsequently ridiculed by them for her credulity, she remarked with the inimitable artlessness peculiar to her,

"Que voulez-vous, je ne suis pas très ferrée sur l'histoire *sainte*."

"LE MONSTRE ET LE MAGICIEN."—The only real dramatic *succès d'argent* in Paris at the present moment is that obtained by the revival of "Le Monstre et le Magicien" at the Ambigu; although the actual representative of the *Monster*, an Italian of the name of Clerto Beneni,

falls far short of its original creator, T. P. Cooke, whose admirable pantomime excited an extraordinary sensation at the Porte St Martin twenty-five years ago. The piece, though cleverly constructed, is yet but a faint reflection of the inimitable "Frankenstein;" but such as it is, and notwithstanding its rather worn-out melodramatic effects, it fills the house every night, and that not on account of the interest of the plot or of the details, but solely owing to the colour of the *Monster*, which is a most unearthly green. An enormous *affiche*, the principal feature of which is the hero of the drama in the act of carrying off a woman, and being at the same moment destroyed by a thunderbolt, forms the daily delight of all the *badauds* of the boulevart.

"Ce n'est pas étonnant," said Verner, one of the *sociétaires* of the theatre the other day, "que la pièce soit encore verte, puisque le monstre est toujours vert."

One might add, though the term would lose its force by translation, "*Et le public aussi.*"

"ENGLISH EXHIBITION:" HYACINTHE—"L'AMANT DE CŒUR"—MADEMOISELLE SCRIWANECK.—"English Exhibition," at the Palais Royal, is an extravagantly whimsical absurdity, demanding a more than usual amount of indulgence and good-humour on the part of the audience. In it a wife is sold for two-and-twenty shillings, and repurchased for twelve hundred pounds; a cupboard containing four shelves is inhabited by four individuals, each having a shelf *pour tout lit;* and a late arrival is very coolly offered, as the only possible remaining accommodation, a space chalked out on the floor of about three yards square, whereon he may either stand, sit, or lie down according to his fancy. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in this rather anomalous production, and the one on which the authors most counted, is Hyacinthe's nose, which excrescence, by the way, has been through life that actor's *bonne étoile.* If a piece hang heavy, and Hyacinthe be *en scène*, all he has to do is to stroke his nose complacently, and a roar is the infallible result: an incidental allusion to it is more effective than the best legitimate joke could possibly be, and a *couplet* in its praise is a safe passport to fifty representations.

"L'Amant de Cœur," another smart little novelty at the same theatre, not only shows off Mademoiselle Scriwaneck's very clever singing and acting, but her toilette into the bargain. A handsome blue domino, a magnificent ball-dress, diamond necklace and diamond ear-rings, not to mention a light and elegant *peignoir de matin*, and all sported in the space of one short act. *Masette!* Mademoiselle Scriwaneck, if ever you should play a *five*-act piece, don't ask *me* to pay your *fournisseurs*, that's all.

And now comes the tug of war. I know perfectly well that the subject on which I am about to touch is a very ticklish one, that the mere word Mabille is quite sufficient, now as of yore, to let loose against me a perfect hurricane of virtuous indignation; which, did it proceed from those readers of the *New Monthly* whose taste I respect and whose good opinion I set a value on, would be considered by me as an amicable hint, and profited by accordingly.

But an anonymous *critique*, like an anonymous letter, is only fit to light one's cigar with, and such will be the destiny of any similar epistles

that my excellent friend the Editor may in future forward to me: as for the writers, I would recommend them in charity to make a point of being present at the next performance of Mr. Oxenford's "Tartuffe;" if that does not read them a lesson, nothing will.

THE "FOLIE ASNIERES:" MABILLE, &c.—MADEMOISELLE RIGOLETTE—LA GALERIE—MADEMOISELLE STUCY—MADEMOISELLE OLYMPE, &c.—MARIA.—The Folie-Asnières, a rival establishment to the Parc, and immediately bordering on the river, is a new and unfortunate speculation, originating in the wish of M. Cogniard, formerly manager of the Porte St. Martin and Vaudeville, to utilize a certain plot of ground belonging to him by converting it into an opposition place of public resort. Unluckily for him, the proprietors of the Parc have this year redoubled their powers of attraction, and the result is, that on Sundays and Thursdays, in spite of a whole legion of touters and no end of newspaper puffs, the Folie remains a desert, and the receipts of the Parc fall short of five thousand francs.

But Mabille and the Château des Fleurs still bear away the palm from all their competitors; the Chaumière and the Château Rouge are making frantic efforts to recover a portion of their ancient vogue, but in vain; while once renowned Ranelagh can barely succeed in keeping its doors open.

This year has not witnessed any important choregraphic *début:* Rigolette still maintains an undisputed sovereignty, and is, if possible, more graceful and more *entrinante* than ever. There is, moreover, a marked improvement in her toilette, which is usually white, and, above all, invariably *fraîche.*

But among the lady *habitués* who form the *galerie* several new stars have appeared with more or less *éclat;* one of the most *recherchées,* however unaccountable and incredible that may seem to those who remember her when a fourth-rate *figurante* at the St. James's Theatre last year, being, beyond all question, Mademoiselle Stucy. I can attribute her success to nothing else than to her being *rousse,* a *nuance* rather in fashion here just now; and possibly to her being occasionally taken in tow by Céleste Mogador, who walks her round the ring in a most patronising manner.

Mademoiselle Olympe of the Hippodrome, having had a very narrow escape from being crushed to death during a *course de vitesse* in the early part of the season, has thereby acquired a certain temporary celebrity, which, like a wise girl, she is making the most of. *Petit à petit, l'oiseau fait son nid.*

Among the other leading feminine potentates of Mabille, Mademoiselle Adèle Courtois, Mademoiselle Marie Laval, and Mademoiselle Constance Maréchal, hold deservedly prominent places; but in the same proportion as they lord (or lady) it over their humbler rivals, even so do they in their turn sing small before the veritable sovereign of these Terpsichorean realms, Mademoiselle Maria.

Maria! what a host of "pleasures of memory" connected with the once gay and brilliant Chaumière does not that name recal to us! Who does not remember, some five or six years ago, having made one of the ardent and spellbound throng never weary of gazing in admiration on that graceful and pliant form, whose serpentine and voluptuous elasticity

was at once the glory of the Quartier Latin and the deathblow of Clara Fontaine! The polka, danced by Maria, had nothing in common with the thousand and one prevailing varieties of that very accommodating *pas;* it stood *per se;* there was a peculiar audacity and refinement about it which alike defied description or imitation: it was the very poetry of motion—a combination of Parisian elegance and Spanish *désinvolture.*

When she appeared, her dark and eloquent eyes, now flashing with enthusiasm, now melting into amorous softness; her *port de reine* strangely yet irresistibly contrasting with the most exquisitely feminine smile; she resembled alternately a Pythoness and a Syren.

Such was, and such is Marie, surnamed Maria *la Polkeuse;* once the Fanny Elssler of the Chaumière, and still one of the handsomest and most attractive women that France or even Europe can boast. Her praises have been the theme of many a poet and many a *chansonnier;* perhaps the worthiest description of her being that inscribed by M. Alphonse de Calonne in his *brochure* entitled "Les Polkeuses:"

> Un jambe légère
> D'une entière blancheur;
> Un torse de panthère,
> Un regard plein d'ardeur:
> Ah! telle est la polkeuse
> Dont je suis enchanté,
> Souple et voluptueuse,
> Elle a grâce et beauté.

With equal reason might one adapt to her (with a slight *variante*) the concluding lines addressed by *Robin* to another *Marie* in "Les Mémoires du Diable:"

> Lorsque j'ai vu l'adorable Marie,
> Le moindre effroi peut-il m'être permis,
> Qui ne voudrait risquer cent fois sa vie
> Pour le trésor que ses yeux m'ont promis!

did one not remember in time the words of Béranger,

> Te chanter encore, ô Marie!
> Non vraiment, je ne l'ose pas!

But *qui n'ose rien n'a rien;* so, *en revanche,* the poet of Passy shall himself be put under contribution for a parting homage to *la reine de la Chaumière,* and where shall we find a passage more applicable to so fair a queen:

> Des roses que l'amour moissonne
> Ceins ton front tout brillant d'attraits,
> Et garde longtemps ta couronne,
> Pour le bonheur de tes sujets.

Paris, July 23, 1851.

DODSSEILEREN—THE DEATH-SHIP.

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

By Mrs. Bushby.

Upon the deck fair Gunhild stands,
And gazes on the billows blue;
She sees reflected there beneath
The moon, and the bright stars too.

She sees the moon and the lovely stars
On the clear calm sea—the while
Her steady bark glides gently on
To Britain's distant isle.

'Twas long since her betrothed love
Had sought that foreign strand,
And bitterly had Gunhild wept
When he left his native land.

He promised tidings oft to send—
He promised soon to come again;
But never tidings reached her ear—
She looked for him in vain!

No longer could fair Gunhild brook
Such anxious, sad suspense;
She wearies of her parents' home,
And in secret hies her thence.

Mounting yon vessel's lofty side,
To seek her love she swore—
Whether he lay in ocean's depths,
Or slept on a foreign shore.

Three days had she been tossed upon
Wild ocean's heaving wave,
When the sea became at the midnight hour
As still as the solemn grave.

On the high deck the maiden stood
Gazing upon the deep so blue,
She sees reflected there beneath
The moon, and the bright stars too.

The crew were wrapt in hushed repose,
The very helmsman slept;
While the maiden, clad in robes of white,
Her midnight vigil kept.

'Tis strange! at that still hour—behold!
A vessel from the deep ascends—
It flutters like a shadow there,
Then near its course it bends.

No sail was spread to catch the breeze—
Its masts lay shattered on the deck;
And it did not steer one steady course,
But drifted like a wreck.

Hushed, hushed was all on board that bark,
But flitting by—now here, now there—
Seemed dim, uncertain, shadowy forms
Through the misty moonlight air.

And now the floating wreck draws near,
Yet in the ship 'tis tranquil all—
That maiden stands on the deck alone
To gaze on the stars so small.

"Fair Gunhild!" faintly sighs a voice,
"Thou seek'st thine own betrothed love;
But his home is not on the stranger's land—
No—nor on earth above.

"'Tis deep beneath the dark cold sea—
Oh! there 'tis sad to bide;
Yet he all lonely there must dwell
Far from his destined bride!"

"Right well, right well thy voice I know,
Thou wand'rer from the deep wide sea!
No longer lonesome shalt thou dwell
Far, far away from me."

"No, Gunhild, no—thou art so young,
So fair—thou must not come!
And I will grieve no more if thou
Art glad in thy far home.

"The faith that thou to me didst swear,
To thee again I freely give—
I'm rocking on the billow's lap—
Seek happier ties and live!"

"The faith I vowed I still will hold,
I swear it here anew;
Oh! say if in thy cold abode
There is not room for two?"

"Room in the sea might many find,
But all below is cheerless gloom;
When the sun's rays are beaming bright
We sleep as in the tomb.

"'Tis only at the midnight hour
When the pale moon shines out,
That we from ocean's depths may rise
To drift on the wreck about."

"Let the sun brightly beam above
So I within thine arms repose!
Oh! I shall slumber softly there
Forgetting earthly woes!

"Then hasten—hasten—reach thy hand,
And take thy bride with thee!
With thee, oh! gladly will she dwell
Deep, deep beneath the sea.

"And we will oft at midnight's hour
Upon the lonely wreck arise,
And gaze upon the pale soft moon
And the stars in yonder skies."

Then reached the dead his icy hand—
"Fair Gunhild, fear not thou!
The dawn of rosy morn is near,
We may not linger now!"

Upon the wreck the maiden springs;
It drifts away again—
The crew of her bark, awaking, see
The Death-Ship on the main!

The startled men crowd on the deck
With horror on each brow;
They pray to God in heaven above,
And the wreck has vanished now!

WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE LATE ECLIPSE.

ECLIPSES have ceased to be portentous. The world no longer makes the sun, the moon, and the stars "guilty of our disasters." It is generally admitted that we are not "villains by necessity," nor "fools by heavenly compulsion," and that a man may be a knave or a thief without laying the blame on "spherical predominance."

Eclipses, considered as omens, have had their day, and, such is the progress of scientific knowledge, that even the South Sea islander examines them through bits of smoked glass, and coolly pronounces them to be humbugs. It was time, perhaps, for Tahiti to know something about the stars when Prince Liliholo came to London, and, through glasses differently prepared, passed the same opinion upon the muslin skirts of the Opera dancers.

The planets, then, are not in fault when—as in the best-regulated families—accidents occur; they do not now

> From yonder visible sky,
> Shoot influence down—

to warn us of approaching evil, and teach us how to guard agaist it. When the British and other enlightened publics relieved them from one part of their responsibility they very gladly got rid of the other, reserving to themselves their natural functions only of supplying us with light and heat.

This doctrine of astral responsibility, which disappeared soon after the invention of telescopes, would have been a very convenient one for Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet, a distinguished member of the Lower House—distinguished, we mean, for his unswerving silence, no slight merit in these days,—if by means of it he could only have extricated himself from the scrape which he unfortunately got into on Monday last. It is perfectly true that planetary influence had something to do with the misadventure which befel him, and that he cursed his stars with as much energy as if his destiny and theirs had really anything in common; but we feel bound in honour to say that the moral blame, whatever it was, lay wholly and solely at the door of Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet, and not at that of the house where the sun was spending the day—the same being known to the public by the sign of "The Crab."

To make the matter we speak of perfectly clear, it is necessary we should say a few preliminary words concerning the hero of the story.

Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet is the sitting member for Bally-na-mull-it, one of the numerous Irish constituencies in which there are, now, neither ten-pound householders nor forty-shilling freeholders, and where the question of "tenant-right" is no question at all, simply because there are no tenants in the place to ask for legislation on the subject. The "Repeal of the Union," moreover, is not urged upon the honourable member for this reason, that the only Union with which the Bally-na-mull-it constituency is acquainted, is the Workhouse Union, and if that were repealed or done away with the inmates would have no other place to live—or die in. It, therefore, appears that Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet is quite unfettered as to the "loin of conduct" which he deems it necessary to "purshue;" and, being a wise man—after his fashion—and not overburdened with fortune, he invariably votes with government, in the expectation that "some toight little thing" will drop in,—such as a Me-

diterranean government, a first-rate consulate, or a second-rate diplomatic mission, for all or either of which he thinks himself perfectly qualified. This species of hallucination is, by-the-by, not at all singular, and we have upon the list of our acquaintances at least twenty promising young men of thirty, forty, fifty and thereabouts, who are always looking out for a letter from Lord Palmerston, informing them that he has "thought it his duty" to recommend them to the Queen to fill the office of her Majesty's consul at any desirable place outside the tropics that may chance to suit the wishes of the expectant.

The domestic position of Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet is this:

Mrs. O'Gannet, the lawful wife of his bosom, is—or, to the best of his knowledge, was—left behind at Bally-na-mull-it Castle—it's a castle, he owns, as every man does, according to law, who has a house over his head, particularly in Ireland—and Bally-na-mull-it Castle has a door in front, a door behind, two rooms on a floor, a window in each room, stands two stories high, has a white-washed front, a blue slate roof, and a "big-sized" garret, that holds as fine a family of seven boys and three children as ever peeled a potato or went tearing after fox-hounds on foot, if they had no ponies to ride on—which the young O'Gannets haven't—more luck to 'em, as their papa says, when he mentally sums up the general condition of the family in the sentence we are now writing.

For "reasons of his own"—which are the reasons of a great many more—Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet prefers an "apartment" in Birmingham-buildings, Westminster, to a lodging still further west; and though he dines occasionally—always, when some one invites him—at "the Reform," of which he is a member, he very much prefers "spreading himself out in sosoiety," as he graphically remarks, when he has occasion to put on the Kildare-street club coat, "green and gould buttons," which was "bequaithed" to him by his father, with the great estate that slipped through his sire's fingers before his grandsire was born. The cut of this coat is somewhat antique, as may readily be supposed, but Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet buttons it tight across his chest, and says "it does," which, as he always wears it on great occasions, we are willing to take his word for.

With respect to his personal appearance, Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet stands six feet high in his stockings, has a power of bone and muscle about him, is "aqual to any amount of timber" when in front of a creditor, has a good deal of yellow hair on his head, an esculent nose, a hand like a shoulder of mutton, feet to match, and a pair of bright, gravel-coloured whiskers, that curl round under his cheek-bones as stiff and impenetrable as a quickset hedge; like the generality of the Gannet tribe the naked skin of his face is of a purplish hue. Some ladies may not admire this style of man, but Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet has never been able to bring himself to think so; on the contrary, he keeps himself down, he says, as much as he can, that the susceptibility of the fair sex may not be "too hoighly exsoited." In spite, however, of his endeavours, he is not always successful, as the circumstances which we are about to narrate will clearly show.

Amongst the places where Mr. O'Gannet is *répandu*, the house which he most affects is one in Folkestone-street, Piccadilly. It is, "to a certain extent," a private establishment; that is to say, you must knock at the street-door for admission; but as the inmates, who muster from twelve to twenty in number according to the fluctuations of the season, all live

together, the privacy is not very great. Indeed, a public hotel, where you are not obliged to label your own decanter, put your dinner-napkin when you have done with it into a slide, or be "affable" to every disagreeable person you meet with, is much quieter as well as pleasanter than the most "superior board"—as the other thing is called—that can be met with in London, Brighton, Paris, or any place we happen to know of.

Mr. O'Gannet, however, thought differently. He preferred the establishment in Folkestone-street to the Clarendon itself, because, as he said, quoting his friend Mrs. Trusswell's advertisement, "the social arrangements" were "replete with comfort," and "a permanent home" was "at once secured;" which last-mentioned advantage was not very probable at the hotel just mentioned without a larger balance at his banker's than Mr. O'Gannet rejoiced in. Not that he made Mrs. Trusswell's boarding-house *his* permanent home; honour and Mrs. O'Gannet forbade that. "His home," as the poet says, "was at Bally-na-mull-it;

There were his young barbarians all at play,"

Mr. O'Gannet not finding it convenient to send them to school. But he went to Folkestone-street as often as he could; and it happened now and then, when the female attraction there was particularly strong, that he very quietly ignored the existence of Mrs. O'Gannet altogether.

It is very sad to think that a man can be in spirits when away from the *placens uxor;* but perhaps Mrs. O'Gannet did not possess the art of making things pleasant in "the castle;" or it may be—which is quite as probable—that Cornelius had a spice of inconstancy in his composition. There is also another solution to the problem, though it wouldn't do entirely to depend upon it, that Mr. O'Gannet imagined he beheld his wife in every pretty woman he saw—a complimentary view of the case which was not very likely to be adopted by his legitimate helpmate.

Let the theory be as it may, Mr. O'Gannet's practice was in conformity with all the reasons we have assigned. "It was in him," he said, "and would come out of him"—he meant love-making—"and if Mrs. O'Gannet didn't like it,—ah, there *was* a time when she did, when she was Miss Bridget O'Daisy—if she didn't like it"—this was always said with a good five hundred miles between them, and generally after dinner —"why Mrs. O'Gannet might ——." We are afraid that there is no recording angel in this case to drop a tear on the words and blot them out for ever, so we leave the sentence unfinished.

Mr. O'Gannet is one of those gentlemen—scarcer now than they used to be—who hold it no solecism to be "All for love and a little for the bottle,"—the "little," last mentioned, going a good way. His friends in Folkestone-street are numerous and hospitable, but his particular friend, Colonel Flinders, has some very particular Madeira, which renders that gallant officer's hospitality more agreeable to Mr. O'Gannet than the hospitality of any other boarder at Mrs. Trusswell's establishment. It was "to try" some of this wine that, on Sunday last, at six o'clock, Mr. O'Gannet put on the Kildare-street club coat, with the gold buttons, and walked—he didn't scorn to walk, as some do—to Folkestone-strest, to dine with the colonel.

The party was rather large—increased possibly by a knowledge of the fact that Colonel Flinders—who is too generous to live in a boarding-house—had the day before sent in a "hanch," as he called it, of venison,

from everybody's friend Groves, of Charing-cross—a sure indication of its being a fine one. Though the ornithological branch of the O'Gannet family feeds exclusively on fish, that restricted diet forms no part of the gastronomical code or creed of the honourable member for Bally-na-mull-it.

"It's well enough for them that live in the Skelig Isles," he has been heard to say—"it's well enough for them to ate fish that can get nothing else—craw-thumpers most likely they are—but the man that dines out in London is a booby not to fill *his* craw with the best of everything he can stick his fork into."

Good philosophy this, though savouring something of epicurean doctrine, but Cornelius O'Gannet was no disciple of the Portico, and didn't care who knew it; the only portico that concerned him was the one in front of the street-door, and he never stayed there longer than was necessary to give his boots a dusting.

Being a member of parliament and the friend of Colonel Flinders, Mr. O'Gannet was looked upon as a great gun in Folkestone-street, and he kept up his dignity by talking about "the house," and "ministhers," with the air of a man who fancied himself indispensable to both. This was in a general way, but of course he unbent to the ladies. Indispensable he might also be to them, but he affected to deny that he thought so.

"They *would* have him," he mincingly said; "they urged the appropriation act, and it wasn't *him* that would hinder 'em from carrying it."

The attractions of the present season had been of service to the Folkestone-street boarding-house, if other houses in the neighbourhood had suffered. Mrs. Trusswell declared, with matronly satisfaction, that she hadn't room for another "inmate," and any one who had seen the holes and corners into which many of the boarders were thrust, "just to accommodate for a day or two"—which meant, as long as they would stand it—would have been the last to dispute her assertion. Amongst the most recent arrivals—indeed the very latest—was a Yorkshire lady of the name of Silverthorpe, who, armed with a special recommendation—which was quite unnecessary, as she brought a lady's maid and footman with her—had been installed in the best bedroom and dressing-room; though, to provide her with the latter accommodation, it had been found necessary to request two Scotch gentlemen who occupied the apartment to "put up" for the usual "day or two" with a couple of stretchers and a wash-hand stand in a small closet "contiguous to the basement"—in other words, looking into the back yard—where, in the empty season, the boots and shoes, and the knives and forks of the establishment, furnished the "page" with his morning's occupation.

Mrs. Silverthorpe was a widow, and rich; and, in addition to these advantages, was handsome and under thirty. She had fine teeth, dark eyes and hair, a high colour, and was sufficiently *embonpoint* to fill out her polka without a wrinkle. Her disposition, moreover, was extremely lively, her manners *avenantes*—which some of her female friends translated "forward," though we don't agree with them—and her temper not to be ruffled.

To see so nice a creature was at once to admire her; and it is no wonder that Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet, who had a "tinder" heart—the word did double duty in his vocabulary—should have been smitten with the charms of the pretty widow. He enjoyed the privilege of sitting next her at dinner, and, though he by no means neglected the creature comforts around him—it wasn't in him to do that—paid her such decided

attention, that everybody who observed it—and what is there people don't observe under these circumstances—made their remarks. "Remarks," in a boarding-house, are never very flattering to the object of them. The ladies, as usual, wondered what there was to admire in Mrs. Silverthorpe; *they* saw nothing for *their* parts. The men—who would willingly have stood in Mr. O'Gannet's shoes, particularly the two dispossessed Thanes—muttered the word "mercenary," and assured each other that, "if it had been any other man in the room, they wouldn't have stood in the way,"—an assurance which every one swallowed with as much salt as was necessary to make it go down.

It seemed odd that none of the party, male or female, should not have consoled themselves with the reflection that, Mr. O'Gannet being a married man, nothing could come of the flirtation. But the fact is, with the exception of Colonel Flinders, who was too old a soldier to say anything till he was asked, nobody in the boarding-house had a suspicion that Mr. O'Gannet wore the connubial fetter.

"Where the divil's the use," he said to himself, when first he left Ireland, "where the divel's the use of proclaiming that you've got a wife, when she isn't to the fore? A wife cuts a man out of everything. If Mrs. O'Gannet was here, where would she be? In a three-pair of stairs, back, if not higher! What would she see there but the chimney-pots, and the cats a coortin' under 'em? She loses nothing by being anonymous. If her name isn't mentioned, sure nobody can say any harrum of her, and that's what I never mane to do of Mrs. O'Gannet."

This reasoning prevailed: indeed, he didn't give himself the trouble of greatly contesting the point with his conscience, and the honourable member for Bally-na-mull-it passed muster everywhere about town as a wealthy bachelor, with a castle and ten thousand a year—Irish currency.

In making love to Mrs. Silverthorpe, which he did without reserve a little later in the evening, when he became well-primed with the colonel's Madeira, it is not easy to say what was the precise object he had in view, for he did not confine himself to simple admiration, but, expanding with his theme, ventured into the region which is fenced round with jointures and settlements, as if his views were really serious, and no Mrs. O'Gannet existed to interfere with them.

Mr. O'Gannet's mode of proceeding may seem somewhat abrupt, but it was taught him by the habits of the bird whose image formed his family crest. "The Gannet," says a learned naturalist, "provides for itself in a different manner from other aquatic fowls; as soon as it discovers its prey it rises to a great height, falls perpendicularly on it, and rarely without success."

Metaphorically speaking, Cornelius pounced perpendicularly on Mrs. Silverthorpe, and, as he thought, with immense success. There was something in the suddenness of the attack, and still more in the pretensions of the man who made it, that appeared so extremely ludicrous to the lively widow, that seriousness on her part was out of the question, and Mr. O'Gannet may be excused if he supposed that he had really done some execution. Mrs. Silverthorpe had passed the period which had intervened since she laid aside her widow's cap at certain local watering-places and on her own estate, this being the first time for several years that she had paid a visit to the metropolis. She was new, therefore, to all its amusements, and Mr. O'Gannet soon discovered that she had been

nowhere but to the Crystal Palace, and thought it a famous opportunity to ingratiate himself still further by offering to escort her wherever she had a mind to go. If he did not know much of the customs of "good sosoiety," of which he was so fond of talking, he was tolerably well acquainted with those of a boarding-house; and this proposition was perfectly *en règle*, as far as they afforded a precedent. He had a great notion that "Cremorne" was about the finest thing of which London could boast. He had peculiar ideas of a *vie champêtre*, and believed that it consisted principally of Bosjesmans, ballet-dancing, comic songs, and fireworks; and under this impression urgently recommended a visit on the following day to these celebrated gardens, where the above amusements are to be had in the greatest perfection.

"There's a grand naval *feet*, mam," he added emphatically—"a grand naval *feet* to take place on the Thames, to commemorate the taking of Gibraltar; it was to have come off on Thursday, but there was too much water in the river to do it convaniently—the inclimincy of the weather, mam, you understand. It'll be about the grandest spectacle of the sayson, and proud and happy, mam, shall I be to have the honour of escorting you."

Amongst Mr. O'Gannet's physical peculiarities was the accident of having a voice that was perfectly uncontrollable. He was never sure of it for two minutes together. It would suddenly shift from the deepest bass to the most childish treble; from the tones of an organ to the squeak of a penny trumpet. On this occasion it played him one of his usual tricks. He had intended the Cremorne proposition for a perfectly confidential communication, and began in a whisper; but before he had reached the last sentence, out came a volume of sound that made everybody in the room aware of what he was saying. We may observe, *par parenthèse*, that it was the occasional revelation of some desperate word in his conversation with Mrs. Silverthorpe that had given rise to the occasional "remarks" of which we have already spoken.

"What spectacle are you speaking of, Mr. O'Gannet?" inquired half-a-dozen ladies at once. He was meditating a different reply; but Mrs. Silverthorpe, who had no motive for concealment, mentioned the magic word, "Cremorne," and from that moment the place became public property. "Oh, we'll all go," was the cry; and a large party was soon made up, the great boarding-house difficulty being obviated at once by the low price of admission. All the necessary arrangements were, therefore, made, and with a swagger in his gait that would have done honour to the proprietor of any Kildare-street-club-boat at any period of its history, Mr. Cornelius O'Gannet made his way back to Birmingham-buildings, a very hazy perception of wrong struggling with the fumes of Madeira and the inebriation of the "tinder" passion.

If anything could have charmed away his agreeable *souvenir* of the pretty widow, it would have been a letter which was brought to him on the following morning as he sat at breakfast, eagerly devouring his muffins and the advertisement which announced the naval *fête* at Cremorne that day. But he didn't give it a fair chance, for, observing that the handwriting was that of Mrs. O'Gannet, and that it bore the Bally-na-mull-it postmark, he tossed it angrily on one side with an observation not at all flattering to the writer.

"It's more money she'll be wantin', I'll go bail!" he exclaimed. "She thinks I'm made of it."

As Mr. O'Gannet had only remitted one five-pound note for the expenses of the castle during the last three months, it does not seem probable that his wife would have coincided in this opinion had it reached her ear.

He dressed himself—in the Kildare-street-club coat, of course—and was on the point of setting out for Folkestone-street, when a messenger came from the House of Commons to warn him for a committee on the "Bill for bonding Whisky in Peat," which had lately been brought forward by a popular Irish member. He must try and get off it, but first he must go down to the House; so he wrote a hasty note, in which the first, second, and third persons were happily blended, informing Mrs. Silverthorpe that he would meet the party at the gardens, and be there as soon after the gates were opened as he possibly could. That there might be no mistake about the matter, he desired the boy of all work, whom he despatched with the note, to tell the lady he wouldn't fail to be there. He then went off to the House, leaving word that he shouldn't be back again till night, as he was going to Cremorne.

The fleet of steam-vessels, "manned by experienced crews," had taken up a commanding position in front of the pasteboard batteries of Gibraltar, and Bosisio's band was whiling away the interval before the bombardment began by performing some of the most popular airs, when the Folkestone-street party appeared in the gardens. It consisted of Mrs. Silverthorpe, Colonel Flinders, the two Scottish gentlemen (whom the colonel franked), and eight or ten more ladies and gentlemen; nor had they long arrived before the honourable member for Bally-na-mull-it made his appearance also—to use his own phrase—"as fresh as a four-year old."

He very soon discovered the magnet that had drawn him thither, and was speedily at her side, "discoorsin'" in the pleasantest way imaginable. He had eyes for no one but the lovely widow, and this was the reason perhaps why he did not see a pair of very green eyes which were intently fixed on him all the time he was making the agreeable. But there might have been another reason; for the light of day began suddenly to wane, and objects, which a moment before were perfectly clear, now wore an aspect of strange dimness. Mr. O'Gannet began to be of opinion that his sight was suddenly failing him, when the word "Eclipse" resounded on all sides, and a general scurry took place towards the river's bank and the most open part of the garden, to get the best view of the celestial phenomenon. There was no giving or taking of arms, but away every body scrambled as fast as they could, people hurrying on pell-mell, and the darkness deepening every instant. In the confusion that prevailed Mr. O'Gannet became separated from Mrs. Silverthope, but while he was drifting with the crowd a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice called on him to stop. He fancied he recognised the tones of the "swate little widdy," and stopped accordingly; the lady, for there was no mistake about that, thrust her arm through his, and drew him on one side.

"She's taking advantage of the eclipse," said Cornelius, to himself, "I'm in for it now; bedad, Mrs. O'Gannet, you've seen the last of me. I'll take ye to France, my darlin', and marry ye there."

Feeling his way carefully, for the paths were crooked, and caused him, more than once, to go bump against a tree, he led the lady down one of the "dark walks," which were much too dark now to admit of his seeing her features, already obscured by a thick blue veil. Here he poured

[illegible] his passion with a deg[illegible]gy that astonished himself, and ap[illegible]d to have the same e[illegible] object of it; for not a word could [illegible] lady reply, though so[illegible]ng, inarticulate sounds sufficiently [illegible]red that she was not [illegible] to his pleadings. He offered her, [illegible]id, a virgin heart, a st[illegible] sword, and an unsullied name. It [illegible] all he had to give,—th[illegible]ere he got them from it would be [illegible]ult to say. He had [illegible] Love, but ne[illegible] knew it till now. [illegible] sentiments she inspired [illegible] blissful agony: [illegible] she listen to his [illegible]ayer, and fly with him to [illegible] sandy deserts [illegible]ia, or to the other [illegible] of the Herring-pond, where a priest could [illegible] for the asking? [illegible] the lady was silent, and Mr. O'G[illegible] over the ground [illegible], interspersed this time with many [illegible] dear—answer [illegible] darlin'," but without eliciting the wi[illegible]

At length he began to get rather impati[illegible] of the eclipse [illegible] and objects only imperfectly [illegible]ing the occultation [illegible] themselves tolerably distinct. He could perceive figures [illegible] the path, and heard the voices of persons approaching. [illegible] from the walk towards the greensward, dragging his fair [illegible] with him.

"[illegible] the place well," he whispered, in those *sotto voce* accents [illegible] speedily swelled to a bellowing roar; "just behind the tint yonder is a way that lades to the private entrance; there's a cab-stand outside; in half an hour we'll be at the Dover railway."

He hurried the lady along, but, alas for Mr. [illegible]nnet, his pathway was beset by snares! He knew the place, no doubt, but forgot that tents have cords.

"Fly with me, swaitest creechur," he exclaimed; and as he spoke his feet got entangled in the ropes, and head over heels he went among the [illegible]-pegs. At the same moment his companion lifted up her voice and [illegible] parasol. The first went to his heart, the last descended on his head. "[illegible] you double-faced philandering baste," screamed a voice which [illegible] only too well; "is it run away ye would, and lave me and the [illegible] Take that—and that—ye perjured villain. Ah, it's me [illegible]ught of ye desaiver!"

[illegible] every syllable the lady uttered down went the parasol on Mr. [illegible] bare head, for it wasn't a fashionable parasol, but nearly as [illegible] heavy as a coachman's umbrella.

[illegible] the uproar as the screams of the irritated fair one drew crowds [illegible] spot where Mr. O'Gannet lay striving with his bonds.

"What's all this?" cried Colonel Flinde[illegible], c[illegible] forward amongst [illegible] Mrs. Silverthorpe on his arm. "Who are you, ma'am, [illegible]ing my friend here?"

"[illegible]'s friend," exclaimed the lady; "I'm his [illegible]ful [illegible]

MORAL [illegible]tters, and take care how you make love [illegible] an eclipse!